THE
Wits Academy
OR, THE
MUSES DELIGHT.

Consisting of merry Dialogues upon various occasions composed of Mirth, Wit, and Eloquence, for a help to discourse to such as have had but small converse with the critical sort of people, which live in this censorious Age.

Divers sorts of Letters upon several occasions both merry and Jocose, helpful for the inexpert to imitate, and pleasant to those of better Judgement, at their own leisure to peruse.

WITH

A perfect Collection of all the newest and best Songs, and Catches, that are, and have been lately in request at Court, and both the Theatres.

By W. P.

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Licensed,

April 10. 1676. *Roger L'Estrange.*

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY TO THE READER.

Courteous Reader,

WHen first you cast an Eye upon the Title Page of this small Volume be not too soon censori-

ous in giving judgement to condemnation: for daily errours we do see committed, by those that rashly give their ill opinion of the outward shape, suggesting what they do not understand; for Fronti nulla Fides, *is as true, as that we may observe amongst the Spanish Gentry, who line their garments with the richest Silk, when as the out-side is but mean and course. The Title of this Book I must confess is little different from*

from that piece of weather-beaten Antiquity, vulgarly known by that once famous Name of, The Academy of Complements; *But turn aside the Frontiſpiece and read, beginning with the Dialogues, and ſo proceed till you have view'd all over, and the reaſon of your miſtake will ſoon be unmaſqu'd, for though* Sub ſole nihil novum eſt, *yet this you will find to be far different from any other Tract*

which has preceded of this Nature; exemplary works are for the most part very laudable, especially when we make an imitation on those which have been Famous, Learned, and Nobly extracted, &c. Yet in undertakings of this Nature, imitation is only deem'd to be the barren products of a thred-bare Fancy, and that which a Man can't properly call his own. As for the Dialogues and the Let-

ters

ters which are contained herein, I challenge as my own, scarce worth the owning; yet for divertisement (as it was with me when I writ them) I hope they'l please you, being either profitable or pleasant to each capacity. As for the Songs I lay not claim to all of them, for they are a Collection composed by the most pregnant and refined Wits of this Age; all which bound up together, I humbly present the

Reader

Reader with, whose kind acceptance will be understood by his gratifying liberally the Book seller, and giving the unknown Authour a good report, who am yours,

Dum aurâ æthereâ vescor,

W. P.

MERRY DIALOGUES UPON VARIOUS OCCASIONS:

Compoſed of Mirth, Wit, and Eloquence, for a help to Diſcourſe, to ſuch as have had but ſmall Converſe with the Critical Sort of People which live in this Cenſorious Age.

DIALOGUE I.

A loving Diſcourſe betwixt Samuel *and* Sarah.

Sam. LOve is the cauſe I have ſo often made my addreſſes to you Madam, therefore let me beſeech you not to diſdain my preſent Suit.

Sarah, You tell me much of Love, but that's a thing I never yet could underſtand.

Sam. The more is my grief, for if you knew it but half ſo well as I do, I am ſure that you would incline your heart to pity my afflictions.

Sarah, Why then it ſeems it is an affliction to be in Love, I am therefore glad I never yet knew what it was.

Sam. Yes Madam, 'tis a ſorrow and a great affli-

ction to be in Love, and not to be beloved again.

Sarah, How's that Sir?

Sam. Ah Madam, too well I know it, and twil ell it you if you will give me leave.

Sarah, Pray Sir, let me hear it.

Sam. The ſad example which I now ſhall inſtance is my own ſelf: I love you Madam, and have often told you ſo, but you have ever ſeem'd to ſlight my kind proffers of Love, to my great torment.

Sarah, I know not what you mean: wherein have I ever ſlighted you, pray tell me Sir.

Sam. I will Madam: you know I have at ſeveral times told you that I loved you, and ſo well, as to marry you and make you my Wife.

Sarah, And call you that love to marry you, and be your Wife, pray how do you make that appear to be love?

Sam. Yes, that is love to me, and the greateſt love that tongue can e're expreſs, if that you once would ſay, that you loved me well enough to be my Wife.

Sarah, Why then, I find I do not yet know what love is, for I never could find in my heart to marry you; but pray tell me how you came to love me, and it may be after I hear how you began to love firſt, that I may learn to follow your example.

Sam. Madam, I know your pretended ignorance is but to mock your poor diſconſolate Lover, one that adores you above all the World beſides; but however, ſince you ſay that you will follow my example, in loving me as I love you, I muſt tell you, Madam, that the firſt time I ever ſaw your face, *Cupid* at that inſtant of time borrowed Arrows from your bright Eyes, and bending of his Bow, he ſhot me to the heart, that ſtraight I fell in love with you, and ever ſince that I received this wound, my love-ſick pains grew greater and greater, becauſe you would not grant me love again.

Sarah,

Sarah, Methinks you talk most strangely: you tell me of *Cupid*, pray what is he, and why does he keep a Bow?

Sam. Cupid, Madam, is the little god of Love, a Boy he is, whom the Poets relate to be blind; he has a Bow his Mother *Venus* gave him, and he borrows Arrows from young Ladies Eyes, and when he pleases to sport himself, he bends his Bow and shoots where he pleases, and where ever it hits, that person is so sorely wounded, that he can never rest night nor day, unless the Lady from whose Eyes the Arrows came, will grant him love again; which is my condition, and if you deny me love I shall be of all men most miserable.

Sarah, But why do you speak to me Sir to cure you now you say you are wounded? you must apply your self to that Lady from whence the Arrows came, as for my part I am sure that I have no Arrows in me, nor I would not that there should be any there, for all the world; that were the way to kill me if I had Arrows in my Eyes: but if there be Ladies that have any such things that wound young men, and can also cure them, you had best to cease your discourse with me and seek till you find them out; as for my part (as I told you before) I declare that I keep no Arrows to hurt any one, neither (according to your own words) can I cure any that are so wounded.

Sam. Ah Madam, though we have hitherto discoursed after the Romantick Way and Mode, yet you well enough know my meaning; therefore, not to talk any longer at this distance, I must (with your pardon) tell you plainly that I love you Madam, and none but you alone; therefore pity my condition.

Sarah, Since you have discovered your self to be a Lover, and for my sake, and not only now on a sudden, but a pretty while since, if I may believe you;

but young men are so false, that I know not what to say to you.

Sam. You have tryed my constancy, for it is some years since (you know) I first offer'd the tenders of my love to you; and though you answer'd me still with flat denial, yet you see that I had not so slightly grounded my passion, as that your frowns as yet could make me have an ill opinion of your love.

Sarah. Well, since you are resolved to proceed, and will take no denial, know then that I must try you further still; therefore prepare your self to answer me.

Sam. Speak boldly, Madam, and let your demands be ne're so difficult to perform, if they are in mans power to accomplish, you shall be obeyed, and Madam, gladly too, should you command me this very minute to be my own bloody Executioner.

Sarah. No Sir, I wish you long may live and happy, but if you ere intend to be my Bridegroom you must———

Sam. What must I do, Madam? speak without fear, your will shall be my pleasure.

Sarah. No, I am asham'd to tell you, but yet I can't forbear, but I must tell you, you must———

Sam. Dear Madam, speak and blush not.

Sarah. Why this it is, you must come now and kiss me, and by that kiss swear, that within the space of six days you will marry me.

Sam. Auspicious Heaven, and all ye Powers above, to you on bended knees I first return my thankful Prayers! and next dear Madam, with humble gratitude, I at your feet do prostrate fall, where silence gladly shall shew I do consent; for words cannot express my present joy.

Sarah. Rise, worthy Sir, you have deserved my love, nor could I longer keep you in despair; from hence call me your own.

Sam.

Sam. My dearest onely Joy, you have now for ever blest me, this kiss shall usher in a thousand more; give me your hand Ile wait upon you home.

Where speedily without the least delay,
We will appoint our Joyful Wedding day:

DIALOGUE II.

A Discourse betwixt Corydon *and* Celia.

Corydon, WHy dearest *Celia* should you prove so cruel to him that loves you more than life or any other thing that bears a name? a world of sighs and groans have fill'd the skyes with the Ecchoes of My *Celia,* Fair and Cruel *Celia*; but no redress as yet I have found: then dain my pretty *Paramour* at length to smile upon distracted *Corydon.*

Celia, What means the Shepherd thus to trouble me, what Cruelties are these you speak of, for my part I know not of any unkindness that I ever shew'd to you? What is't you would have, tell me wherein that *Celia* has been offensive to you, and without doubt a speedy recompence will be made you?

Corydon, Oh would that *Corydon* could find it so as *Celia* has told him, soon my dearest *Celia* should know the cause of all my Miseries and Woes: You need not ask me *Celia* why I call you Cruel, my looks will tell you though my tongue be silent.

Celia, Indeed *Corydon* you do mistake my skill, for I am no good *Physiognomist,* neither did I ever pretend to it; therefore if you would that I be made sensible of your grief, you must tell it me downright, and then if it lies in my power to give you ease, and I deny it, you then will have just cause to call me cruel and not

before: For no Doctor or Surgeon can tell how to apply any remedy to a Sick Patient, before he knows from whence his distemper springs.

Corydon, You cannot be so ignorant as you pretend you are, I cannot think but that you know my grief; 'tis Love, my Dearest *Celia*, 'tis Love.

Celia, How *Corydon*, did you say Love, or did I mistake that word; speak it again?

Corydon, Yes so I will, my *Celia*, for 'tis Love and the Love of you alone, that I, that I poor Shepherd languish after thus.

Celia, And is it so? Do you Love me so well *Corydon*, that it makes you sick? Poor man why do you Love me so much then, cannot you forbear?

Corydon, Yes I can forbear to live but not to love. Death will be a Welcome Guest to my discontented mind.

Celia, Oh *Corydon*, why do you talk of death, the very name of death affrightens me; prithee tell me *Corydon*, does love and death keep company together?

Corydon, No *Celia*, Life and Love are companions together, and death associates himself with disdain: Do you not know I love you *Celia*?

Celia, Why what if you do love me, what then? I won't kill you. I hope every body loves me, I am sure my Father and Mother does, and what must I kill them too? God forbid.

Corydon, Ah *Celia* thy pretty innocence does make me smile, I had thought thou hadst been more crafty, and by consequence more cruel, till now I hear thy answers; but tell me *Celia* doest thou love me, my sweetest?

Celia, Yes indeed do I *corydon*, and have done, ever since you and I played together in our Church-Yard.

Corydon, That's my good Girle, come and kiss me *Celia*.

Celia,

Celia, Well, are you satisfied now, I hope you will not say I am cruel now, will ye *Corydon*?

Corydon, No, no, my pretty Love; thou art kind to me now; come and let me kiss thee again.

Celia, No indeed but you must not.

Corydon, Why didst not thou like the last kiss I gave thee *Celia*?

Celia, Yes, I lik'd it well enough *Corydon*; but my Mother always charged me that I should not suffer any man to kiss me.

Corydon, Did thy Mother never talke of me, *Celia*?

Celia, Yes, very often *Corydon*; and I told her how you talk'd of love to me a great while ago, but I knew not what you meant by it, nor don't yet; but my Mother charged me not to come into your company, nor suffer you so much as to touch me; and told me that I must not hear you when you talk of Love, for I must love no body but my Father and Mother.

Corydon, Why surely she did not tell thee so, did she *Celia*?

Celia, Yes indeed she did, *Corydon*, and a great deal more than that; but I shall not name it.

Corydon, Yes prithee do *Celia*, let me hear what 'twas she said to thee?

Celia, No, indeed you shall not, 'twas something she bid me not to let you do, but what it was I will not name for all the world.

Corydon, No more thou shalt not *Celia*, for I guess it already, and that's enough for me.

Celia, Well if you do, you do, I don't much care; but I vow you make me blush.

Corydon, Blush not my *Celia*, for I will not name it; come sit thee down my *Celia* upon this green bank, and now we have an opportunity, let us make use of it in discoursing of matters of Love.

Celia, I know not what you mean *Corydon*, but I will sit down a little while with you, for I cannot stay; my Mother charged me not to stay too long.

Corydon, Why thy Mother does not know that I am with thee.

Celia, No indeed I think not, for if she did, it would be a wee day with me; for she cannot abide you, because you talk of Love to me.

Corydon, Well but I hope thou wilt love me ne're theless for that, wilt thou *Celia*? I am sure I love thee well.

Celia, No indeed I love you well enough, and methinks better now then ever I did before.

Corydon, I thank thee, *Celia*, but I have other questions to ask thee concerning love.

Celia, What are they *Corydon*, prithee be not too tedious, for I cannot tarry too long; you know my Mother will chide me.

Corydon, Thou sayest thou loveſt me *Celia*, but how well?

Celia, Why a great deal, is not that enough?

Corydon, Well but do'ſt thou love me well enough to be my Wife and to be married to me?

Celia, Why how muſt I be married to you *Corydon*?

Corydon, Why we muſt go to Church together, and the Miniſter after ſome Prayers ſaid joynes our hands together, and then we are Man and Wife: why did'ſt thou never ſee any married yet?

Celia, No not I, never in all my life; but what muſt we do after marriage *Corydon*, prithee tell me.

Corydon, Why that very night we muſt go to bed together and lie together ſo long as we live.

Celia, Oh ſtrange, why then I muſt not marry with you, for that was the only thing that my Mother charged me to have a care of; and not to lye with you,

not

nor any other man in the whole World, and I dare not do it if you would give me six pence; No, no, I must have a care of that, for I know what I know.

Corydon, Why what doest thou mean my Love? when we are married I will get thee brave Boys and Girles of thy own, Child what do'st thou think of that?

Celia, Oh fie, oh fie, now you have named it all that my Mother has forewarned me against; how dare you name such words, sure God wo'nt bless you *Corydon*. My Mother told me that God would not bless me if I did but think of such things, much less dare to act them.

Corydon, That is to say before Marriage *Celia* you ought not to act such things, but marriage makes it lawful with your own husband, and not onely lawful but honourable it is to be a Mother of Children.

Celia, Say you so, *Corydon*; but my Mother will never yield to this, I am sure on't.

Corydon, Well but thy Mother will have nothing to do with thee; after we are married thou art at thy husbands disposing then, no bodies else.

Celia, Well I'le go home and tell my Mother what you say, and see whether she will give her consent that I should do all these things with you as you have named or no.

Corydon, No, no, my sweetest *Celia*, by no means, do not acquaint her with it yet.

Celia, Why so?

Corydon, Because you know that she does not affect me so well as I do you, and therefore you and I must never marry nor ever meet again, if you tell her of any thing that I have said to you.

Celia, Why what would you have me do then *Corydon*?

Corydon, Why do'st thou love me well enough to be my Wife?

Celia, Yet truely *Corydon*, you have almost perswaded me too't, if my Mother was but willing.

Corydon, Why then I'le tell thee, *Celia*, we will marry first, and I'le warrant thee we will please her well enough afterward.

Celia, Think you so *Corydon*; Well but must I have Boys and Girles too, what will she say to that?

Corydon, Why what should she say my Dear, she will rejoyce to see thee have Children, which when they come to bigness will ask her blessing.

Celia, Well, but I shall be asham'd to have Children; I vow I shall *Corydon*.

Corydon, Prithee don't talk so childishly, my Dear, 'twill be an honour to thee to have children.

Celia, Well, but how shall I do to get to bed to thee, I'le swear I shall not have the face to go to bed to a man.

Corydon, Well, well, we will do well enough for that, meet me here too morrow morning, *Celia*, and we will go and be married; till then farew. I.

Celia. Nay but stay *Corydon*, I can afford to stay a little while longer now, to talk about having of children and going to bed after we are married.

Corydon. Can'st thou indeed, poor Rogue, well I love thy innocence, and too morrow at night, thou shalt be satisfied in every thing that thou doest desire to know, and with this sweet kiss at present, I take my leave, not willing to detain thee too long too day, for fear thy Mothers Jealousie should arise, and guess the truth of what we have design'd, and so frustrate all our hopes and expectations, by keeping thee a close Prisoner in her house, and not suffer thee to stir abroad any whither, nor let me come to see thee: therefore dearest *Celia* be careful, and say not a word to her of what we have been talking of; for if you do, I am sure our loves for ever will be ruined.

Celia,

Celia, I'le warrant thee *Corydon* she shall never know the least through me, I can keep my own Counsel well enough; and that she shall find to her anger and vexation.

Corydon, 'Tis a good Girle, well, fare thee well once again; My Dearest, Remember what you have to do too morrow.

Celia, Adieu dear *Corydon*, farewell my loving Shepherd. Yes surely, I shall not forget the time and place of meeting, my Eyes no rest shall take this night; my mind will be employed another way: the thoughts of what I have to do too morrow will busie me enough 'twixt this and then.

A Virgin pure I'le to the Temple go,
And there the Marriage Rites of *Hymen* know.

DIALOGUE III.

A Discourse betwixt two Gentlemen as they were riding on the Road together.

Tiberius, GOod morrow to you Sir.
Rowland, A good morning to you Sir.

Tiberius, How far do you ride in this Road Sir?

Rowland, As far as I can Sir too day.

Tiberius, That's as much as to say as far as your Horse will carry you too day; for possibly you may be capable of riding farther in a day than he is able to perform.

Rowland, You say right, Sir, but I love my Horse too well to wrong him by over-riding him.

Tiberius, You are the better Master Sir.

Rowland, Yes, and by consequence he the better Horse Sir.

Tiberius,

Tiberius, All this I must confess, Sir; but pray now let me know how far you ride, Sir, this way; for I shall be more than a little glad of your good company, if you will be pleased to accept of mine?

Rowland, Sir, Your company will be an honour to me, therefore you need not make any intreaties, for I shall be very forward to conjoyn my self with so good society as I find you are; and to answer your question, I shall tell you, Sir, that I intend to reach as far *Dunstable* too night, and there to lye, being in my Road to *West-Chester*, whither I am bound.

Tiberius, In a happy hour I have set forward on my Journey, for I am travelling within ten miles of *Chester*; therefore I hope I shall enjoy your company so far.

Rowland, With all my heart, Sir.

Tiberius, Your Horse goes very well Sir, pray what price?

Rowland, My Horse is a Mare, Sir, and I think she goes well enough, I am sure she pleases me.

Tiberius, No doubt of it Sir, there is no reason why I should mislike her if she pleases you; but how do you like mine Sir?

Rowland, Why Sir, for fear I should make the same mistake as you have done, I must tell you that be it Horse or Mare, or what ever the Beast is, I cannot tell but it goes very well.

Tiberius, It is (to speak after the Jocose manner, as you have done) a double hol'd Gelding, a Mare Sir; as we say in English, of the same Sex as yours is, but I think not altogether so stately.

Rowland, Well, we'll make no comparisons Sir, but I believe they both may be very good: but where do you intend to Inn, for this night?

Tiberius, Why Sir, I would willingly be directed by you; but I'le tell you where I us'd to lie.

Rowland,

Rowland, Pray, where's that Sir.

Tiberius, At the Sign of the two Travellers, it is a very good Inn, and there we shall have good entertainment for our Horses and our selves; I name the convenience for the Horse first, for if they fare well I don't question but we shall do well enough.

Rowland, You say true Sir, for they cannot speak for themselves, but we can, and I'le warrant you we will want for nothing, no more shall not the Horses; for I'le take care of that.

Tiberius, You say right Sir, the Mares shall want for nothing, for our first care shall be for them, and then Sir I shall be at your service.

Rowland, Sir, I am at your service; but pray what a kind of Hostess have we?

Tiberius, Nay Sir you say right, for we have a very kind Hostess.

Rowland, How do you mean, Sir?

Tiberius, I mean honestly; a very good woman to our Landlady, and ifaith she rules the roast.

Rowland, I am glad to hear it Sir, for we intend (I hope (at least I do) to have some Roast, but pray have we never an Host or Landlord there?

Tiberius, Yes, yes; we have a Landlord, a very good man, that is to say, a very merry Landlord, you shall see when we come there; but as I tell you, the Hostess his Wife, *id est*, our Landlady, rules the roast.

Rowland, And so I would have her Sir: for it properly belongs to that sex to see after the Roast.

Tiberius, Well Sir, and so I say too, but no more of this till we come there.

Rowland, Agreed Sir, but I think we don't want much of it now.

Tiberius, Sir you say true, but shall I be honoured so far as to be a Supper-man with you as well as a Fellow-traveller?

Rowland,

Rowland, I hope that question is not to ask now, your invitation was so fair, that I should be a Churl, and a great one, if I should deny you what so readily you have proposed.

Tiberius, Why then Sir let's take up our quarters together, but not too fast, now we are nigh our Inn; but let's ride softly, that our Horses, *alias*, Mates, may not be too hot when we come into our Inne.

Rowland, Here Hostler.

Hostler, Who calls?

Tiberius, Here take our Horses.

Rowland, And rub them down clean, and come to us by and by, and you shall be informed what Corn we intend to give them.

Tiberius, Will you be pleased to walk into the Kitchin, and see what's there you like for Supper?

Rowland, Yes Sir, I'le follow you, it seems you are acquainted with my Landlady; therefore pray walk first and renew your acquaintance with her.

Tiberius, Your servant Sir, I'le obey your commands.

Landlady your humble Servant, how have you done this many a day.

Hostess. Why let me see, who's this Master *Tiberius*?

Tiberius, The very same.

Hostess, Lord is there such a man alive?

Tiberius, Yes I am alive still Landlady; and this Gentleman and I do intend to be your Guests too night.

Hostess, Come old Boys, I'le give each of you a kiss if you'l meet me half way, and bid you welcome: So, now you are welcome Gentlemen.

Rowland, Well, honest Landlady, what shall we have for Supper?

Hostess,

Hostess, Troth e'ne what you please Gentlemen.

Tiberius, Well but what have you got in the House Landlady?

Hostess, Why you may have a couple of Capons, or a couple of Pullets, or a dozen of Pidgeons, with two or three dozen of Larks; you know Sir that we live in the onely Lark Country in *England*: but if you be not pleased with hollow birds, you may have a Shoulder of Mutton, Or a Loyn of Veal, or any boil'd Meat, if you please.

Tiberius, Well Landlady you have nam'd varieties enough, come you know my old Custome, give me a pint of your best Sack, and whil'st we are drinking that, we shall have time to consider which of these dishes of Meat to pitch upon.

Hostess, You shall have it Sir.

Rowland, We have a good Jovial Landlady here I perceive Sir?

Tiberius. Yes Sir, she will talke merrily, but I really believe it is onely to please her guests; for I am very confident that she is honest.

Rowland No doubt of it Sir, for you know we commonly find that the greatest talkers are the least doers.

Hostess, Gentlemen I'le make bold to begin, and present my service to you both, and you are both welcome.

Both, Thank you Landlady.

Hostess, Mr. *Tiberius* I'le present it to you first, because you are my old acquaintance.

Tiberius, Thank you Landlady.

Sir my humble service to you, and I thank you for your good company.

Rowland, Your servant Sir, I am glad of so good a companion as your self; come Landlady the t'other glas to you, and then wee'l think what to have for Supper.

Hostess,

Hostis, With all my heart Sir: But Mr. *Tiberius*, where have you been this many a day?

Tiberius, Why about the World Landlady, sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another. You see I am alive still.

Rowland, Well Sir, now what shall we have for Supper?

Tiberius, Pray Sir do you speak.

Rowland, Why I think a shoulder of Mutton, and two or three dozen of my Landladies Larks, since she praises them so much.

Tiberius, Agreed, withal my Heart.

Landlady, pray take care that they be made ready presently.

Hostess, They shall Sir, will you be pleased to walk up into your Chamber.

Tiberius, Yes Landlady, we will walk up; but though we sup together, yet we must have two Chambers to lie in.

Hostess, You shall Sir. What will you be pleased to drink Gentlemen?

Rowland, VVhy let's taste of your Ale and Beer, Landlady, will you?

Hostess, Yes you shall Sir. ——*Exit Hostess.*

Tiberius, VVell, but pray Fellow traveller, give me your absolute Opinion of our Landlady?

Rowland, VVhy Sir, as I told you before, she may be honest; for what I know by her, I am sure she is; but for your own part I believe that you know something by her, by your redoubling the question of what I thought of her; besides that is not all the ground I have for suspicion, for I have obserr'd some amorous wanton glances cast towards you now and then, when we were in the Kitchin, and also since we came up into the Chamber: but what the meaning of it should be is best known to your self.

Tiberius,

Tiberius, Fie Sir, Fie, ſure you miſtake your ſelf; ſhe did not look and ſmile on me, did ſhe?

Rowland, Nay I am ſure I am not miſtaken, for ſhe did ſmile and caſt a wanton eye on you too.

Tiberius, VVell well Sir, how do you like her, did ſhe not kiſs well?

Rowland, In troth Sir I cannot tell, I took ſo little notice of it, 'twas onely for faſhions ſake, that I kiſs'd her; not out of any deſire I had to it, but to fulfil the ancient cuſtom.

Hoſtler, VVhat corn will you be pleaſed to give your Horſes, Sirs?

Rowland, VVhy give mine half a peck of Oats too night, and the like quantity in the morning.

Tiberius, And let mine have the ſame.

Hoſtler, They ſhall Sir.

Rowland, Here *Hoſtler*, take the pot and drink.

Hoſtler, Thank you Maſter.

Tiberius, Be ſure let them have their due.

Hoſtler, I'le warrant you Sir.

Hoſteſs, Gentlemen your Supper is ready, will you have it brought up yet?

Rowland, Yes, Yes, by all means Landlady, bring it up; for we think long till we be at it; I am ſure I do.

Hoſteſs, You ſhall have it immediately Sir; will you be pleaſed to ſeat your ſelves?

So here 'tis come now.

Tiberius, Come Landlady ſit you down pray, where's my Landlord your Husband?

Hoſteſs, Alas poor Cuckold, where ſhould he be, he is abroad about his buſineſs.

Rowland, How's that Landlady, you do but jeſt ſure?

Tiberius, No, no, ſhe uſes to talk after this rate, I know; but I believe my Landlord is no Cuckold for all that.

Hoſteſs,

Hostess, Well, come Gentlemen fall too, I have said grace for you.

Tiberius, VVell said Landlady, I perceive you are merry; but we will every one say grace for himself.

Rowland, So, Now Landlady be pleased to help your self, and we will cut afterwards.

Tiberius, VVell Landlady, I know your temper; you connot eat well without a bottle or two of Claret.

Hostess. VVell, then if you know my humour, I hope you will let me have it; for I shall live the longer, and I know you would not have me die yet, for you'l never meet with such another Landlady.

Rowland, Yes, yes, Landlady, if that a bottle or two of VVine will prolong your days, you shall have that Cordial to be sure; and I am also in your opinion, that a good Supper cannot be made without a bottle or two of VVine.

Here Boy bring us up a bottle of Claret.

Boy, By and by, you shall have it Sir.

Tiberius, Come Landlady, have we never a merry Jest at Supper?

Hostess, Are you married Sir?

Tiberius, Yes, that I am Landlady.

Hostess, VVhy, then you are a Cuckold.

Rowland, How do you know that Landlady?

Hostess, VVhy, it follows by consequence, that all men that are married, must of necessity be Cuckolds, because my Husband's one.

Tiberius, Suppose your Husband be one, must all men therefore be Cuckolds, because he is so? surely all the VVomen in the VVorld are not VVhores.

Hostess, Oh Fie, Mre *Tiberius*, I had thought you could not have spoke such a word, I vow I could find in my heart to be angry with you; what must all those women that make their husbands Cuckolds, be called Whores, no sure I hope not? *Hostess*,

Rowland, Nay, but Landlady, setting all aside, how do you call those VVomen as make their Husbands Cuckolds? if they are not VVhores, I am much mistaken.

Hostess, Lord Sir, I had thought that you had lived long enough in the *World* to know better things: Suppose I or some other VVoman, should be willing to satisfie your desires, in that way, rather then disoblige you, methinks you would not call me or the or whoever it be, VVhore, for condescending to your will.

Tiberius, VVhy, what would you have her accounted then Landlady?

Hostess, You may say she is a kind VVoman, or so: a good natur'd VVoman, or so: but the name of whore is so odious, that it deserves not to be given for ir, except the party so called be a common strumpet and mercenary, prostrating her self to any sort of fellow, for half a Crown, or under; she indeed deserves the Name of VVhore, and no other VVoman whatsoever.

Rowland, VVell Landlady, it shall be as you say; come one glass of Claret to you, and all shall be well I hope.

Hostess, Sir, I'le pledge, and now I hope you understand the difference betwixt a VVhore and a kind VVoman.

Tiberius, VVell we'll, Landlady, we are satisfied, and too morrow morning before we go, you shall be satisfied too.

Hostess, I question it not, Gentlemen, good night Sir; Mr. *Tiberius*, if you please, you shall lie in another chamber, and this Gentleman shall lie here.

Rowland, VVith all my heart Landlady. Sir good night to you; pray use my Landlady kindly.

DIALOGUE

DIALOGUE IIII.

A Merry discourse betwixt Harry *and* Doll, *in Country Phraises.*

Harry, HOneſt *Doll*, well met in troth, whither art thou going, this morning ſo early?

Dol, *why, what is that to you, Good man Coxcomb, I hope I am not to make you acquainted with my Maſter and Dames buſineſs; that would be a pretty Jeſt indeed, if I ſhould do ſo; but I think the fool has more wit in truth: pray do you mind your buſineſs, and I will take care of what I have to do, and ſo farewell.*

Harry, Nay ſtay a little ſweet *Dorothy*, ſtay, do not be ſo angry, that's my good Girle, what haſt thou piſs'd on a Nettle this morning, that thou art ſo tachy? come, come, *Doll*, prithee be gentle (for I vow to God) I ask thee for no harm.

Dol, *No harm, ſauce-box, what is't you aske me for that?*

Harry, Nay, ſweet *Dorothy* be patient, and I'le tell thee.

Dol, *well, come let me hear it.*

Harry, Why, it was not to enquire after any of thy Maſter or Dames buſineſs, that I ſtoped thee, but becauſe I have a little buſineſs of my own to tell thee of, if thou wilt hear me with patience.

Dol, *I wonder what I have to do with your buſineſs, I'le hear none of your buſineſs, by the Maſs not I, therefore pray let me go.*

Harry, Nay, ſtay a little *Doll*, you muſt hear me, I'le ſwear I ſhall cry if you are thus unkind to me, therefore prithee ſtay and hear me.

Dol. *How do you ſay, ſhall you cry?*

Harry,

Harry, Yes that I shall, and die too, if you be not more kinder to me.

Dol, *Well, come fool, rather than you shall cry, and die too; I will stay and hear what 'tis you have to say to me, if that you'll promise me not to be too long about it.*

Harry, No indeed *Doll*, I will not keep thee too long, I will be as brief as may be.

Dol, *Come then begin, why don't you begin, I say?*

Harry, Nay, but hearke ye *Doll*, I do not take this to be a very convenient place, being in a common Foot-path, and in the open Field.

Dol. *Why, whither now I trow?*

Harry, Why, I'le tell thee *Doll*, on t'other side of yonder Field you know is a little River, and by the River side is a most pleasant Grove, where we may sit and talk of our business, and no body never see us, nor disturb us.

Dol, *You tell me of business and business, but I know not what your business is.*

Harry, Come along dear *Dolly*, come along, and I will tell thee presently, to thy satisfaction and content.

Dol, *Well, I could find in my heart to go along with you, but it must be upon these conditions.*

Harry, What conditions, what dost thou mean sweet-heart?

Dol, *Hey day, pray how came I to be your sweet-heart? to my best knowledge I never saw you but once before, and then I am sure you never talk'd of Love to me.*

Harry, Tis no matter for that dear *Dolly*, the more's to come; but prithee, first let me hear what the conditions must be that I am to subscribe to, for indeed *Doll*, I begin to be a little in hast.

Dol, *Pray stay, I am not so hasty, however I'le tell you my Conditions.*

Harry,

Harry, Pray, sweet *Dolly*, let me hear 'em then quickly.

Dol, *Yes, you shall; and these they are.*

First, you shall swear, that you won't tell my Master nor Dame, nor none of my fellow Servants, nor any body elst that knows me.

Harry, What, must *I* not tell them *Doll?*

Dol. *Why, I say you shall not tell any of them that I go to talk with you privately; and then secondly;*

Harry, Oh dear, secondly, why what's next *Doll*; the first I'le swear too willingly; but is there any more?

Dol, *Yes, Yes; secondly I say, you shall not offer any rudeness to me, when we are alone, you shall not*———

Harry, What, dost thou mean *Doll?* thou know'st I am not rude but gentle; but prithee what do'st thou call rudeness?

Dol, *Nay, if you interrupt me thus, we shall never have done, I say,*———

Harry, What, what, dear *Dolly*, what dost thou say, speak out VVench?

Dol, *But you will not give me leave to speak, I think; why, I say, you shall not offer any uncivility to me.*

Harry, VVhat's that *Dolly*, that's a hard word, I'le protest it is a very hard word.

Dol, *That is to say, you shall not offer to do any thing to me but kiss me when we come there, and that not above twice or thrice.*

Harry, Oh law *Doll*, thou talk'st strangely, why what would'st thou have me do more, *I* intend to do nothing else, onely to kiss and talk of business.

Dol. *Come, come, for all you pretend so much ignorance, I dare not trust you, unless you swear.*

Harry, What wouldst thou have me swear to *Dolly?*

Dol. *Why, if I must tell you plainly, I'm;* *You shall swear*

swear that you will not put your hands under my Coats.

Harry, Why, what should I put them there for *Doll*, hey?

Dol. *Nay, 'tis no matter for that; will you swear, will you swear* Harry?

Harry, Yes, I can swear *Doll*.

Dol. *Ay, ay, I don't question that, but will you?*

Harry, Yes, *I* will swear *Doll*, but what must the Oath be?

Dol. *why, the Oath shall be this, you shall swear by your* ——

Harry, By my what *Doll*?

Dol. *why, you shall swear, by your honesty, and by your Maiden-head, that you will not abuse me.*

Harry, How can *I* abuse one that *I* love so well: No, no, that cannot be.

Dol. *Well, but however you shall swear as I have told you.*

Harry, Yes, yes, *I* will swear boldly *Doll*, by my everlasting honesty; but what's the t'other word that I must swear by *Doll*?

Dol. *Why, by your Maiden-head, I told you.*

Harry, Prithee what's that *Doll*?

Dol. *Nay, if you know not, I shall not tell you.*

Harry, Why, then *I'le* swear on at a venture?

Dol. *Do so then if you will.*

Harry, VVhy, then by my pure honesty, and by my Maiden-head, which *I* know got of, *I* will not Misuse thee.

Dol. *Well, come then, I don't much care if I go along with you.*

Harry, Come on sweet *Dolly*, prithee give me thy fist, and we will walk lovingly together.

Toss away they did walk,
To the fine shady Grove,
Where no body could them espy.
There Harry did tell her
The pleasures of love,
And I'le tell them to you by and by.

Though he was a Clown,
Yet he well understood
That women do love to Embrace.
He gave Doll a green gown,
In the midst of the wood,
'Twas a pretty convenient place.

But listen a while,
And you'l hear their discourse,
How Harry proceeds in his wooing,
He made Doll to smile.
Who needed no force,
Though Harry began to be doing.

Dol. *Well, now we are come to the place, I suppose, which you told me of?*

Harry, Yes, so we are *Dolly*, and now in this pretty shady place, under this tree, we will sit down and discourse about the business.

Dol. *Yes, prithee do, lets hear this business, that has been so long a-bringing out.*

Harry, VVhy, then this it is *Dolly*, I must tell you that I love you, and not a little, but a great deal *Doll*, I vow I do.

Dol. *Well, and what then* Harry?

Harry. Why, then let's kiss a little, nay, again and again too.

Dol. *Nay, but hold* Harry, *you remember your Oath you swore, before I consented to come hither with you;*

which

which was, that you should be civil and not kiss me above once or twice, or three times at farthest.

Harry, I'll swear *Dolly*, I had almost forgot that, but if I have exceeded a little beyond my bounds, you won't be angry I hope, will you *Doll*?

Dol. *Nay, I don't know what you mean, methinks you tempt me strangely.*

Harry, I'll warrant Girle I'll do thee no harm, don't fear it; come, t'other kiss and then ———

Dol. *And what then* Harry? *Well but you said you loved me, but how much, or how little, or for what, I cannot yet tell.*

Harry, Oh, oh, I'll tell thee that presently.

Dol. *Nay, but I must know just now?*

Harry, Why, I love thee abundantly *Dolly*, even so much that I could find in my heart to ———

Dol. *To do what* Harry?

Harry. Why, to kiss thee again, and to hug thee lovingly.

Dol. *Is that all? but don't you intend to marry me too* Harry.

Harry, Marry thee! Yes, yes child, I'll marry thee by and by, even just now.

Dol. *Yes, I do so, therefore let me have no excuses, but make me your wife forthwith.*

Harry, Then it seems you are in as much haste now as I was before? Well, satisfie thy self *Doll*, for I will make thee my wife, and will prove an honest careful husband to thee, what can'st thou desire more?

Dol. *Nay, if you prove as good as your word, I shall not need to desire any more; but when will you appoint the time, that I may make some small preparation?*

Harry, I leave that to thee *Doll*: but be private in it and conceal what is past, for people you know will make the worst of any thing they hear.

Dol. As for my secresie, you need not doubt it, for the making of this our meeting known, would reflect upon me as much as on your self, and rather more.

Harry. Thou sayest true *Dol*; therefore prithee let's make an end at present, and do thou name the day when we shall meet again, and I will Marry thee without delay, hoping that thou wilt prove an honest, kind, and vertuous Wife to me.

Dol. I will so, and for ever be obedient to thy Commands; and since you leave it to me to appoint the time, I think just this day week, at the same hour we met to day, will be a very good time if you think it so.

Harry. I do agree to it, and I will be sure to meet thee that morning in this same place where now we are, and from hence we will go to the Church and be married privately, and then return to our services again, where we will stay till our years are up, and then I care not if all the world do know that we are Man and Wife.

Dol. A match my dearest Love, this kiss shall part our bodies for this time; yet surely know, that though I am gone, thou hearest away my heart; my body to my heart shall shortly go.

Harry. Sweet *Dolly* fare thee well till next we meet,
Ten thousand kisses, kisses that are sweet
Ile give thee here at parting; do but guess
The number till I make them numberless.
Rejoyce my *Dolly*, for our Wedding day
Will quickly come, Love's time makes no delay.
Prepare thy self, and every thing provide
Against that day to meet me, not with pride,
But blest humility, and loving Charms,
Such as become a faithful Bridegrooms Arms:
Fear nothing *Dolly*, for I will requite
All these past favours on our Wedding night.

DIA-

DIALOGUE V.

A merry Discourse betwixt two Poets, meeting with one another accidentally in the Street.

Will. BRother *Tom*, well met; how goes the affairs of the world now a-days?

Tom. In troth *Will* very dull, mighty dull; I'le swear, methinks, all the world is dull but we; and Faith we shall be dull too, except we can get more money; I speak for my own part, I know not how your Pockets stand affected, I am sure mine find a mighty *Vacuum* of late.

Will. Prithee now don't say so, I know you cannot want money except you are covetous, and so want by consequence, according to that old Adage, which tells us, that *semper avarus iget.*

Tom. Prithee *Will* don't speak Latine, for I cannot understand a word so long as *Œgrotat Crumena*; besides, I have drank never a drop of Sack, nor no other Wine; therefore how canst thou expect that I can speak or understand a word of Latine.

Will. Come, come, Brother *Tom*, we live by our Wits, we must not want money, for my part I have money enough; Come, come along with me, I'le revive thy spirits with some of the *Heliconian* Liquor, and you know *Fœcundi Calices Tom* will inspire our Brains, and make our Muses sing such delightful strains, that shall charm the Usurers Gold to fly into our Pockets, and ne're repine for being bountiful.

Tom. On my word *Will.* you are very brisk, but what Tavern shall we go to; methinks I cannot turn my head on neither side, but my Nose smells Sack ever

since you talkt of going to the Tavern, for I'le swear I have a very empty Cavern; therefore prithee *Will.* name the place quickly, and we will discourse of all things there as we shall think fit.

Will. Prithee *Tom* go whither thou wilt, for my part it is all one to me; but I think we had as good go to the *Devil*, because we are just by it.

Tom. No *Will*, I don't care for going to the *Devil* now, for there I shall meet with a small *Dun*; it is no great matter, I owe five or six Pounds, or thereabouts.

Will. Well then avoid *Satan*, we'il come not near thee; but name some other place *Tom.*

Tom. Why, there is a glass of as good *Wine* at the *Rose*, and there whatsoever we say shall be under the *Rose*; and that's as nigh as the other: besides the head Drawer is my very good friend, he never lets me pay a Farthing for Tobacco.

Will. Prithee don't talk of such pittiful things as paying for Tobacco; if he will draw us a Bottle of good Wine, that shall be all we expect from him. *Tom*, we must keep such fellows as Drawers are at a distance, lest they grow saucy.

Tom. But I am forced to make them my Familiars, sometimes against my will, but it's no matter for that, come let's go.

Will. Come along *Tom*, I'll lead the way.

A Drawer comes to them at the Rose.

Drawer. You are welcome Gentlemen, will you be pleas'd to walk up stairs.

Tom. Yes, honest *Drawer*, we will follow you up stairs as fast as we can.

Drawer. What Wine will you be pleas'd to drink Gentlemen?

Will. Hearke you, be you the Head-*Drawer*?

Drawer. Yes, Sir.

Tom. Yes, yes, this honest *Drawer* knows me well enough.

Will.

Will. Well honeſt Drawer, ſince he calls thee ſo, prithee bring us up a Bottle of the beſt *Canary* in the Cellar; be ſure let it be good, and thou ſhalt loſe nothing for thy civility.

Drawer. Your Servant, Sir, I'll warrant you rare good, Sir.

Tom. Do you hear, bring up ſome *Tobacco* with you alſo, ſuch as I us'd to ſmoke when I come here.

Drawer You ſhall have it, Sir.

Tom. We ſhall want a third man to help hold a diſcourſe, ſhall we not? What do you think of a third man, *Will.* I know where to ſend for one?

Will. A Pox of a third man; tell me of no third man: I'll warrant thee, that we'll find Diſcourſe enough betwixt our ſelves.

Drawer. Here's a Glaſs of rich *Canary*, Sir.

Tom. Give it me: *Will* give me thy hand: Come, a good Health to the Muſes our Siſters, our old Sire *Apollo*.

Will. Well bowl'd Boy. Come, give me a Rummer, I'll pledge thee.

Drawer. Does the Wine pleaſe you, Gentlemen?

Tom. Thou art an honeſt Lad, 'tis very good Wine, and I'll remember thy Box for it.

Drawer. Your Servant, Sir. *Exit* Drawer.

Will. Come *Tom*, fill the other Glaſs and drink to me, I'll warrant thee this will put thee out of thy dull humour: Come be merry old Soul, Let's quaff whilſt we may: None knows who ſhall live to be merry next day.

Tom. Nay, if thou begin'ſt to be inſpir'd already, what ſhall we be before we go: Come *Will.* God bleſs the King.

Will. Prithee *Tom* drink off thy Glaſs: What thou doſt not begin to ſtart already? Come ſuck him off, and I'll pledge thee a brimmer.

Tom. So now I hope I have pleas'd you, *Will.*

Will. Yes, so thou hast *Tom.* and I'll do the like, I'll warrant Boy.

Tom. I think we had best to call for the other Bottle before we begin to smoke.

Will. Do so *Tom*, do you call, because you know the *Drawer.*

Tom. Well, I'll knock. Here *Drawer*, Boy.

Drawer. By and by, I am coming Sir.

Tom. Prithee draw us a Bottle of the same Wine.

Drawer. You shall have it Sir.

Will. Come *Tom*, now let's smoke it awhile.

Tom. Agreed: But stay, let's do nothing rashly, let's take each of us another Glass first. Is this the same Wine, *Drawer?*

Drawer. The very same Sir. *Exit* Drawer.

Tom. Come *Will*, here's my Mistresses health.

Will. Drink it off *Tom*, and pledge mine, and then —

Tom. Ay, and then, as thou sayest *Will*, we shall be fit for discourse.

Will. So, now let it rest awhile, and prithee tell me how thou hast spent thy time of late: Upon what new Subject hast thou exercis'd thy fancy of late.

Tom. Why, I'll tell thee *Will*, but t'other day there comes to my Lodging a brisk and lively Blade, a good Sack-drinker, but a younger Brother, and he like other men now adays (I won't say thee, and I *Will.* because he was no Poet) had more Wit than Money. This Young Gentleman had found out a Female Creature that had more Money than Wit, whom he thought were a very fit Match for him: He told me, that he had often made his Addresses to her, she not giving him a flat denial, he was perswaded, that his own Wit, with the assistance of a smooth Poem in praise of her Perfections (or Imperfections, all's one in that *Greek* you know *Will.*) might win her, and work upon her foolish

foolish good Nature, so far as to accept his suit.

Will. And how then *Tom*?

Tom. Nay, I must drink the other Glass before I can proceed any further with my Story.

Will. Well, drink and be hang'd, you love this Sack, I perceive.

Tom. Faith *Will.* 'twas well said: Let me drink before I am hang'd, for I love Sack better than hanging by far.

Will. Well, but go on with the Story.

Tom. Then I told him *Will*, that I could fit him to a hair with a Copy of Verses, but I expected to have something in hand, and a promise what I should have after I had done. The young Fop heighten'd with the thoughts of good success, gave me a Guinny in hand, being all the Money he had, I suppose; and a promise of four more if he married the young Gentlewoman: which I gladly took, and could not in Conscience but give him a glass of Wine out of it.

Will. Well, and you did give him Sack out of his Guinny, did you not *Tom*?

Tom. Why yes, I tell thee, I did make him drink for his Money; we had two Bottles of Claret, and that look'd more gentile than one Bottle of Sack, though I must confess, that I love Sack far better than *French* Wine, *Will*, and so here's to thee.

Will. Nay I believe that you love Sack well enough, without swearing to't; for you signifie as much by your present drinking. Well, now you have took off your Glass, I hope you will proceed with your Narration concerning the Poems you were to make.

Tom. Yes, I will so; but had not we best to drink another Glass apiece first: I vow this is excellent good Sack, *Will*.

Will. Yes, yes, the Sack's good enough; but prithee be not so greedy of it *Tom*, but go on with thy Story.

Tom. VVell here's one Glass to thee *Will*, and then ——

Will. And then I think thou'lt be drunk, *Tom*, come prithee make haste then, for I am impatient of thy tediousness.

Tom, Well, if thou wilt not pledge me *Will*, I'll set it by awhile, and proceed with my young Gamester, which was after this manner. I bid him come again that day week he gave me the Guinny, and he should have the Poem.

Will. Why, thou wast not a week sure in composing a Copy of Verses in praise of a Ladies Beauty?

Tom. No indeed, I was not *Will*; I wonder how thou hapenest to ask such an impertinent Question?

Will. How do you make it an impertinent Question? did you not say, that you bid the Gentleman come that day week, and he should have his Poem?

Tom. Yes, I did say so, and do say so still, and say the truth too, Mr. *Will*, and yet that is no good ground for you to say that I was a week in making them; I'll swear if you were not my Brother Poet, I would call thee Fool. Why, dost thou not know that I had a Guinny?

Will. Yes, *I* do remember you told me so, but what then?

Tom. What then, why art thou ignorant still? Dost thou think that the Guinny would not require some time in spending?

Will. 'Tis right *Tom*, *I* blame my present dullness of apprehension in not understanding thee at first; I must confess that I might have imagined that thou couldst not rest, or settled thy self to any thing till the Guinny was consumed and melted away.

Tom. Yes, as thou sayest *Will*, I did melt it in a short time, but not all at one time; for I would study and compose three or four Lines, then to the Tavern for half

half a pint of the best *canary*, and having drunk up that, I could make a shift to go home and compose two Verses and a half more, and then to the Tavern again. But now I think on't, this Wine that stands by me, will be flat if it stands any longer, therefore *Will*, here's to thee.

Will. What again? why sure enough I shall be troubled to get thee home by and by.

Tom. Yes, it may be so. Here *Drawer*, Boy.

Drawer. By and by, Sir, I am coming. Did you call here, Sir?

Tom. Yes; Prithee bring us a Bottle of the same Wine, and bring a Chamber-pot with thee.

Drawer. You shall have it, Sir.

Tom. We shall have the other Bottle, shall we not *Will?*

Will. Yes, it seems we must have it; now you have call'd for't.

Drawer. There are Musicians below, Gentlemen, who desire to know whether you will permit them to play to you or no?

Will. Hang 'em Rogues, we have nothing to do with Fidlers, our Sack will make us more merry than their scraping.

Tom. Thou sayest right *Will*, and now I love thee, and here's to thee.

Will. Come drink *Tom*, and let me hear what Verses thou madest the young man for his Guinny, I know thou hast a foul Copy of them about thee still, hast not, *Tom?*

Tom. Why, what if I have or have not, must I needs tell you *Will*; or is there any necessity that I should shew them to you, if I have 'em about me?

Will. No, no, *Tom*, I do not Command you to shew me, but I desire that kindness of you; therefore don't be angry.

Tom. No, no, *Will*, angry, I scorn to be angry; Come here's to thee.

Will. Well, but will you shew me the Poem that you made for the Gentleman.

Tom. No, in troth won't I, but I'll read it to you, if that will satisfie you, if not, you must desist to ask me further, for I will not part from them out of my own hands to ne're a man in *England*; yet I must confess, that I love you well *Will*, but you must pardon me for that.

Will. Why are they such excellent ones that you are afraid that I should take them away, and so make use of them, some other time upon the same occasion?

Tom. 'Tis no matter for that, if you will hear them you shall *Will.*

Will. Well, prithee, let's hear 'em then.

Tom. Why, you shall; but here's to you first, I begin to be dry.

Will. Well, prithee drink, and read 'em if thou wilt, or say thou wilt not.

Tom. Yes, I will, and these they are, pray give attention:

Madam, your Beauty, knows me, like an Elf,
I need not praise, for that will praise it self:
I cannot flatter you, yet must confess,
That I could love you well, if you had less.
For what I love you for, I know you curst.

Will. How's that? How's that?

Tom. Nay, if you interrupt me, I ha' done.

Will. Proceed.

Tom. I love you, Madam, more than Pig or Pye,
And if you love me not, I'll sit and cry,

And

And curſt my cruel fate and deſtiny,
until I waſte, and pine away, and dy;
And if my Mother ask the reaſon why,
Then Madam, you muſt bear the ſhame, not I,
Becauſe you work my woe by cruelty;
But if you are kind and grant my ſuit, I'le fly
Into your arms with joy, and there I'le lye,
And kiſs and hugg to perpetuity,
And nothing want that's underneath the Sky.
Then be not coy, nor ſoftly ſay, ſir, ſir;
If that I lie, as cloſe as Pig in Stie.

Will. Oh, wonderful, wonderful Wit! I never heard the like in all my life; ſo many Rhimes of one ſort I never heard in my life time.

Tom. That's the rarity of it, *Will.*

Will. Yes, ſo I perceive *Tom.* What did you concludе your Elegant Poem after this manner?

Tom. No, there is two Lines more, and that is all; which are theſe:

Thus Miſtreſs, hoping you'll not count me rude,
until anon I ſee you, I conclude.

Will. Oh, admirable *Tom!* I could not have thought that any man alive had had ſo much wit in him; Well, go thy way for a Compoſer of Poems: ſo excellent a Fancy, I never heard before.

Tom. No nor no body elſe, except it came from thoſe that are good Sack Drinkers like my ſelf: Come here's to thee *Will*, let's drink a little touch now.

Will. I'll pledge thee *Tom*, a brimmer: *Drawer*, bring the t'other Bottle, and tell us what's to pay?

Drawer. You ſhall have it, Sir.

Tom. Come *Will*, prithee tell me what new thing thou haſt made of late, ſpeak *Will*, and briskly, to be dull I hate.

Will.

Will. This Sack has witty Charms I do perceive,
It fools inspires, I aptly do believe.
Tom. Then give us Sack, give us Sack,
'Tis pity, we should ever lack.
Will. Drink stoutly *Tom*, thou shalt not want,
I find it helps the ignorant.
Tom. Come, *Drawer*, quick, and bring some smoke;
To drink more Wine it will provoke.
Will. I value not the *Indian* Funk,
It rather causes to be drunk.
Tom. Fie *Will*, none can be drunk but Sots,
That in an Ale-house tope black Pots:
Wine only does transform our Souls;
A Block-head's witty with full Bowls.
Will. I'm apt to think, thou tell'st me true,
Then prithee *Tom*, take thou thy due:
Thy Guinny Poets wanted Wine,
Thy muddy Brains for to refine:
Let's cease to Rhime *ex tempore*,
We'll drink and laugh and merry be.
Tom. Thou sayest true *Will*, we had better leave off Rhiming in vain, for why should we waste our stock of Wit upon each other when we have no occasion for it; we have enough to study our Brains when we have a Guinny Subject to work upon. In troth *Will*, I begin to be troubled with a short Cough, I don't know what they call it; Prithee give me another Glass of Sack, and try what that will do with me.
Will. Ay, ay, the t'other Glass, prithee drink it off, and begin an other to me, that we may make an end; for it begins to be late.
Tom. Thou sayest true *Will*, and here's to thee.
Will. So now, we'll call for a Reckoning. Here *Drawer*, What's to pay?
Drawer. Eight shillings Wine, and six pence Tobacco.

Will.

Will. Here's nine shillings, take thou the remainder.

Drawer. Your Servant, Sir, you are welcome Gentlemen.

Tom. Well fare thee well *Will*, the next Treat shall be mine.

Will. Adieu honest *Tom*, let me see thee sometimes. Fare-well.

DIALOGUE VI.

A merry Dialogue of Love betwixt an Old Rich Cuff and a handsome brisk Damsel.

Old Man. MY Cocky, My pretty *Nancy* Cock, how dost thou my Sweeting? in troth Law, I am glad to see thee with all my heart. Come, how hast thou done this great while? what, art thou marri'd yet my Girl? hast got thee a good Husband yet?

Maid. *Your Servant Sir, I hope your Worship's in good health.*

Old Man. Yes, in good truth Girl, I thank my God, I am in good health, and am as lively and lusty, as e're I was in all my life: But prithee tell me *Nancy*, art a Wife or a Maid? Tell me truly, don't blush.

Maid. *I am a Maid, an't please you, Sir.*

Old Man. In good time, my Sweeting: But I wonder thou hast not got thee a Husband all this while.

Maid. *I hope he is got already, Sir.*

Old Man. Well, well, pretty one, you know my meaning: I tell thee, I wonder such a pretty sweet-fac'd Rogue has not a Husband yet.

Maid. *Because I can get no Body to have me, Sir; however I think it is time enough yet, for I am young in years, and may be brought too soon to know the sorrows of a wedded life.*

Old

Old Man. Be not mistaken Sweetest; there are no pleasures in the world like to those which married people receive when they are joyn'd together by free consent, and where there is no want of an Estate to keep Love warm; for I must confess that Poverty often makes Love grow cold, and want of Necessaries makes Quarrels arise; But where there is a sufficiency and plenty of all things, together with a loving and kind Husband, I think that woman is in a happy condition: What thinks't thou of this my *Nasty*, come answer me now Girl?

Maid. *Why truly Sir, such Husbands are hard to be found; but if I knew where to have such a man, I should be willing enough to alter my condition; for I must confess that I have had a longing mind this half year to be a married wife; for something, but I know not yet for what, I had so strong a desire.*

Old Man. Alas, poor Rogue! pretty innocent Girl, The truth on't is, I do believe that thou art a pure Virgin, and by't Lady, my Cocky, I will give thee one Salute.

Maid. *How Sir?*

Old Man. Nay, my Cocky, be not ashamed; Nay, prithee don't blush.

Maid. *Pray Sir, what do you mean? I hope you will not degrade your self so much as to kiss such a one as I: Pray Sir, forbear.*

Old Man. I feck Fluffy, thou art a sweet-lip'd Rogue, and let me tell thee, that I must do more than kiss thee.

Maid. *I hope you are not in earnest; you will not do me any harm, will you Sir?*

Old Man. Hurt thee? No my Chuck, I do not intend to hurt thee; I love that sweet face of thine too well to hurt it.

Maid. *Nay then I care not Sir what you do to me, so*

you

you don't hurt me; pray tell me then what you mean to do?

Old Man. Why, I intend to love thee.

Maid. *To love me? and what then Sir?*

Old Man. To kiss thee, and hug thee, and to lie with thee all night.

Maid, *Mary God forbid that I should lie with a man; indeed Sir, I dare not do such a thing for all the World; for my Mother has often told me, that I must not lie with a man, except I had a Husband.*

Old Man. Ha, ha, ha, my pretty thing, no more; thou shalt not lie with any man but thy Husband.

Maid. *Why Sir, you are not my Husband, and yet you talk of lying with me.*

Old Man. Well said, sweet Face: But what do'st think of being my wife? couldst thou find in thy heart to love me, and prove a vertuous, true, and kind wife to me all days of thy life: Now Cocky speak, for in troth Law, I am in earnest, and do love thee above all other Maids in the whole world.

Maid. *Do you so Sir: But you are old, are you not Sir, pray tell me?*

Old Man. Why, what if I am, Child.

Maid. *Why then you'll die before me, Sir, and I shall love you so well when I am married to you, that it will break my heart, if you should die before me.*

Old Man. Pretty heart, say'st thou so: Is that all thou dost object against me?

Maid. *Is not that enough Sir, what would you have me say more?*

Old Man. I must confess, dear Heart, that I am older than thee; but you must know, Cocky, that we all must die, both old and young, but we cannot tell who shall die first; therefore be not discomforted upon that account, for thou may'st die as soon as I; if not before me.

Maid.

Maid. *Would you not cry then Sir, if I should die before you?*

Old Man. Yes, Pretty Rogue, I should be sorry for thy death, but those things must be left to the disposal of kind Heaven, which orders all things of that Nature in its own due time and season.

Maid. *Say you so Sir, but you are older than I; and I very much fear* ——

Old Man. What dost thou fear, pretty One? Speak boldly, do not fear to tell me.

Maid. *Why Sir, can't you guess.*

Old Man. Why Yes, fair One, perhaps I may.

Maid. *Pray tell me, what you think then?*

Old Man. Well, I believe, thou think'st that because I am in years, I may not be capable of those Duties which belong to a new Marriage-bed.

Maid. *Why what are those, Sir?*

Old Man. Pretty Innocent: well, thou shalt know when we are marry'd, and till then thou must rest contented.

Maid. *Well Sir, I shall be contented: But pray tell me, if we must marry, how I shall be maintained, for my Mother will not look after me then.*

Old Man. Pretty Fool, take no care for that: I have got more Gold and Silver than thee and I shall ever spend whilst we live, and when we die shall leave enough for our Children after us.

Maid. *What must we have Children too?*

Old Man. Two? Yes, three or four, I'll warrant thee: although I am old in thy eyes, yet I am as youthful and vigorous in those concerns, as a young Man at one and twenty; the enjoyment of thee will make me forget my Age, and become a Boy again.

Maid. *Nay then, I care not Sir, for I shall love to see you look young.*

Old Man. Come and kiss me then, my *Nancy*.

Maid,

Maid. *With all my heart Sir. And now I'll sing you one Verse of a Song.*

Old Man. Come let's hear it, Girl.

Song.

When a young wanton to an old Dotard is wed,
Let her honestly live if she can,
'Tis a thousand to one but with Horns he'll be fed,
By some pretty wanton young man.
Then his wife with disgrace he ever will shame;
But the wisest young Gallants will free her from blame.

Maid. *Pray how like you this?*

Old Man. Very well, very well, *Nanny*; Prithee, who taught thee this Song.

Maid. *My Mother Sir, and she said it was a very true one.*

Old Man. No, no, fair One, it is not true; there is no honest woman will wrong her husbands bed, though she have never so great temptations.

Maid. *I hope you will not be jealous Sir, I'll promise you I will live as honestly as ever I can; what would you have me do more?*

Old Man. No, no, thou say'st Well, Girl, I will not be jealous, and I fancy that I shall please thee so well, that thou wilt have no cause to make me a Cuckold; and we will live together as merry as Cup and Can.

Maid. *Well, what would you have me say more, Sir, pray speak, and tell me quickly, for I am weary of this Discourse, I had rather be in action.*

Old Man. I commend thee, my Love, and so had I too; Well, tell me, then wilt thou have me to be thy Husband?

Maid. *Yes, if you please, Sir.*

Old Man.

Old Man. Enough, now I have my desire, and thou shalt have thine, I'll warrant thee; now I will go and make preparation against too morrow, which shall be our VVedding-day; and with this kiss, at present I take leave.

All things prepar'd, they marri'd were in haste,
The Old Man fails, and Cuckold is at last.

DIALOGUE VII.

A Merry Dialogue betwixt a young Gentleman and an old Widdow.

Gent. MAdam, the various Reports that go abroad in the World concerning Matrimony, make me ambitious to try an Experiment upon the same, and having heard so great a Fame of your Ladyships good life and conversation, have presum'd now to tell you, that I am Madam, Your humble Servant.

Wid. Sir, I can do less then give you thanks for your Civility towards me, but I wonder that you should attaque me with the matter of love. I suppose you understand my present state and condition, how that of late I have buri'd a good Husband; how therefore can you think that I will admit so soon of a second address: In the first place, you must either think that I had but small kindness for my former Husband, or otherwise you must imagine that I am a fond old doting Fool, apt to be carri'd away with every wind of Doctrine that is preach'd to me by every simple Ideot, that has onely a prospect into my Estate or Fortune, but has no regard to my person. Come, young Gentleman, these things won't take.

Gent. Madam, I hope I have given you no offence; if I have, I most humbly beg your pardon. *Wid.*

Widd. I am no Pope Sir.

Gent. But Madam you muſt give me leave to tell you then, that if Love can be called an offence, I muſt confeſs that I have offended; for now and evermore I muſt tell you that I love you, and none but you in the whole world; therefore dear Madam, look not ſcornfully upon me, but grant me my humble requeſt; which is to give me love for love.

Widd. Why ſure young man you are not in earneſt.

Gent. Yes Madam indeed I am, and ſo you ſhall find me.

Widd. Why what would you have me to do, would you have me match my ſelf to a young Boy?

Gent. Madam you'll find a luſty Boy of me, methinks I begin to write my ſelf man—— being now about twenty; I'll warrant you Madam a good Bedfellow.

Widd. How ſhall I know that?

Gent. Try Widdow, try, there's nothing like it; faith ne'r fear it, I have that you want, come let's grow familiar now.

widd. Are you in earneſt Sir?

Gent. Yes by this kiſs I am.

Widd. Nay hold you are rude, fie for ſhame; what again?

Gent. Again, yes and again and again too.

widd. Why ſure you won't, young man, you'll be tired anon?

Gent. No, no, Widdow, I ſhall never be weary of well-doing.

Widd. Do you call this doing well?

Gent. Truly I muſt confeſs there is not much action in this; for it is only an invitation to a farther bliſs or happineſs, which the Wits of our Age call enjoyment. Ah VViddow Enjoyment, Enjoyment; that's all.

Widd.

Widd. Prethee what do'ſt thou mean by Enjoyment, I don't underſtand ye?

Gent. VVell well, VViddow, I ſhall ſpeak in plain Engliſh, when you and I are in bed together; however I am fully perſwaded that you know my meaning by Enjoyment, though you have had but little; for I am ſenſible that your Husband was a ſilly feeble Sot, and ſcarce ever ſhew'd you what Enjoyment was; but I VViddow, I'll clear the caſe, and ſhew you what it is immediately, if you pleaſe.

Widd. VVhy you will not ſurely, will you? methinks you are a little too haſty for me; and yet ——

Gent. And yet I know that cannot well be; for having once but ſmelt of the Spit, you will love a good Joynt ever after; and to tell you in plain terms I muſt not flatter you, I'm proceed according to the old Song, which is this:

Song.

He that will win a Widdows heart,
Muſt bear up briskly to her:
She loves the lad that's free and ſmart,
And hates the formal wooer.
She loves the lad that's free and ſmart,
And hates, &c.

VVhat think you of this VViddow?

Widd. VVell, well, young man, you may go on, and ſee what you'll get by't.

Gent. Go on, yes ſo, I intend, and get you by't.

Widd. What do you mean by getting me?

Gent. Why I mean by the way of Love to make you my Wife VViddow; what do you think of that Lady?

Widd. Why ſure you don't think ſo; are you and I an equal match?

Gent.

Gent. Match; ha, ha, ha, yes VViddow I'll match ye I'll warrant ye; come give's your hand, is't a bargain or no?

Widd. VVhat you are in haste then?

Gent. Yes, yes, in great haste VViddow.

Widd. Very well; but do you conceive that my age and yours agree.

Gent. Yes, yes, we and our ages too will agree well enough; suppose I am twenty and you are forty, what a business is that? Let me tell you VViddow, that if you joyn with me, our Ages shall be both equal.

Widd. How can you make out that Sir?

Gent. VVhy thus VViddow, by way of infusion; for let me tell you that I shall infuse so much young blood into you, that in one weeks time you will become twenty years younger: Do you hear me now VViddow, what think you of this?

Widd. Go, go, you are a VVagg.

Gent. Yes, yes, so I am, and I'll tumble thee about as long as thou art able to wag.

Widd. You won't hurt me, will you?

Gent. No, no, you don't fear that VViddow.

Widd. Not much I must confess.

Gent. VVell then speak freely, wilt thou be my spouse or no?

Widd. I could find in my heart Sir, but it must be upon certain conditions.

Gent. VVell, well name your conditions; they are good ones I'll warrant ye.

Widd. VVhy these they are: In the first place, whereas I am possess'd with an Estate valued at Three hundred pounds *per annum*, you shall not have any thing to do with that Estate, not so much as with the yearly Rent; but it shall be all at my disposing.

Gent. Very fine; have you any more conditions pray like the first?

Widd.

Widd. Yes I have one more, and this it is: You shall not take into your possession any money of mine, either Gold or Silver; nor make any enquiry how rich I am; but be satisfi'd and contented with what you have already.

Gent. So, what's this all?

Widd. Yes Sir, upon these Terms I do agree and am contented to become your VVife.

Gent. Are you so? Thank you for nothing: Fare you well, fare you well VViddow.

Widd. VVhy are you gone Sir?

Gent. Yes I am going forsooth.

Widd. Hearke you Sir, stay a little, nay pray stay; come I'll moderate the business, I know your Disease.

Gent. VVell be quick then.

Widd. VVill all my ready money satisfie you?

Gent. No, no, VViddow, if you'll be my VVife, you must give up Life, Body, Soul, Estate, and all you have into my possession.

Widd. VVell come then if it must be so, it must, I cannot deny you any thing; for I think long to be made young again.

Gent. A Match VViddow, now the bargain's ended; come we'll away to the Church, and be marry'd immediately.

He that a VViddow woes must never flatter,
But with a brightly carriage make up at her.

A brief

A brief Description Of TRUE LOVE.

TRue Love *is a precious Treasure,*
A rich Delight, unvalued pleasure.
Mens hearts like a Maze intwining,
Two firm minds in one combining:
Foe to faithless Vows perfidious,
True Love *is a Knot religious.*
Dead to the Sins that flaming rise,
Through Beauties soul-seducing eyes.
Deaf to Gold-inchanting Witchet,
Loves for Vertue, not for Riches.
Such is True Loves *boundless measure,*
True Love *is a precious Treasure.*
This is Love, and worth commending;
Still beginning, never ending.
Like a wily Net ensnaring,
Like a Round shuts up all squaring:
In and out whose every angle,
More and more doth still intangle:
Keeps a measure still in moving,
And is never light but loving.

Twining

Twining Arms, exchanging Kisses,
Each partaking others Blisses.
Laughing, weeping, still together,
Blis in one, is mirth in either.
Never breaking, ever bending:
This is Love, *and worth commending.*

In Praise and Dispraise of LOVE.

NOw what is Love *I will thee tell,*
It is the Fountain and the Well,
Where Pleasure and Repentance dwell.
And it is like a Passing-Bell,
That toles all into Heaven or Hell.
Now what is Love *I will thee show,*
A thing that creeps where it cannot go:
A Prize that passeth to and fro.
A thing for me, a thing for mo;
And he that tries shall find it so.

EXAM-

EXAMPLES OF LETTERS AND COMPLEMENTS.

OF

All sorts, both Jocose and Serious, fitted for business as well as Recreation and Delight.

A Father's Letter to his Son at School in the Country.

Dear Child.

AS it is my Fatherly care to provide for your future good, in bringing you up to learning: as well as my present endeavours to see that you want nothing in the time of your Minority; so I expect that you by being dutiful and diligent should make me amends for all my costs and charges. Be sure you mind your Book, and consider, that you alone will receive

the benefit: let not too much play steal away your mind from Learning, for you can never receive any good thereby, but harm does often happen by overheating your self, which will dull your memory, and make you incapable of attaining what your Master shall set before you; so that you will cheat both your self and me; your self of time and knowledge, and me of my Money and expectation. When you have a little leisure from your Latin, I would have you practise Writing, which will be a recreation to you; for to be always upon one exercise doth dull the senses of any one whether Young or Old, and it would be a comfort to me to have a Letter from you now and then to hear of your welfare: be careful how you spend your time, and you shall want for nothing that I can help you to, that may encourage you to be a good boy, and the way to be so, is to live in the fear of God, and to keep his Commandments, then will his Blessings for ever attend you, and you will be a Joy and comfort to me and your tender Mother in our old Age: Both our Loves remembred to you and your Mistress, I am

Your loving Father,

A. B.

The Son's Answer.

Honoured Father,

After my humble Duty presented to you and my Mother, these may let you understand, that through the blessing of God I am in good health, and will to my lives end be dutiful and obedient, to you and my good Mother;

Mother; taking your advice and counsel in every thing, knowing that you wish me well both for my present and future happiness: my Master is very kind to me, and careful of my welfare in every respect; pray be pleas'd to accept of my ill writing at present, and I doubt not but in a short time, I shall mend my hand and write better, though as yet I have had but little time allowed me, to learn to write. My kind Love and service to all my Relations and Friends is all at present that I have to trouble you with who am,

Your dutiful and most obedient

Son till death

C. B.

A Citizen returning his Friend kind thanks for his entertainment when he was in the Country.

Kind Sir,

THe great and manifold kindnesses which I have often received from you and your Wife do ever call upon me, and put me in mind of making an acknowledgement, as some part of satisfaction; but most of all those infinite favours which you were pleased to confer upon me when I was last in the Countrey must not, nor can never be forgot whilst I live; I know not how to make you amends to my own content, in no way but desiring your good company in *London* at my House, where you may be sure of a welcome from him who is Sir

Your loving Friend and humble Servant,

E. G.

The Country Gentleman's Answer to the Citizen.

Sir,

IT is not my business to complement my Friends with fair words and eloquent Speeches, but to tell them in down-right and in plain Language, they are welcome; and not only to tell them so in words, but to let them find they're welcome by their entertainment; which if you found worth your acceptance I wish you had stayed longer, for I'le assure you Sir, your company was most delightful, and most pleasant to me all the while you were in the Country; Insomuch that I cannot be contented to be long without it; therefore since you would not tarry with us, I do intend to come very speedily to London, *and give you a visit where I do purpose to remain till you are weary of my company and I weary of the City, but how long that may be I cannot tell: in the mean time Sir I present my Service to your self and good Brother* Thomas, *wishing you all health and happiness, I remain,*

Your truly loving Friend

J. S.

A merry Letter to invite a Friend to the Tavern.

Honest Tom,

FAith I have designed this Afternoon to be merry in, and want nothing that can be helping to my delight but your good company: my desire is, that you would meet me at the *George* Tavern,

vern in *White-Fryars* about two of the Clock, and I will get together two or three more of our old Companions, and there we will soak our Souls with good Sack and Claret, till our Brains are inspired with that Heavenly Liquor: then will we sing each of us a merry Catch and drink our Mistresses Health; crying God bless the King, again and again: then toss off a brimmer of *Bacchus* his blood, which will make us like *Mars* be courageous and valiant: and cause the fair *Venus* to fall on her back, though the black limping Cuckold old *Vulcan* stand by. Never think of the reckoning for I'le pay the shot, and if I have not Money the Vintner shall trust; thus expecting your coming I impatiently remain,

Your true Friend and loving Companion

D. J.

The Answer.

Honest Soul,

YOu are always so obliging, and your company is so delightful, that you may assure your self I will not fail to meet so true a Friend; you know my disposition is ever inclin'd to Mirth and good Drinking, Sack and brisk Claret will command me at Midnight, to fight under their Banners so long as I can stand, but if by their charms it happens that I am overcome, one jolly sweet Song sung in a high strain, will awaken each sence and recover me to Life again; then carving the Drawer for being so slow, instead of calling for a Battle we will make him bring up a dozen together, till at length we are fitted for Venus *indeed, then high for*

a Mistress, a Girl of the Game, that by her rare Art will easily quench those flames in one half hour, which we have been kindling with the Spirits of Bacchus *the space of a whole day, all which being done, we will seek our repose by stepping a while to regain us fresh courage; and with this resolution I'le be sure to meet you, who am*

Your now too sober Friend,

H. B.

A Gentleman to a young Lady whom he courted to marry.

Honoured Madam,

SInce last I had the happiness to see your fair face, *Cupid* hath wounded my heart with those Arrows which he borrowed from your eyes, and unless you will be pleased to give relief to my miseries and pain, which I thereby do undergo both night and day, alas I shall be of all Men most miserable: my humble suit which now I beg is this, that you would be pleased to make me for ever happy, by giving me admittance into your sweet Company, and meet my honest and lawful desires with smiles upon your Brow; I shall not court you out of complaisance, but tell you Madam honourably and plainly, that with your good liking I intend to make you my Wife, which if you accept of my serious proposition, I shall for ever be yours, and you Madam I hope will never have cause to repent your choice: thus expecting your kind reply; I for this time begging your

your pardon, do humbly take my leave and remain, Madam

Yor humblest of your Servants,

W. G.

The Ladies Answer.

Sir,

I Cannot but bless my self with admiration that so wise a Man as your self, should talk so idly to say, that my Eyes have wounded your Heart: I must needs tell you I think you talk of impossibilities, and that want of rest occasions this distraction of mind; you pretend to be no complemental Courtier, yet appear to be the greatest that ever I met with by this your Letter you sent me. I must confess according to equality of Fortunes you outdo me, and I am not of Birth so highly descended, therefore you may presume, that a few words from a person of so much Worth as your self may win so silly a Woman as I am, but flatter not your self with that, for I'le assure you I think as well of my Virginity as the best of them all do, and shall be as loth to part with it except it be upon a good consideration; therefore if you are real as you pretend concerning Marriage, your suit may be accepted, but if otherwise, you take your aim amiss: this till I know you better I hope may suffice from her who is,

Your Servant on honourable terms,

S. B.

A Country Farmer's Son to one of his Neighbour's Daughters.

Dear Betty,

I Muſt confeſs ever ſince you and I drank together laſt Warm-love Fair, I have had a great affuction for you, inſomuch that I cannot reſt at night for thoſe ſweet kiſſes we then had together, when we drank the laſt half pint of White-wine and Sugar: I then perceived that the company of a Woman-kind, was far better than a Mans; and truly now I begin to think my ſelf Man ſufficient to have a Wife, and if you think ſo well of me, as I do of you, we will make no long buſineſs of it, for to tell you the truth I am a little in haſt, having ever ſince I ſaw you, had ſome ſtrange thoughts and fancies, fits of Love I ſuppoſe they be, if not, I'le ſwear I cannot tell what to call them: Sometimes I dream too, and to be ſure it is of you; therefore I think the beſt way to give me eaſe is to marry quickly, and after we have ſeen one another once more, I think it will be time for the old Folks to meet to conſult about the bargain, in the mean time I ſwear I love you dearly, who am

Your loving Friend

R. L.

Betty's

Betty's Answer.

Honest Ralph,

I Must confess you were very kind to me at our last and I took it so, yet I would not have you think me fond, for a young Maid as I am may go to the Tavern with a Neighbour's Son at a publick Fair, and kiss a little too, and yet not be accounted fond I hope: to tell you truly ever since that time I have found a strange alteration in my body and mind, for when I think of you (which is very often) I cannot forbear sighing, insomuch that our folks take notice of me, asking me what's the matter, but indeed they ask me more then I can answer them; only now you put me in mind on't I am verily perswaded that it is Love that people so much talk of; yes it must be Love I am sure of it: I also dream in the Night, and such strange dreams, that I shall not name till we are married, which if the old Men our Fathers do agree, shall be as soon as you please, till then I am,

Your loving Wife in conceit,

E. L.

A Letter to court a young Widdow, who had lately buried her Husband.

Honoured Madam,

TO say your beauty only moves me to love you, would only be to flatter you, or to say your Wisdom was a second cause, I should belye my self though this I needs must tell you Madam, that I

know you are both fair and wise, and that beyond an ordinary comparison, both which are excellent ornaments of Nature; but I look further, Madam; into your actions and find them carried on and guided by that precious Jewel called Virtue, the beauty of the Soul, an excellency by far transcending all endowments; and for that Madam I love and honour you. 'Tis pitty Madam so much youthful worth should any longer be clouded under mourning Weeds, what though your Husband was a kind and loving Man to you in his Life-time, the memory of him ought not to be a trouble to you after his Death, for he receives the comfort of all his good deeds which he did in his Life as a due recompence of a good Christian; therefore Madam your sorrows ought to cease, because he rejoyces in another World; revive your Spirits Madam, and bethink your self that we must live by the quick and not by the dead; therefore we ought to make the best use of our time, not knowing how soon we may be call'd aside, and it would be a great pitty, that we should die and leave the World behind us without some enjoyment of those delights for which we are created to partake of. My humble suit is Madam that you would be pleased to accept my honest Love, and grant my request, which is, that you would think so well of my person as to smile upon my reasonable demands, which are that you would become my Wife, and throw aside all these melancholy thoughts of your dead Husband, and for my further satisfaction Madam, concerning your affections, I beg that you would send me my sentence either for Life or Death, in the mean time I remain,

Your desperate Lover,
T. W.

The

The Widows Answer.

Sir,

I *Must confesse you began to court and complement me very Learnedly, and in my opinion (if I may be my own Judge) in the beginning of your Letter, you writ nothing but the truth: for my beauty cannot move any one to love me, neither will my Wit or Ingenuity be attractive to any Man that is endowed with such super-excellent Wisdom, and with so quick an apprehension as your self: yet I have so good an opinion of my self as to think that I have beauty enough to serve any Man's turn, that is lesse handsome then I am, and wit enough to know when I am flattered, and how to avoid the deluding temptations of the flatterer, and that I count sufficient for any Woman of so ordinary a quality as my self; as for my Vertues I hope I have my share amongst the rest of my Sex, for which I give God the praise; neither am I proud, that you think or call me vertuous, however I have thus much knowledge as to understand that vertue is an ornament far excelling all beauty or any other natural parts which are but momentary and like a shadow which now appears, and on a sudden vanishes away. 'Tis true my former Husband which is now dead was an honest Man, that you, and all the world that knew him must confesse, which is a rare principle amongst you Men to be so, as well as so to be accounted: but I knew more then this, he was to me both loving and kind, as well as honest, and so kind that I scarce believe that he has left his fellow behind him, therefore do not think that sorrow sits so slightly on my brow, as to be blown off with two or three fair promises; Oh no, I cannot so suddenly forget so good a Man, and pitch my mind upon a second Husband, though I must confesse that my youthful Age will*

not

not permit me to deny my self a second Husband, but whoever that shall be, that likes me so well as to marry me must stay a while longer, and then without doubt I may be easily entreated if I like the Man, which I know nothing to the contrary but that you may be he. if I find you love me as you say you do, I am Sir

Your Servant in Sorrow,

S. T.

A Merchant to his Factor in the West-Indies.

Mr. Johnson,

I Have sent you over some goods for you to dispose of in the Ship called the *Woodstrange*, Captain *Stout* Commander; you will find the particulars and the prizes of them, in the Bill herein enclosed, I hope you will give me no occasion to doubt your care in putting of them off to the best advantage; however I think it behoves me to advise you, to have a quick eye to find out how the Markets go with you, and if there is not many of those sorts of Commodities arrived at *Virginia* (as I hope there is not) then I do not question but you will sell mine at a good advantage; therefore pray be diligent and make an enquiry after those concerns: for in your good management of my affairs in those parts depends my whole livelyhood, I would have you traffick them away for Tobacco only, and return my venture back by the same Vessel, this with my prayers for good success is all at present,

Your loving Friend,

London, November 15. *W. P.*

1675.

The

The Factor's Answer.

Honoured Sir,

I Have received those Goods which were mentioned in the Note which you inclosed in your last Letter dated the twenty fifth day of November, *one thousand six hundred seventy and five, they came safe to my hands without the least damage, and I have disposed of them according to my best judgement, I hope you do not question my best care and double diligence in serving you, who repose so much confidence and trust in me. It happen'd to be just as you imagined, and wish'd, for there was very few of those sorts of Commodities arrived at our Port at the time you sent yours, therefore I had the opportunity to put them off at a good rate, and with great advantage: according to your desire, I have returned you back by the same Ship five hundred Hogsheads of Tobacco, which I hope will come safe to* London, *and if they do I know there will no small profit arise to you by them, thus Sir trusting them to the protection of the Almighty, and the Mercy of the Seas, I rest*

Yours always ready to serve you faithfully,

E. Johnson.

A Letter to dissuade a Friend from marrying.

Loving Friend,

I Am informed by a friend of yours and mine also, that you are about to commit Matrimony, I mean to betake your self to House-keeping, and to furnish your

your house with that monstrous piece of Household-stuff called a Wife, which if true, I am wonderfully sorry for you, that for want of better judgement, or at least without more consideration and consultation, you will put your self to that unnecessary charge, truly in my opinion one of those Utensils or Commodities which you please to call them, may very very well supply three or four Families, and you living amongst such good Neighbours it is no question but you might borrow one of some of them, for without doubt when you are marri... they will make bold with you upon the same account for conveniencies sake; thus far I think I have spoke to the purpose, now let me advise you a little farther before you undertake this bold attempt and give you some strong reasons to dissuade linking your self to such a Serpent that will bite you a thousand ways; to name them particularly would be a task too great, for me to undertake, that is to say, all of them one by one, but some few of them I will demonstrate to thee as a dear Friend: First, her Tongue will command your Will and your humour, and if there should be any oppositon to her desires, then she studies how to plague you by her actions; first her commands will be for Money, and more then a necessary sum must be had for such uses as you must not know of, and if you make an enquiry, there shall be no peace in the house for a Month together; Perhaps her lascivious desires may lead her to some merry Meeting, with some of her Neighbouring Gossips, and with them having a while pretty well booz'd, and soak'd their Souls with good brisk Wine, then in steps a Man of the times, a brave Gallant, who seeing your Wife to be young, and something amorous, amongst the rest of this jovial crew he singles her out, and taking her into some more

more convenient place; where with a few flattering words he entices her to make you a Cuckold, which he calls being kind to him; and thus she revengeth her self on you for not submitting your self to her will in every thing: and 'tis forty to one but she being full of youthful desire does from that very hour conceive with child by her lusty Gallant, and you forced to Father the Brat of another Man's begetting. But to judge more favourably upon that score, suppose that she amongst that small number of her Sex should prove honest, yet you must be sure to expect from her a certain charge and trouble, but an uncertain profit and contentment: You must be sure to maintain her fine, and in gay Apparel beyond her quality and the strength of your purse; else will she turn her back-side to you in bed at night, and if she be not given to scold and rail, then will she be sullen and dogged a whole Week together, and will not speak but frown upon you till you grant her request; Women for the most part being as proud as *Lucifer*, must be deck'd up with gorgeous Apparel, to be accounted fine and handsome by the rest of their Neighbours, not regarding how mean and shattish they are cloath'd when they are at home with their Husbands. Then for your House though it be made never so convenient for your use, yet when the Wife comes she pretends to espy a thousand faults in it, and will not let you rest till you have made such alterations as she shall think fit, though it be to the pulling down of the third part of it, and so build it again according to her Form; and then for your furniture, alas it will appear too mean for her Ambition; she must have Tables and Chairs, and Bedsteds with Curtains, and all manner of Houshold goods after the new Mode, and if you deny to do it, she will pick your Pocket and buy them her self, or

or do something else that is worse. Thus as a Friend I thought fit to admonish you, hoping that you will take it friendly from me; more might be said upon the same subject, but let this suffice from

A Well-wisher of your happiness,

S. T.

The Young Man's Answer.

Honest Tom,

IN good earnest I am sorry to hear that thou hast so great an Aversion to Matrimony, and canst give no greater, nor more substantial reasons why thee and I both ought not to marry and live honestly; In my opinion thou mightest have bestowed thy time a great deal better, then to have wracke thy brains (as I imagine) no lest than a whole days time if not more, to frame a debauch'd Argument, against an honest and Virtuous Woman called a Wife, and under pretence of giving me good Advice and Counsil, thou rather dost admonish me to practise that rude course of Debauchery, adulterating other honest Mens Wives; but dear Tom *have a care of those things, for I cannot think otherways by thy Letter but thou art guilty of that crime which thou so readily perswadest me to commit; and now to acquaint thee with certain News, I must tell you that I am married, and therefore can the better confute thy too silly suppositions, knowing of a certain that all those fictions which thou hast rais'd against Marriage, are false and of no moment; Therefore for thy better Instruction, I shall desire thee to give a diligent attention, whilst I soberly vindicate a married Life and contradict thy foolish Objections gradually*

as

as thou hast stated them. First, I say her Tongue cannot, neither is it desired that it should command my will, no further then I shall upon all occasions think fit and reason, if it happens at any time that there is a dispute between us about the management of any small concern, and she perhaps thinks her way best to effect it, and I think mine best; she presently then replyes, prithee Sweet-heart do it how thou pleasest, I only thought good to tell thee my opinion of it; with these and such like expressions she submits to my Will, which I think is far from commanding or usurping authority as you term it, but I rather receive comfort by her Tongue then suffer damage, besides Tom I must tell you that my Wife sings well and pronounces her words with such a becoming Grace, that she never speaks nor sings but she ravishes my Soul: So much for the Tongue, and now concerning Money a little touch, be it known to you Sir, she never wants that, for she has the keeping of all I have, therefore hath no occasion to ask me for any, neither does she go to Taverns with Gossips, for we have Wine in our house, and every honest Neighbour is free to drink of it, and thou Tom shalt be welcome to a glass of brisk Claret, or what Wine thou likest best if thou wilt come and see me, neither am I in the least jealous of being a Cuckold, for I am sure I please her so well my self, that she will have no occasion to try any other Man; it is enough for old Men, or those that are feeble and sickly to be jealous of their Wives honesty, because they know themselves not able to give them their due benevolence; I cannot believe that a Woman will make a lusty young Man a Cuckold, if she does in my opinion she deserves to be hang'd. So much for that, and now to sum up all the rest of thy objections which thou hast made against Marriage, in few words I must tell thee, that my Wife and every other honest Woman is contented with her condition in every respect, and will not covet new Sangles as thou believest, but is well satisfied

satisfied with what is decent and comely according to her Husbands quality, and let me acquaint thee Tom *with what I have experienced since I have been married, that there is so much comfort, so much delight and pleasure in a woman when once she is made a lawful Bedfellow that I would not be unmarried again for all the world; thus hoping thou wilt follow my example, I am*

Thine to my power

J. B.

An angry Letter sent to his Friend for an affront given at their last meeting.

Sir,

I Know not what reasons moved you to be so uncivil when you were last in my company, I am sure I gave you no occasion to be so rude, nor to abuse me in such scurrilous Language before all the company that was there present; I expect that you should give me satisfaction by acknowledging your fault, or else shew me the grounds whereon you founded your opprobrious discourse, which if you do I may still continue the same good opinion of you as I have hitherto had, but if otherwise you remain perverse and will make me no satisfaction for what is past, from hence forward I do proclaim my self to be your utter enemy, and shall endeavour to make my self amends the next time that you and I shall meet let the place be where it will, expect no favour from his hands, who is

Yours as you deserve
C. B.

The

The Answer.

Sir,

WHen I opened your Letter it looked so big upon me, that had I not had as good a heart as he that writ it, it would have frighted me into a desperate fit of the Ague; but considering a little with my self and plucking up my spirits instead of trembling, my blood began to burn, and with as great a fury as your self I took my Pen in hand to let you know that what I said at that time was only in a merry humour to recreate my self, and you sitting next to me it seems happened to be the object of my discourse, some of which I am apt to think was very true, the rest was only Jocose; but be it true or false, or what it will I am not much concern'd about it; if this answer will not give you satisfaction, you must expect no other from me; however I shall not fear to come into your company at that place where I us'd to find you,

Yours as you please to think

R. S.

A Letter to chastise a near Kinsman who is given to Extravagancies.

Cousin John,

THe daily noise which rings about the Country of your extravagancies and great debaucheries, causes me at present to write to you, not in anger but by way of advice; desiring that you would see

see your own folly and learn to be wiser before it be too late: I had thought truly that the University had qualified you better then I perceive it has, for instead of growing better as you grow older, you now grow worse since you went to *London*; I must confess I have nothing to do with your concerns, only as a Relation and instead of a Father, which indeed you want, to give you good counsel, and to desire you in time to forsake bad company, for they in the end will ruine both Soul and Body; and truly your Estate will soon decay; if you hold on spending as you begin, though at present it is large enough; I wish that Women and Wine be not your Master, which if you avoid I shall not doubt in the least but you will do well enough: How many fine young Gentlemen have I seen that by over-drinking themselves have been brought to ruine and untimely deaths? For when their brains are intoxicated, and the blood inflam'd with high drinking, then are they fit for all manner of vice; some in that mad humour run to common Strumpets, where they get the foul Disease, sometimes uncurable; to their everlasting shame and disgrace: others in that heat of blood engage themselves by oath to kill the next Man they meet, he not giving them the least affront, which brings them deservedly to the publick place of execution to suffer death, the due reward of such crying sins: Therefore dear Cozen let the thought of these things reflect upon your Soul, that you may appear odious and terrible, in your eyes and apprehension, and that God may turn your heart, and let you see the evil of your ways is the prayers of

Your ever-loving Kinsman

R. W.

The

The young Man's Answer.

Good Cousin,

I Received your Letter wherein I hear you find scandalous reports of me in the Country, I admire who should be the Messenger that brings this ill news to you; I find my reputation is very much abused and if you will be so kind to me as to let me know the Authour of it; I shall make bold to require such satisfaction of him as shall become a Gentleman to demand. I am apt to think that you ground those ill characters you give me upon suspicion; for certainly no Man nor Woman can be so audacious as to blaze abroad such infamous and undeserved calumnies without the least ground for their so doing; however I am not the first that has been abused in this Nature. I thank God I know my self clear of those great enormities which are alledged against me and laid to my charge, which is a real satisfaction to my self, though not to you and the rest of my friends; and if I may be believed before those insinuating Sycophants who value not to stain a Mans Reputation for a meals Meat: I think I am as little given or addicted to keep ill company as any Gentleman in Town, I cannot deny but that I do drink Wine and will do if I can get Money to buy it, and I hope I shall not want so much as will purchase a bottle or two of Wine all my Life-time, but if perchance I do I must then leave it off and not before; yet thus much I can safely say, that I never drunk so much, that I was thereby deprived of my senses though I know there is too many which are guilty of that crime. But as for a common whore or Strumpet as you call them, I defie and hate like the Devil; neither am I a great admirer of any Woman-kind though never so honest, therefore free from those debaucheries you lay to my charge; However I

give

give you many thanks for your good admonition and desire that you will be satisfied that I am not the Man that report says I am,

But your loving Kinsman,

J. S.

A Letter from a Country Shopkeeper to a Grocer in London *for Commodities.*

Sir,

I Received the last goods you sent me but they were not so good as I expected, whether I must impute it to be your fault in not sending the best, or whether those sort of commodities are not generally so good as they used to be some other years I cannot easily resolve my self; however I am not willing to harbour an ill opinion of you presently, but am resolved to try you farther, therefore I would desire you to send me down by the next return of our Carrier four hundred weight of the best new Raisins of the Sun, two frails of Malago Raisins, and the same quantity of each sort of Spice as you sent me last, pray let them be all very good else you will quite disoblige me for dealing with you any more; I have not sent you any Money, but do intend God willing to be in Town my self about a Month hence, and then I will bring Money and clear all concerns between us; no more at present but that I am

Your loving Friend and honest Chapman

D. F.

A

A Letter from the *London* Grocer to his Countrey Chapman.

Loving Friend,

I Received your Letter, and according to your desire I have sent you down those Commodities you writ to me for, they are all of the very best and I doubt not but will give you very good content; as for those which I sent you formerly which you find fault with, I was not to be blam'd for they were the very choicest I had then in my Shop, and I dare boldly say as good as any Man had in London *at that time, though I cannot say they were as good as these are which I have sent you now, you need not question but my care shall be to serve you to the best of my power; as for your Money you need not so much as mention it, for I know your pay to be very good and will trust you as far as you shall desire your self: I would desire you to keep account in your Book what Goods you receive from me, that when we come to reckon there may be no difference betwixt us; thus wishing you good Markets, I rest*

Your friend to serve you to the utmost of my power,

R. W.

A Letter from a Citizen to his Friend in the Country to send him up an Apprentice.

Loving Country-man,

I Being now made a Freeman of *London*, have taken a Houſe and Shop, and my greateſt want at preſent is a Countrey Lad that would willingly put himſelf an Apprentice to our Trade, I do not queſtion that if you will be pleaſed to make a ſmall enquiry amongſt ſome of your Neighbours; but that you may hear of an honeſt Boy that will be for my turn, the uſual rate which we commonly have is forty pounds and ſeven years ſervice, ours being a good Trade and not very laborious; beſides for our credits ſake we muſt keep our Servants in no ordinary Apparel as ſome other ſmall Trades do. I leave it to your diſcretion to give ſuch a Character of me as you ſhall think I deſerve, and none I think can give a better account of my Life and Converſation then your ſelf, you having known me from my childhood. When you write to me, direct your Letter to be left for me at the Windmill in St. *John*'s ſtreet, thus with my Love to your Wife and ſelf I am

Your ever-loving Friend,

T. R.

The

The Countrey-man's kind Answer.

Loving Friend,

I Am glad to hear that you are settled in the World, and according to your desire, I have made a diligent enquiry for a boy to serve you as an Apprentice, and now at last I have heard of one that I hope may be for your turn, he comes of very honest Parentage, and seems to be a sober Lad; his Father hath brought him up to Learning all his time, insomuch that he is reckoned a very good Scholar of his Age, he is sixteen years old and pretty well grown, but all that they scruple at is about the Money, they like the Trade well enough but are not very willing to give forty pounds with him; however they are resolved upon that good Character that I have given you, that the Boy shall come up next week and be a while with you upon Tryal, and afterwards if the Boy like you and the Trade and you approve of him, I do not much question but they will agree with you upon those terms which you have proposed; no more at present but wishing you prosperity I am

Yours in all friendly kindnesses,

S. D.

A Letter of advice for health.

Kind and loving Friend,

I Am very well satisfied that you are seldom well in health whilst you live in *London*, and if I may be a competent Judge, I suppose I know the grounds

and reaſons of your ſickneſs which are twofold, in the firſt place, I imagine that the City Air is not agreeable to your conſtitution, and not only with you, but it is diſagreeable to thouſands more, and eſpecially to thoſe that are not naturaliz'd in it, and bred up there, it choaks them up. Another reaſon is that becauſe you have but little or no employment, you are forced to be continually in company which draws you to drinking either at the Tavern or the Ale-houſe by reaſon whereof you looſe your Stomach, that you ſeldom have an Appetite to eat, which much diſorders your body; therefore let me adviſe you for your healths ſake to betake your ſelf to a Countrey Life, you know you may be welcome to me at all times, who am

A well-wiſher to you upon all accounts

S. F.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Moſt dear and loving Friend,

I Muſt confeſs that you have always been ſo generous and obliging to me, that now it remains on my behalf to ſtudy ſome way to gratifie all thoſe unmerited favours which I have received from you and your good wife, and truly I am apt to think that you like a skilful Doctor have found out the principal cauſes of all my grievances, and have preſcribed a moſt ſafe and courteous remedy for my cure, and ſhould I refuſe to make uſe of your kind and free proffer I ſhould be found injurious to my ſelf, and baſely ungrateful to ſo good a Friend; therefore ſo ſoon as I have diſpatcht ſome ſmall con-

cerns

cems here in Town and taken leave of my Friends, you may expect me in the Country, let me beg the favour of you to send me up a Horſe, for I cannot endure to ride in the Coach; thus with my humble ſervice to your ſelf and ſecond ſelf I am

Your moſt obliged Servant,

F. S.

A Letter to his Friend in praiſe of his Miſtreſs.

Honeſt School-fellow,

LOng time have I rambled about this vain World, and have viſited moſt of thoſe Nations and Iſlands to which our Merchants traffick, and the chiefeſt of my buſineſs hath been to find out a Woman that I could like well enough to make her my Wife, to tell you a long Narration of my Travels and of the dangerous Voyages I have undergone, where I have ſeen grim death come tumbling to me in a monſtrous Wave ready to devour me in a moment; or if I ſhould tell you of a thouſand more difficulties which I have eſcaped 'twould fill a Ream of Paper inſtead of one ſheet: therefore omitting all thoſe doleſome Hiſtories for brevities ſake (though had I a convenient time they would be worth repeating) I ſhall only proceed to tell you that at length I have obtained a Miſtreſs, one that I intend to marry and make my Wife, and now I will begin to make a deſcription of her beauties: She is a Woman and a fair one too, and ſo fair ſhe is that all that ever ſaw her admire her beauty; her Features in her Face are ſo excellent, that

ſhould the beſt of Painters ſtrive to draw them out to the life, he would wrong her beauty much; for all his Art could never form ſo rare a Creature: her Cheeks with red and white ſo neatly deckt that you would think the Lilly and the Roſe did ſtrive in them which ſhould have the Victory, till at length they both being conquerours conjoyn together, and center there to make one perfect beauty: Her eyes like two refulgent Diamonds are placed above to caſt a ſplendant luſtre on her ſweet comely face: Her Coral Lips that cloſe her pretty Mouth are of an equal ſize, neither too thick nor yet too thin; Her Teeth more White then is the Ivory, like to two Rows of ineſtimable Pearl ſtand in a decent order in her Mouth, none ſtriving for preheminence above their fellows. Her Hair which on this Globe of Wisdom grows more White then is the beſt of Flax by far, and ſofter then the unwrought Silk that comes from the Bowels of the labouring Silk-worm, like to the ſmalleſt threds of Silver hangs two handfulls down below her ſlender Waſt; Her Neck an Ivory Pillar is on which this Globe doth ſtand, but whiter is by far, her Arms two branches are, which do proceed forth from the bottom of her Neck for to defend and keep ſecure that curious piece her Face: Her Breaſts like to two little Hills are placed on either ſide of a moſt fruitful Valley; Her Belly round and ſmooth but not too big, and underneath, oh there dear *Jack*, oh there the place of pleaſure grows; but hold rude Pen forbear to nominate or once to mention any more of that, for fear great *Jove* ſhould be my Rival too, and on his *Ganymede* come hovering down and take away my Jewel of ſuch worth. Now laſt of all to let you underſtand this lively Fabrick is not mute nor dumb, ſhe has a Voice that ſhould you hear her ſing, raviſht with

with Admiration you would think the Spheres conjoyned with Heavenly Harmony to lend you Musick to delight mankind: Thus take her altogether I leave you to judge, whether she may not compare with *Venus* if not excel her, this is the Mistress of my Heart and Soul; and though I have tarryed long to find her out, yet I cannot choose but think my time well spent having met with this fair Jewel now at last: and now dear *Jack* to consummate my happiness, I invite you to my Nuptials where you shall take a view of my all charming Bride, and for once bless your self at the sight of Natures most adored Master-piece: Next *Munday* we have appointed to be our happy Wedding-day that we may begin our joys in the beginning of the Week; I shall expect your good Company, therefore pray do not fail me, for I shall think my self much honoured in your presence; thus with my humble service presented to your dear self with the rest of my good Friends that live with you, I begging your pardon for this tedious Epistle, do take my leave and subscribe my self,

The humblest of your slaves

T. R.

His Friend's merry Answer, praising his foul Mistress by the contraries.

Dear Tom,

I Received your large Epistle wherein I understand that you have been a great Traveller, since I saw you to search after a handsome woman that you could fancy well

enough to make her your Spouse, I am heartily glad that you have been so successful at length to meet with such an Angel-like Beauty, which if all be true as you have reported to me she is to be admired above all the Women in the whole World, but however if she should not be altogether so amiable and glorious as you relate her to be, I cannot so much blame you; for it is but verifying the Proverb which we use here in England, *which is, that Old Men and Travellers may Romance by authority, I will not say lie* Tom *for that is a gross word, and I very well remember that my Master once did whip me severely for giving one of my School-fellows the lie, which will be a memorandum for me as long as I live, for you know that according to another Proverb the burnt Child dreads the fire, so much for that: Now I will also give you a full description of my Mistress which I have picket up in your absence if you will: I did not go far to seek her, for she had such a monstrous love for me that she began to declare her affections to me first after this manner; Kind Sir quoth she, though it is not the custom among us English Women to make our application to Men for any thing, though we have never so much mind to it, yet I think it is a great wrong to our whole Sex; for we may stay long enough before you will proffer us any kindness now a days, I am sure I can speak with sorrow upon my own account that I have been marriageble above these twenty years, and never yet was askt that reasonable question by any Man, I know not what should be the reason of it, I am not so much deformed but that I may be beloved; however what I want in beauty, I am sure I can make good in Estate, for I have Lands and Livings with Baggs of Gold and Silver innumerable; therefore my suit to you dear Sir is that you would be pleased to take pitty on a distressed Virginity, by making of me your lawful Wife for now I begin to hate a single Life. I hearing of*

of this Voice which did ſomething imitate that of a ſcriech-Owl, and looking in her ruſul face knew not at preſent what anſwer to return my Gentle-woman, at length Tom *conſidering of thoſe infinite number of Baggs of Gold and Silver, beſides a viſible Eſtate in Houſes and Land, I faith, I began to make much on her, and taking her to a Tavern I treat'd her with a ſmall collation where I could perceive that ſhe would tope ſtoutly, however to proſecute my deſign concerning the baggs* Tom, *I humour'd her in every thing? inſomuch that I promis'd her Marriage upon theſe terms, that ſhe would make a full diſcovery of all the Baggs, and give them me in my own keeping, and alſo that ſhe ſhould give me a clear poſſeſſion of all her Houſes and Lands the next Court-day, delivering up all Writings into my cuſtody all which ſhe willingly granted, and after the Court was paſt and I made Poſſeſſor of all ſhe had, the next day I married with her privately, giving the world leave to laugh at her deformity whilſt I make merry with my pretty young Doxy abroad. But to ſhew that I am not aſham'd of her* Tom, *I'le deſcribe her ſhape and features to you, and afterwards you may compare it and Spouſe with mine if you can: Her pretty Cheeks not round nor red nor white, but long and broad inclining to the yellow: Her rouling Eyes like thoſe of a fine Calf which I have ſeen of ſix weeks old but bigger: her Noſe in comely wiſe like to the beak of a lovely Owl bends down unto her Neck, which will make Neck you ſcarcely can perceive, for her loving Shoulders do ſupport her Chin, her Breaſts like to the well ſtretch'd dugs of that fair Beaſt my Farmer's old Ey'd Cow, when home at night ſhe comes with a full bagg: Her Waſt and Belly both together are------ that when I went to bagg her with my Arms could not ſpan round my pretty little Spouſe: And now below her Belly* Tom *I come------ for I know you'l long to have a touch at that: Oh there*

is pleasure Tom! *such pleasure just as* Ixion *had when he embraced a cloud: And now dear* Tom, *I have acquainted you with all her excellencies, if you long for any part about her, come over and take it freely; for I will be sure to come to your wedding, where I shall expect the same freedom,*

Yours in all Love

J. D.

A Letter full of Complements.

Most worthy Friend,

I Being so infinitely obliged to you for those innumerable favours which you from time to time have been pleased to confer upon me, in common gratitude can do no less but make an humble acknowledgement in token of my great thankfulness for those unmerited kindnesses; having no other way to retaliate them at present but by telling you, that your unworthy Servant will be always ready at your command to obey and serve you to the very utmost of my poor power and ability, my daily prayers shall be that you may be ever prosperous in this World, and that you may receive the due reward of your Charitable Acts and good Hospitality in the World to come; what else I can say or do which may conduce to your happiness and add to your contentment, I ever shall be ready to act and pray for; thus desiring that at present you will be pleased to accept of my well-wishes and this small Token which I have sent you, which is a Barrel of Oysters; I heartily recommend you to the protection of

of the Almighty, who is the only keeper and preſerver of all Men and all things, I take my leave preſuming to write my ſelf,

Yours to ſerve you by night or day,

W. W.

The Sommerſet-ſhire Man's clowniſh Anſwer in their own Countrey Language.

Zir,

I Received a piece of Paper from you, which I think Volks call a Letter, but when I pulled it open I am zure I could not tell wone letter in it; I gave it to wone of our Neighbours, that is to zay, wone of our Town; that is to zay, wone that dwells within two or three doors of our door a little thick way; and he being a better Scholard than my preſent zelf made hard ſhift to pick out the words, but the Devil a bit of zenſe can I vind in it, you talk of obliging and vavours, in my Conſcience Zir you be not like me wone jot, nor do I vavour you at all; you alſo talk of gratitude and merits: I'le zwear I do not know what to make of your Lingua, my Neighbour tells me that it is Latin and I wonder that you would write Latin to me, you know I cannot ſtand under it; and in truth you ſhall be no zervant of mine; I will have no zuch zervants: as for your writing our Volks put it in the Vire, and vor thoſe ſhells you zent I know not how you call them, I am minded our door with them, and zo I thank you vor em, when you come again you ſhall be welcome to your old Friend,

Dick Downright.

A loving Letter sent to a Gentle-woman.

Madam,

IN what a multitude of sorrows I am involved since you went out of Town no Tongue is able to expresse, nor Pen to write; Had you commanded me with open breast to have stood before you whilst you had took my own Sword and had pierced my now bleeding heart, I could then more willingly have suffered a death by your hand, then thus long to undergo a continual torment for want of your good company: Ah Madam! you know my Heart is with you, how can you be so cruel to make me heartless? live thus long without you, can you forget those pleasant Evening hours which we together spent beguiling time which gently slid away; the silent night not daring to disturb our harmless mirth and innocent delight; whilst on my knees you sate, my loving Arms did circle round and gently grasp your small and tender body, you sometimes would ravish all my sences with a Song, whilst I amazed at your warbling Notes charmed to a silence, and gaz'd upon your powerful sparkling eyes, whose double lustre would pierce a heart more hard and more obdurate then is the Adamant: Then Madam, then stealing of a kiss was not content but rob'd you still of more; I kist so long that I at length perceiv'd my self to be the looser; for all that time my heart and soul departed from my breast and vow'd they would possess a nobler Room; then into your sweet bosom both did fly and begg'd an entertainment which you gave, and seem'd to cherish them with warm desire: I was content, and was glad they had made choice of you

to

to be their Guardian; provided I might be a visitant to come and see they no disorders bred within your quiet breast. But now alas dear Madam! you have left me comfortless, I am left to sigh and and breath my passion out unto the open Air without redress; and cannot comfort find till you return: Then Madam on my knees I beg, return, and give me ease, unless you do intend to be my death by staying longer from me; thus to the powers above I do commit you, desiring you to pity him who is

Your languishing Lover

R. T.

The Gentle-womans kind Answer.

My sweet Soul,

LEt not your passion over-much disturb your rest and quiet: sleep secure and know that I an equal sharer of your grief, do sigh and moan in private all alone, not daring to disclose my unfortun wres unto the open Air, for fear some blast should whisper softly this my discontent; I am therefore forc'd to hide my miseries, and for a time conceal my inward pain rather then undergo the angry frowns of an unkind Father; whom I fear would count my loving you a disobedience; My study is to run a safer course, and by degrees to penetrate the Breast of my indulgent Mother; telling her the noble love which I bear in my bosom is placed on you, and none but you alone shall make her Daughters Bride, then on my knees I'le beg of her to mollifie the fury of my too vigorous Father, who hath forgot since he first

first trod the paths of youthful love: My hopes are still that she will moderate his strict severity and make him yeild to gratifie our loves by his good will and make us ever happy with his blessing; who knows but these my hopes may take effect? My Mother loves me with a tender love, and when she sets my resolution fixt to marry you, and with no other Man, I know she'l never rest till she overcome my Father with entreaties to be kind; Then will our meeting be again with joy: But if at last my expectations fail and that my Father will not give consent we should enjoy each other, yet be sure I'le never leave my Dear until cold Death shall seize my body, and from thence divide my Heart and Soul which are not in his power: them I'le bequeath to thee my dearest Love, for they indeed already are thy own; I know I have thy loving Heart and Soul within my Breast, where they shall safely dwell: My Father's cruelties shall not molest their happy being, neither will I long detain them at this distance from my Love: For let my aged Parents frown or smile, within this Month I'le fly into thy Arms and never part till floods of joyful tears have washt away all sorrows from our hearts and hands; that nought but Death shall part us, In true constancy

I remain thine alone.

S. V.

A

A Letter from a Gentle-woman to her Husband, who had buried her Child in the Country.

Loving Husband,

I Muſt now acquaint you with ſorrowful and I ſuppoſe unexpected news, if tears and ſighs of a broken hearted Wife will give me leave to write to you; which is, that cruel death who favours neither infancy, youth nor old Age, has deprived us of our pretty ſweet boy, which was the only joy and comfort of our lives; and truly grief has almoſt done its worſt with me, for I bewailing of this our great loſs am brought ſo low, that I think I ſhall ſcarce recover my ſelf to be able ever more to come again and ſee thee; his ſickneſs held him but three days before he died, elſe I had ſent you word; but now it is too late, for we ſhall never ſee him more: I borrowed Money of my Landlady (where I am) to bury him in a decent manner, therefore I would deſire you to come down as ſoon as you can and bring Money with you to diſcharge what here I ſtand engaged for, no more but that I am

Your ſorrowful Wife

R. W.

Her

Her Husband's Answer.

Dear Wife,

I Must confess this unexpected News goes nigher to my heart then if I had lost all that ever I had or am like to have in this world; that having but one sweet Child we should be deprived of him so on a sudden, however we must be contented with those afflictions that God is pleased to lay upon us, let me desire you to bear it as patiently as you can, and cast not your self down with grief; for now he is gone, all the sorrow and mourning in the whole world will avail us nothing, nor stand us in no stead, for he is gone to him that first gave him us, and cannot be reached by mortal Man; therefore prithee be comforted and rest thy self contented, and I will come down as soon as possibly I can, and bring Money with me to discharge what there thou owest, and do intend if thou art able to travel to take thee up to London with me, in the mean time I rest

Thy disconsolate Husband

T. W.

A Letter to congratulate a Friend's happy return from his long Journey.

Loving Friend,

A Thousand welcomes to your Native Country, where every heart during that tedious time which you were absent felt no little grief, but every one lamented their great loss in missing you our true

true and faithful Friend: Your presence caus'd an awful reverence, and made the vicious and obnoxious Man to creep and slink away his head in private; and now again we on the self-same score who are your friends, at this your safe return are blest with joy and gladness: But I above the rest of your well-wishers have double cause to thank auspicious Heaven, who safely has conducted you at length to this our Shore; where being arrived each creature does congratulate your safe return; I now can say I have a Friend and Father to give me counsel when I stand in need of it, this Letter does but serve dear Friend to let you know that now I have notice of your happy arrival, I would not only by my Pen bid you welcome home, but by my words and actions in your presence express my joy and humble thankfulness to Heavens Divinity in taking care of so much Loyalty and bringing back our Captain, which having mist and been without so long, we your poor Souldiers languishing betwixt hope and despair did fear you had been lost; but now you are come, the Bells in a loud harmony shall ring your welcome home all day and night; the Martial Drums shall beat aloud your Fame; The Silver Trumpets with shrill Notes shall sound your praise forth with honour and renown, thus shall you ride Triumphant through the streets until you come to your most sumptuous Castle long desolate for want of your abode, where at your approach the deep mouth'd Canon with their thund'ring voice shall bid all hail to you their valorous Master; thus praying Sir for your continuance with us, I take leave at present and remain

Your much comforted Friend
R. D.

The

The Captain's thankful Anſwer ſent to his friend expreſt with many Complements.

My well beloved Friend,

YOu cannot be more joyful at my ſafe return, then I am glad to hear that yet you live, and living are in health, that once again we may embrace each other with true Love and Friendſhip, ſuch as is inſeparable, had I been a woman and unknown to you; your Rhetorick would have given me a ſufficient cauſe to think and ſuſpect that you had flattered me; but being a Man and knowing well your former friendſhip and true affection which you ever did bear to me, unworthy of ſo great favours; muſt needs imagine that your joys are real, and ſince that bleſſed Heaven now at length has ſafely brought me to my Native Country; the chiefeſt of my ſtudies ſhall be to render my ſelf worthy of thoſe praiſes which you have been pleaſed to put upon me, and make my preſence acceptable to my honeſt Country-men; and more eſpecially to you my dear Friend whom I long to ſee, for friendſhip at a diſtance though never ſo real cannot enjoy it ſelf, with that true happineſs and ſweet content, as that which mutually conjoyns and meets together; then let me beg of you to make no delay, but let me have your company at my Caſtle, where you ſhall be my gueſt for one ſix months; I alſo muſt entreat you not to come alone but let your virtuous Bride accompany you, with your good Son, where you ſhall be ſure to find the ſame welcome as you give me at this my ſafe arrival; And when we are together, I will give you a true and perfect account of all my travels, what dangers I have eſcaped and what recreations I have had ever ſince I left you and departed

departed from my dear Country, thus expecting your coming I at preſint remain

Your Friend in expectation

S. F.

A haſty Letter to his Couſin.

Good Couſin,

I Am informed that you intend to let your houſe and put off all your ſtock, and betake your ſelf to a private Lodging; I much wonder what you mean and intend by ſo doing, I doubt you go unadviſedly about thoſe concerns; I know not how the caſe ſtands with you: However I imagine that a little good counſel in this matter would have done you no harm but good; you know it is an old ſaying, that it is good to look before we leap, and not to run precipitouſly hand over head, and not regard what you are going about: However if it prove well I ſhall like it well, and all will be well; but if it ſucceed contrary to your expectation, blame not me nor any body elſe, but your own ſelf: However now you cannot contradict but that according to the Latin Proverb *Præmonitus, præmunitus: Forewarn'd, forearm'd*; and that is all that I can ſay to you at preſent who am in haſt,

Your loving Couſin,

W. V.

The

The Answer in haste.

Good Kinsman,

IN haste I thank you for your hasty Letter, and though my present business be in hast concerning my hasty removing from my house, yet not quite so hasty as not to consider what I am about to do: I do not much question but that I have had the approbation of as wise Men as your self concerning the management of this business, and they with me do all of them agree that I have enough to live upon, without incumbring my self with a multiplicity of business, and get but little by it; besides if I should continue House-keeping, I should be ruined, for there is such a gang of flatterers and dissemblers of my kindred, and others that haunt my house, that in a short time they would eat me out of house and home; therefore I think it is better to betake my self to a private Lodging in hast, then by delays to stay longer where I am and be undone by them; I am

Yours hastily in hast

R. Hastings.

A Letter sent to a Friend condoling his long continued sickness.

Dear Friend,

I Am very sorry and much grieved to hear that you thus long have lain languishing on the bed of sickness; my heart participates of your dolorous miseries, feeling by way of sympathy the self same torment

torment which you undergo; but that alas I doubt won't give you ease, though 'tis a seeming comfort (or rather I may say a satisfaction) to be pittyed by our Friends. Let me admonish you to take the advice of the best Learned and most eminent Physician that you know of; and be not concerned for parting with your Money, though sickness I know is very chargeable, yet well you know now by sad experience that the perfect enjoyment of your health is far more pleasant and delightful then baggs full heaped with Gold and Silver; therefore be not sparing of your Coyn, so far as it may be available and conducing to the procuring of your welfare: and that you may recover your former strength shall be the Prayers of

Your most affectionate Friend in sorrow

S. T.

The sick Man's thankful Answer.

Dear Friend,

THe very sight of your most cordial Letter did give some ease to my distressed miseries, for which you have the kind and hearty thanks of a sick and almost dying Man; 'tis long since I considered that worldly wealth is but dross, neither do I esteem of it as any comfort only to procure those necessaries, which while we live on earth we stand in need of: for well I know that when my breath is departed from me, and my blood grown cold, and death hath brought my body to the Grave; that then the wealth of Croesus *will not avail me any thing, nor stand me in any stead: My heart is fixed*

fixed now upon a better ſubject; which is, that after Death my Soul may find reſt and comfort in another World whither now I am going, endeavouring to repent of all my paſt ſins, conſulting with my Maker concerning my happineſs; for he is the beſt and only Phyſician that can give eaſe to thoſe my ſore afflictions: this as a farewel to you I do ſend, who am

Till death gives eaſe your friend in torments

B. D.

A Letter to perſwade a Friend to betake himſelf to buſineſs.

Loving Friend,

WHen I conſider the many inconveniencies that are incident to thoſe that live remiſly and have no employment, it puts me in mind of your Life and Converſation; and to deal plainly and honeſtly with you like a Friend, I am very ſorry to ſee that idleneſs has taken ſuch poſſeſſion of your mind that you will betake your ſelf to no buſineſs; but juſt like a Swine you eat and drink what is ſet before you, but never endeavour to get Money to buy more: Suppoſe you have enough barely to live upon in time of your Families health; that ought not to be all the care that you ſhould take, for it behoves every Maſter of a Family to provide and lay up ſomething againſt a rainy day as they ſay; that is, againſt ſickneſs or any other caſualty that may happen to you before you die, beſides already you have two Children pretty Babes, and it may pleaſe God to ſend you more; which when they come

come to bigneſs and ripeneſs of Age will expect that you ſhould give them a portion according to their education, which muſt be Gentily for your own repute and credits ſake; all which will coſt you no ſmall ſum of Money, and when your Eſtate comes to be divided amongſt three or four it will be but a ſlender maintenance for them all; my advice is therefore that you forthwith employ your ſtock of Money in ſome honeſt way which you underſtand, and that will improve your fortune by careful induſtry with ſome ſmall pains, which will be very advantageous for your bodily health; for always to ſit ſtill and do nothing but eat and drink, and ſleep; corrupts the blood and will impair your health. I know you underſtand the way of malting well, now I ſhould think that it would be a fine recreation to you for to ride up and down the Markets to buy in Corn at the beſt ſeaſon of the year, and ſo keep Men to manage your buſineſs at home; thus might you buſie your ſelf and reap the fruits and benefits of your own labour; beſides it would be mighty commendable and credible for you to be accounted a Man of buſineſs, and if perhaps this way of dealing does not anſwer your expectation as to matter of profit; you may ſoon lay it aſide and betake your ſelf to ſomething elſe that you fancy will be more advantageous to you; for there is a thouſand ways for a Man that has ready Money to improve it, and gain more by it then at the rate of ſix *per Cent* to let it out to Uſury; beſides if you got never ſo little by your employment, yet I would have you follow it, for it will keep you from idleneſs which is the Mother of ſhame and beggery; more might be ſaid of that, but I ſuppoſe you underſtand enough of thoſe things, if you would but practiſe according to your knowledge; be ſure to

give

give your Children learning, and when they are big enough put them out to Apprentice, for then they may live without your assistance; where they have gotten a good Trade if they prove good Husbands they may obtain great preferment: this for your Father's sake I advise you, for indeed upon his Death-bed he desired me to give you good Counsel who am

A greater friend to you then you

are to your self

F. G.

His Friends Answer in short.

Dear Friend,

I Kindly thank you for your good advice whether I am guilty or not guilty of what you task me with; Nevertheless I judge charitably of you and your well-wishes, that I think no less but that you write to me out of pure love; I must confess that hitherto I have not settled my self to any publick business nor have I been concerned much in worldly affairs, being something cautious how I dispose of my Money, but since it is your wise opinion that it will be for my advantage to put my self into some manner of dealing; I'le shew my willingness in being obedient to your commands, and next acquit my self of that ignominious and reproachful companion called Idleness, for it is a thing I hate, had I an imployment whereby I might busie my self, for I have an active, not a sluggish Soul; as for my Children, Sir, it behoves me to take care of their welfare, and it was always

always my purpose to bring them up to Learning, and afterwards to put them to good Trades, however I thank you for your friendly admonition, and remain,

Your obsequious friend to serve

H. I.

A Letter from an Elder Brother to the Younger reproving him of Extravagancies.

Loving Brother,

'TIs strange to me to see you run these courses: except a Man was mad, surely he would not make all the haste he could to his own destruction; you are wise enough to know that those extravagancies will certainly ruine you if you proceed and do not give a timely check to your immoderate and immodest desires, for shame leave off your drunkenness before it be too late, whilst yet you have something left to maintain you like a Man, for when all is gone, you then perhaps may with sorrow sigh and wish you had been wiser and not mispent your time and Money, but you will find no redress nor pity from any body, as for my own part if you will not take up and become a sober Man I will not own you for my Brother, neither will I countenance nor assist you in the least in any thing that you shall take in hand, but if you mend your Life you shall assuredly find me to be

Your Friend and Brother

J. K.

The

The younger Brother's Answer.

Good Brother,

I Am so far from thanking you for your advice that I must needs tell you, that I am wonderful sorry for your ignorance; I bless God for those natural parts he hath given me, and next I thank my good old Father (which I hope is now in Heaven) for bringing me up to Learning, that now I can site above the reach of such illiterate Asses as your self: alas for you! that which you call drunkennes and extravagancy, I can make appear is the better part of Man; his very Life and Soul, it is to converse with such Men that are airy and brisk, those Men are full of Wit, Reason and right understanding: we over two or three Bottles of brisk Wine can compass round the spacious Earth, or when we please can give a reason how to fathom the deep gulph of the Red Sea; or soar aloft with reason and sound judgement, and take a view of those Heavenly Constellations, taking the circumference of the broad fac'd Sun, and track his pale fac'd Sister in her nightly paths, and give the substantial grounds of her monthly mutability, taking the exact magnitude of every Star; and tell you which are fixed Planets, and which are moveable; calling them all familiarly by their Names: This we such drinkers can perform and more, which should I name, you would think me mad indeed: and but only that you are my elder Brother, I should scarce forbear to call you Fop or Fool who envy at those who practise that which your shallow brains are never able to attain to: but just like a Carriers horse you have but one pace, a softly jogging on in the self same Road, which you have trod in ever since your Infancy: Neither will you be put out of your Road nor pace, but will continue at the

the old rate in ſpight of reaſon and diſcretion, who are your utter enemies, inſomuch that you cannot abide them, but hate them with a perfect hatred; nor will you ſuffer them to come within your doors: Oh blind ſtupidity! 'tis well my Father left thee a good Eſtate; elſe hadſt thou been left to live by thy Wits, I am ſure thou muſt have ſtarved the firſt week after his deceaſe: but he was a wiſe Man that did foreſee thoſe infirmities that thou waſt born to, and ſo prevented poverty from coming to thy doors; yet thou with fear of want canſt ſcarcely reſt, and without cauſe doſt thou pinch thy ſelf and thy Family, not having Wit enough to know one half of that Eſtate which thou haſt left thee, nor how to make the beſt uſe of it; that ſo thou wilt miſerably live to thy Lives end, though indeed thou canſt not want: prithee Brother let me adviſe thee to leave thy babling in pretending to give me counſel, and I think the better way will be to come and live with me, or let me come and live with you, and leave but the management of thy Eſtate to my diſpoſing, I'le warrant thee we will live like Princes, and never want any thing elſe that Money can obtain: and this I am ſure will be the beſt for thee to live at content, for now I know you live in fear; thus wiſhing that you would take my counſil is all at preſent from

Your Jovial Brother

R. K.

A Letter sent from a London *Quaker to one of his Countrey Brethren.*

Friend George,

IN the breathings forth of the Spirit I write unto thee, to let thee know that blessed be the God of all power, I and my Family with the rest of our dear Brothers and Sisters of thy acquaintance are in sound and perfect health, and do enjoy our meetings with peace and quietness, free from the disturbance of the enemy; our Assemblies do encrease exceedingly: Our Friend *John* has been much with us of late, being wonderfully carried forth in the Ministry to the Conversion of many Infidels; thou knowest that he is a precious heart, and in the Spirit of meekness doth overcome their perverse Natures: Salute me to our dear Friend thy Wife, poor innocent Soul my Bowels do yearn towards her, and verily I have a great affection for her; she is a pretty Lamb and I long to visit her, for truly that last kindness which she shewed unto me when she was last in Town, cannot, nay must not be forgot; prithee dear Friend send her to Town again, and I shall be very free to entertain her who am

Thine in the Lord,

A. S.

The

The Country Quaker's Anſwer.

Dear Abraham,

I Am rejoyced at theſe tydings which thou haſt ſent me in thy ſweet Epiſtle, for it is a great refreſhing to my inward parts to hear of the welfare of our Friends and Brethren, with our Holy Siſters; but more eſpecially I do rejoyce that truth encreaſeth ſo much amongſt you, I know our Friend John *is very powerful in the Miniſtry, and verily we want him much amongſt us, having not ſeen him this ſix months; inſomuch that the Siſterhood about us do bewail his abſence thus long: for they thou knoweſt are often troubled with failings, and want to be ſtrengthened daily with powerful Men; however I know he cannot come until the Lord doth ſend him, and then he will not tarry: I queſtion not honeſt* George, *thy kindneſs to my Wife, for ſhe indeed hath ſignified ſo much to me and does ſpeak of coming up to* London *within ſix days: Salute me to thy Wife and Family and to the reſt of our Friends, and that is all at preſent from*

Thy Brother in the Lord,

G. D.

A Letter of excuſe.

Sir,

I Muſt beg your pardon that I could not be ſo good as my word in waiting on you yeſterday, for an extraordinary buſineſs of great importance fell out

juſt as I was coming to you, and prevented me of the great happineſs of ſeeing you and enjoying your good company; however I know your good Nature will forgive what I could not perform, and on that I rely; giving my ſelf an aſſurance of a ſmile and not a frown when I ſee you next, which ſhall be the very firſt opportunity I can ſteal from my urgent affairs, having no greater felicity then to be in your good company, and do take it as a great favour that my unworthy preſence is thought acceptable to a perſon of ſo great honour and worth as your ſelf, but that is your humility to condeſcend to my undeſerts: But leſt I ſhould ſeem to be too prolix and tedious in making my Apology, I for this time humbly deſiſt and write my ſelf

Your humble Servitor

R. C.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Kind Sir,

YOu need not have given your ſelf the trouble to make Apology for your not coming to me according to your promiſe, for I have had too large an experience of your love and friendſhip towards me, to believe that any frivolous concerns could have detained you from making good your word; neither am I ſo injudicious but that I know full well that buſineſs muſt not be neglected to viſit Friends, nor would I be ſo injurious to your intereſt, to diſoblige or hinder you from proſecuting your earneſt affairs, though I muſt confeſs that I take a great delight in your company; therefore I deſire of you to

to be so kind to me, as to let me enjoy you as often as conveniency will permit and give leave; I design next Wednesday if health continue to go down to my Country-house and hunt a Buck; and if you have leisure from your own occasions, pray favour me with your pleasant Society, your welcome I hope you will not question from

Your loving Friend

T. R.

A Letter sent to a Gentleman in way of Petition.

Honoured Sir,

AMongst the rest of your charitable Acts and deeds, I humbly beg that you would be pleased to grant me one small boon, and for ever make me happy, and obliged to pray for you; which is, that you would accept of me your unworthy Servant so well, that I may succeed my Father in that Office, which whilst he was living did enjoy, who is now dead and buried; and I question not but that I shall officiate and behave my self so well, that you shall not hereafter repent you, that you did countenance and shew me any kindness in this matter, but with all humility I shall carry my self obliging towards you and the rest of those worthy Gentlemen that are therein concerned. I know Sir that it lies in your power to stand my friend in this business, and I hope you will be pleased to think me capable of what I make my request to you for, being brought up and educated under my Father in the same way; my industry and diligence

with humble gratitude ſhall ever attend you, whilſt I am Sir,

Your Servant in all thankful acknowledgement

P. Q.

The Gentleman's Anſwer.

Honeſt Peter,

I Am very ſorry to hear of your Father's Death, the laſt time that he and I were together truly I little thought or imagined that he was ſo nigh his end, though I muſt confeſs that he was pretty well ſtricken in years, you may aſſure your ſelf that for his ſake and your own alſo I will do you any kindneſs that lies in my power, and though the management of this concern does not wholly depend on my ſingle choice and approbation; there being ſeveral other Gentlemen you know which are equally concerned with me in the ſame buſineſs, yet I do not queſtion in the leaſt but that they will freely condeſcend to my propoſitions in your behalf, therefore reſt your ſelf contented for a while, and doubt not but that you may ſucceed your Father in this place, and when we meet together you may be confirmed according to your deſire; no more at preſent but remain

Your aſſured Friend,

R. S.

A Letter from a Gentleman to a Country School-master concerning putting his Son to School with him.

Worthy Sir,

ALthough I have not had the happiness as yet to be well acquainted with you, yet your good works have rendred you famous to my opinion, having partly understood some of your excellent qualifications in educating youth by some of my near Neighbours, who have been concerned with you by committing their children to your tuition and government; which by evident examples you have demonstrated that you have taken no small pains and care in order to their benefits, for I find they have made a good proficiency considering their time and Age; I have a Son Sir about ten years of Age that I intend to commit to your charge very suddenly, therefore I would desire you to govern him according as you shall find him well or ill disposed, not with too much severity nor too much lenity, and I shall be willing to answer any reasonable demands as you shall desire both for his board and Schooling; pray send me word if you please to accept of him, and I will speedily come down along with him, who am

Your Servant unknown,

J. T.

The Answer.

Sir,

I Must confess you are a Stranger to me, nevertheless I am bound by the rules of civility to give you thanks for your good opinion of me; however I hope if you ever make trial of what you have hitherto but only had by reports, that I shall make good that Character which your Neighbours have given to your own satisfaction and belief. If you please to bring your Son down to me Sir I shall be very careful of him as I am of all others which I take in hand, and I doubt not in the least but that we shall quickly agree upon terms: I have conveniency enough to entertain him, and we live in a very good wholesome Air; I never had a Boy that lodged in my house return home sick since I kept School, which is now about sixteen years since: Yet I have entertained many good Mens Sons; as for his disposition I shall soon learn and find out what temper he is of, and accordingly shall have an eye towards him; thus till I see you Sir I remain

Yours in all reasonable service

W. K.

A Letter to a Gentle-woman with a Ring sent as a token.

Fairest of Creatures,

I Here present you with the true Emblem of my love, it is a Ring which represents my Love to you is endless, that though you frown upon me and seem to slight my proffered services, yet still my Love endures as firm as at the first; neither can all your angry denyals to my long continued suite alter or change my loving resolution. This Ring is Gold the purest of all Metals, which signifies (if that you please to take it so) that my Love is pure, and the purest of all Love; not tainted nor corrupted with any thoughts of worldly interest, but 'tis your love alone Madam that I ask; how can you be so cruel to your adorer, one that takes no delight in any Creature living, but your self. I dare not call you unkind nor speak the least ill thing against you, for my love is so great that I cannot call your disdain unworthiness. Let pity move you to compassion, which if I find, I shall not doubt but that I shall quickly be a Conquerour, till then I restless live

The object of your scorn.

N. L.

Her Answer.

Sir,

IF that you count it any happiness to be beloved of one so mean as I am, who hitherto have held you in disdain and laught at all your discontent with scorn: Then bless that happy hour when you did buy that Ring you sent me for a token; not for the value of the Ring I love you, but those your kind expressions which you writ to me in your last Letter have moved my heart to pity, you then now may assure your self a Conquerour for I do pity you, and not only so, but I love you too for your true constancy, had you been fickle and had took denial in a short time, I never would have granted you what now I do; then now be comforted my Love, and cast all sorrow from thy heart, for I am thine and will be to my death: think not of any thing that has formerly past between us, for I will love thee the better for the time to come, and when you please to come and visit me; you shall be welcome to her who is

Your affectionate Lover,

J. P.

A Letter sent to a Gentleman as a Challenge.

Sir,

YOu may take notice first of the affront you gave me when we were last together; and secondly that I am not of so mean and low a spirit to pass by those your rude actions without taking just

juſt revenge according to the offence: therefore you being all Man laſt night, I hope will not prove your ſelf to be leſs to morrow morning about four of the Clock in *Lamb*'s conduit fields with your Sword in your hand, where we will end the diſpute which you contend about, but if you refuſe to meet me at the place and time which I have appointed, I ſhall poſt you up about the Town for an inconſiderable fool and ſcandalous coward, and ſhall make my ſelf ſatisfaction ſome other way; this from

Your preſent enemy and diſobliged Friend

F. D.

The Anſwer.

Good Mr. Huff,

WHat, is that little ſpark of courage which has lain aſleep ever ſince you was born awakened now at laſt? In troth I am very glad that I gave you occaſion laſt night to rouze it up this morning, and truly had I thought that you durſt have been ſo valiant as to have taken notice of what I had ſaid, I would have ſpoke ten times more to you then what I did; I will be ſure to meet your outragious ſelf at the place aforeſaid, and inſtead of my Sword I ſhall only make uſe of my Scabbard, and bang your ſides ſufficiently, ſending you crying home to your Wife, juſt as you uſed to do when you ſaw a couple of Maſtiff dogs fighting in the ſtreet hard by your own door, I ſcorn to defile my Sword with ſuch cowardly blood as thine is, but ſhall rather ſatisfie my ſelf in giving thee a good ſufficient beating, this from

Your derider, S. N.

A

A Letter desiring his Friend to acquaint him with news that is stirring.

Kind Friend,

KNowing that your affairs in the World are of no small importance, and that you negotiating your self with Men of Foreign as well as Domestick business cannot but be acquainted with all the news that is stirring, both at home and also at places more remote; I should be glad to have some small satisfaction from you by a weekly Letter, if you would give your self the trouble of writing, I would be at what charge they should cost you in sending them, that I might a little please my self in hearing what transactions happen on this our Earthly Globe of Mortality. For in our Countrey we hear no news, except perhaps I hear that our Neighbour *Prattle*'s Daughters belly begins to swell by eating too many Pease-pottage, or else some body has prickt her there; or else at present we know not what, this and the like stories is all our divertisement; no more but remain

Yours, expecting to hear from you

N. J.

The

The Answer.

Good Cousin,

I *Must humbly beg your pardon for my long silence, and now at length if writing upon such an insignicant account as I now have done: had there been any thing of News abroad worth the relating, and had it come to my ears I would have been sure to have made you acquainted with it e're this: as for Foreign businesses and affairs of State I hear no noise, God be thanked the universe of Mankind is hush'd into a quiet peace for ought I hear, and trading flourishes indifferent well amongst ingenious Men and good Husbands, but bad Husbands will always be finding fault of the badness of Trade, when it is their extravagancies which makes them sink and decline in the World; as for the News which you tell me concerning your Neighbours Daughter, I think 'tis almost universal, for young Maidens now a days are often troubled with such swellings but it seldome lasts them above nine months, and then it asswages again, insomuch that we scarcely take any notice of such like distempers; now of late I may inform you thus much, that the building of St. Paul's Cathedral in* London *goes on most expeditiously, and I am apt to think will be accomplished a great deal sooner then most men could imagine so vast a structure could be finished: some other news I can acquaint you with, which though it be a little Jocose yet it is very certain, that several Men of several minds, of several conditions, and several qualities; do wear the Bull's Feather upon their heads, and yet they know not some of them that they wear it there, but others do; and count it a great ornament, supposing that their Horns were tipt with Gold, neither will they matter if their Neighbours call them*

them Cuckold, for if they do, they'le ask them to ſhake hands; all the difference between them being this, the one knows himſelf to be a Cuckold, and the other only thinks that he himſelf is none; and I believe you have ſome of this ſort of Cattle in your Country: no more but am

Yours upon all occaſions

R. D.

A dunning Letter ſent from a Creditor to his Debtor for Money.

Sir,

COntrary to my natural Will and Inclinations, neceſſity forces me to give you a timely ſummons that you may provide me ſome Money againſt the next quarter-day, for I ſhall be very much neceſſitated about that time for Money, elſe I would not have troubled you as yet, though I ask you for nothing but what is my own: However had I not received great loſs of late in my way of Trade, I would not have called in my Money from you, becauſe I know it to be very ſecure whilſt it is in your hands; therefore pray be pleaſed not to take amiſs theſe my lawful demands, but let me have a ſpeedy Anſwer from you which may be effectual to my deſires, and I will for the time to come be always ſtudious how I may again be ſerviceable to ſo good and ſure a Friend as your ſelf, which may aſſure you that whilſt I live I am,

Yours to the utmoſt of my power

G. R.

His

His Friend's kind Answer.

Kind Sir,

YOurs I received and am very sorry to hear that you have suffered any loss or damage in the way of your Trade; I wish you may recover with interest what you have lost, and am so far from being angry with you for sending for your own, that I am rather angry with you for questioning that which you might assuredly know, which was the payment of that Money which you so kindly lent me: However to shew my thankfulness to you for those favours, and my willingness to gratifie so good a Friend, I have sent you by your Cousin all that Money which I owe you, both interest and principal before the time, not knowing but that you may have a more sudden occasion for it, then you were willing to discover to me your Friend; pray cancel the Bond and send it back by your Cousin, and also send me word whether or no you shall have occasion for any more present Money, which if you have I will be sure to furnish you with it, being ever as ready and willing to serve you,

As you have been to oblige me.

R. W.

A Letter to perſwade a Friend to marry.

Loving Friend,

IN conſidering your welfare, and taking a ſhort view into your preſent concerns; I cannot but think that it is altogether inconvenient for you to lead a ſingle Life any longer, for ſince you have betaken your ſelf to Houſe-keeping and the ordering of a Family, I am ſure that it would be very neceſſary for you to marry a Wife, whoſe care (if ſhe perform her duty) will be always within doors, and ſee that thoſe Servants you keep do not waſte nor make laviſh of any proviſion, or otherways, what Goods you ſhall commit to their charge in your abſence when you are abroad about your earneſt concerns; expecting all to be well and carefully minded at home: but alas you may be miſtaken in a Houſe-keeper or a Servant-Maid, for they oftentimes do combine and have ſelf-concern with the Apprentice, to the great detriment and almoſt ruine of ſeveral young Men like your ſelf, who have put confidence in them; this as the firſt and no ſmall Argument, I bring to diſſwade you from living ſingle, and to perſwade you to betake your ſelf to a Wife: The next reaſon is this which you muſt pardon, becauſe it is not ſpoken particularly concerning you, neither does it exclude you; but it may be very properly attributed to any ſingle Man which is a Houſe-keeper: Suppoſe then this, that a young Man as you are does at ſometime or other meet with ſome of his good friends or former companions abroad as he is walking about his lawful occaſion, and being glad to ſee each other, you cannot well part without drinking a glaſs or two of Wine together thereby

thereby to ſignifie your mutual loves and friendſhip which you mutually do owe, and having ſate a while in the Tavern one Bottle many times begets two or three, or may be more and ſtill loth to part, till it oftentimes is ſeen that the Wine doth predominate over your reaſons at that time and you ſtay late, being elevated with thoſe charming liquors you at length return home, and having no body to entertain you there but your Servant-Maid, it may be in that humour (though not in the leaſt inclined to it another time) you begin to be familiar with your Maid (and ſo familiar as is unſeemly for me to name though you may gueſs my meaning) this Maid perchance though honeſt heretofore, yet conſidering that you are her Maſter and ſhe but of a low degree or quality contrary to her natural cuſtom, may ſubmit her ſelf and willingly condeſcend to what you ſhall earneſtly deſire to enjoy, which being granted you, on the morrow when 'tis too late, repent you of the Fact, and may perchance be brought to open ſhame quickly after for ſuch your deed as you have committed; or elſe forc'd to marry her whom you have already ſtrumpeted: this cautionally I adviſe you of, not that I know you in the leaſt guilty, but I am ſure a good Wife (of which ſort there are many) would prevent all theſe miſcarriages of youth, and be a great comfort to you both night and day, therefore pray take my counſel, and think ne're the worſe of him who cordially is

Your real Friend,

W. P.

His

His Friend's Answer.

Loving Friend,

I Am apt to think you speak experimentally as concerning youthful vanities and frailties: However I must confess your advice is good, and I should be ungrateful if I should not return you hearty thanks for so good admonition, but yet I must also let you know that I am not guilty of those transgressions which you forewarn me of: for I seldom am long out of my Shop, but if I should, the Apprentice could not wrong me much, for I take a narrow inspection into all my concerns, that I should soon miss any particular parcel that should by any means be miscarried, and as for being overcome with Wine I think I never was beyond the bounds of reason, but were I never so much addicted to drinking, I should never be over-kind to my Maid; for to prevent that danger I keep one that is well stricken in years, and so deformed that she is a perfect Antidote against Letchery: However I shall not tye my self from Marriage, could I meet with a young Woman that was suitable and agreeable to my condition and temper, descended of honest parentage, and reputed to be a vertuous, civil and honest Virgin, and one that after Marriage would not defile my Bed, neither had she in her single condition stained her Virginity by yielding her body to be spotted with any lascivious companions, but had behaved her self in all her youthful days unspotted according to the strictest rules of modesty: with such a one if I could meet, I say it should be the first thing I undertook to marry with her, but truly there are so many that I find miscarry when they marry, that I am something fearful how I tye my self for term of life to that thing which for ought I know may be my perpetual ruine, but as you

used

uſed to tell me that I muſt venture, for nothing venture nothing enjoy, I am therefore reſolved e're long to take your counſil and good example, who am

Yours as my own

R. L.

A Letter complaining of ſuch long ſilence in his Friend's writing no oftner to him.

Loving Friend,

WHen I conſider the ability and ſtrength of your fancy, together with the dexterity of your Pen in writing; as alſo the benefit and advantage I reap and receive in reading your learned and well compoſed Epiſtles; I can do no leſs but blame you for not writing oftner to your Friend, I am ſure and very confident that it cannnot be in the leaſt burthenſome to you to take Pen in hand, and write to me ſome few Lines that I may hear of your welfare; which would be very great joy and comfort to your faithful Friend, and a recreation to your ready Muſe: I know not wherein I have offended you, or acted any unworthy action towards you that you ſhould ſlack your hand from writing, but if you will let me know my fault, I will endeavour to make ſatisfaction for my miſdemeanour; thus deſiring to hear from you, I am

Yours in expectation

W. N.

The

The Anſwer.

Dear Friend,

YOu muſt pardon my long forc'd ſilence in Letters, for I have been ſorrowfully employed another way, it hath pleaſed God to viſit my poor Family with great and heavy ſickneſs; inſomuch that I have buried two of my children the Eldeſt and the Youngeſt, and my Wife now lies deſperately ſick of a Fever, whether ſhe may eſcape or no I cannot tell, for ſhe is very weak; you might imagine that ſome extraordinary buſineſs or other had beſallen me, elſe I ſhould not have been ſo long in ſilence from ſo good a Friend as your ſelf. I hope you will not queſtion the continuation of my wonted cuſtom of writing to you, ſo ſoon as it ſhall pleaſe God to blow away thoſe ſtorms of afflictions that hang over our houſe thus long, and cauſe a Sun-ſhine once again to appear, for be aſſured that I am

Yours till Times hour glaſs is run out

J. M.

A cunning Letter ſent to a crafty Friend to borrow Money.

Kind Sir,

YOur obliging qualities have ever been ſo great and manifold to me, who have never merited the leaſt favour from you, that your goodneſs makes me preſume once more to beg a kindneſs of you; which is, that you would lend me ten pounds between this and *Thurſday* next, and accept of my own

Bond

Bond for your ſecurity but for three Month's time, and you ſhall then be ſure to be repaid it with the intereſt as ſhall be then due, and my humble thanks ſhall ever requite you with this friendly aſſurance, that if ever you ſhould ſtand in need of the ſame kindneſs, though your demands ſhould be ten times more that I ſhall be proud in obliging you on the ſame terms; your anſwer by this Bearer if without excuſes will be my preſent ſatisfaction, and my ſtudy for the future ſhall be for a requital,

Your faithful Friend to ſerve you

R. N.

The Anſwer.

Kind Sir,

I Am very ſorry that I cannot oblige you according to your expectation, for at preſent I have not ſo much Money to ſpare by me, nor ſhall not have any ſuch ſum within the time as you have mentioned, you ſeldom could have asked me at ſuch a time, for ſeldom it is that I am unprovided of ſo ſmall a quantity, and if I had it you may aſſure your ſelf that I would make no denyal of it to ſo good a Friend as you are and have been to me, but ſhould be glad that I could oblige you in any thing whatſoever, therefore pray let me beg of you not to take it unkindly, for it is my Nature and ought to be the firſt diſpoſition of every generous Soul to communicate his aſſiſtance to his Friend in every reſpect to the utmoſt of his power, but theſe your preſent demands (laying aſide all formal excuſes and flattering compliments)

plements) are beyond the reach of my capacity, however I will subscribe my self Sir

Your assured and faithful Friend

S. D.

A Letter to his angry Sweet-heart.

My Love,

YOur frowns have so eclipsed my wonted comfort and consolation, that without the speedy Sun-shine of your smiles my future hopes which I promised my self will be utterly blasted, you know you have my heart and all that ever I could call my own at your disposing; therefore let me beg of you to be kind before it be too late, least certainly you hear that I died through your neglect and cruelties, who am

Your afflicted Lover

N. B.

Her short but loving Answer.

Sir,

I Fancy when you wrote to me last you were in a Dream, or else not throughly awake, for how can you task me with unkindness that have no pleasure but in your content and comfort; if you have undergone any sorrow by your own imagination I am very sorry for

for it, for I'le assure you my heart participates of all your troubles, your Love to me I mutually accept, giving you mine again with this assurance, that I am

Yours without dissimulation, whilst

S. G.

A Letter upon the delay of a courtesie desired.

Kind Sir,

AMongst the rest of my Friends you have had no small share of my good esteem, therefore I thought you would have had greater care in preserving your promise, and not have dealt so disingenuously with me, who have been always so ready to serve you, pray let me desire you not to feed me any longer with fair words, but let performances speak your mind or frustrate my hopes by a flat denial,

Your dissatisfied Friend,

M. K.

The Answer.

Sir,

YOur Friendship I must confess hath been variously shewn to me, for which I must give you abundance of thanks, pray call not my delays incivilities, nor forgetfulness, for believe me Sir my promises which

I made you shall be speedily performed according to your desire, and the best of my power; and instead of justifying my self, I beg your pardon for non-performance, hoping 'twil be granted by your worthy self.

Yours

D. F.

A Letter of Counsel from a Father to his Son.

Dear Child,

I Have heard that you are given to Alchymistry, which is a great charge to many but profiteth few, employ your time so that you may not lose by the bargain: what a grief it is to want, I pray God you may never know; therefore eschew Prodigality which quickly makes a poor Man; I have sent you twenty pounds, I hope you will make good use of it, and when you need more send to me for it, after the Term the Vacation will call you into the Countrey, where knowing your Father's House you may make your own welcome, you must not from me expect a flattering welcome, nor take it unkindly that I forewarn you of what may prove to your prejudice, above all things serve God and keep a clear Conscience towards all Men: converse not with fools, for in so doing you will lose your time: beware of drunkenness, for it is a beastly humour: take heed of Knaves for they are much to be feared, all which my advice if you pursue, you may expect God's blessing, which is

Your Father's Prayers

H. D.

The

The Son's dutiful Answer.

Honoured Father,

AS touching the study of Alchymistry I have heard much, but believe little: However I will not waste your Lands to make a new Mettal; I know it is not long to the next Vacation, which being come, I will not be long from you, and if at my coming I find you well, that shall be my best welcome, as I will not flatter my self with your Love, so I cannot but joy in your kindness, whose careful counsel I willlock up in my heart as my best jewel: For to serve God is the duty of every Christian, and no longer let me live then in the care of that comfort; as for Fools they cannot understand me, and Knaves shall not trouble me; as for drunkenness never doubt me, for it is a thing most loathsome in my Nature; as for your Money I humbly thank you, and I hope to bestow it according to your good liking, thus with my prayers for your long life, health and happiness I remain

Your dutiful Son till death,

H. D.

A merry Letter after the old Fashion sent to a Maid.

AFter my Love remembred unto you, trusting in God that you are in good health as I was at this present writing, with my Father and my Mother, and my Brothers and Sisters, and Unkles and Aunts, and the rest of my good Friends thanks be to God for it. The cause of my writing to you at

this time is, that I hear *Joan* since my coming from *weston*, when you know what talk we had together there at the sign of the *Horns*, and how you did give me your hand and swear that you would not forsake me for all the World, and how you made me buy you a Ring and a Heart that cost me two and twenty pence, and I left them with you, and you gave me a Napkin to wear in my Hat and a small Feather, I thank you, which I will wear to my dying day, and I marvel if it be true as I hear, that you have altered your mind, and are made sure to my Neighbour *Pigmy's* Son. Truly *Joan* you do not well in so doing and God will plague you for it: and I hope I shall live well enough if I never have you; for there are more Maids in the World besides you *Joan*, and truly I count my self worth the whistling after, I am sure there are some young Maids about us will except of me, and be glad to leap at me to have such Honey kisses *Joan* as I used to give you; therefore be not so high and so proud *Joan* and so scornful, for if you will have none of me, I will have none of you, but will be as stout and as coy as any handsome Maid in *England*; for you know my old Grandsir has left my Father good House and Land, and my Father will give it to me his own Son I am sure, and therefore praying you to write me your Answer by this Bearer my friend, touching the truth of all how it stands with you, I commit you to God:

From Willow-green,
May 19. 1675. *J.S.*

Joans

Jones Answer.

INdeed sweet John *I did not expect such a Letter from your hands, I would have you to know I scorn it: have I got my Fathers and Mothers ill will for you to be so used at your hands? I perceive and if you be so jealous already you would be somewhat another day, I am glad I find you that you can believe any thing of me, but it is no matter; I care not, send me my Napkin and you shall have your Ring and your Heart, for I can have enough if I never see you more, for there are more Batchellors then* John, *and my penny is as good silver as yours, and seeing you are so stout, even put up your Pipes, for I will have no more to do with you; and so unsaying all that ever hath been said betwixt us, pray make your choice where you list, for I know where to be beloved and so farewel*

J. R.

A Letter from a Father to a Son at the University.

Dear Son,

I Am sorry to tell thee that I hear thy diligence doth not answer my desire, and I would gladly wish it otherwise, but I hope a kind admonition will suffice to work a on good Nature, and therefore will rather hope the best then doubt the contrary: and in the love of a Father let me entreat thee to avoid the company of a lewd fellow, as rather an enemy then a Friend. The Feminine Sex are dangerous to affect, for as they will be a loss of time, so with hinderance of study they will produce expence:

The exercise of thy body I admit for thy health, but let thy Love be in thy Learning, else wilt thou never be a good Scholar, for desire and delight are the best Masters both of Art and Knowledge, whilst vertuous Reason makes Understanding gracious: Therefore not out of the bitter humour of displeasure, but the careful Nature of affection I write unto thee for thy own good, and as nothing can joy the heart of a Father more then the obedience of a loving child, so can there nothing be more grievous then the stubborn spirit of an ungracious Son; I speak this to thee knowing thy years and understanding able to digest the consideration of my desire, which in sum is my joy in thy good. For let me tell thee, my Estate thou knowest, and how much I have strained my credit for thy advancement; to which Learning being a speedy and an assured good means, I would be glad to see my comfort in thy profit, in such fruits of thy study as with the blessing of God may hasten thy preferment; therefore be industrious and diligent for thy own benefit, and thou shalt not want a Father's encouragement to the very utmost of his ability; thus praying to God for thee, whom I beseech daily to bless thee, with my hearts love to the Lord's blessing I leave thee; who am

Thy loving Father

S. D.

The

The Son's Anſwer.

Loving Father,

After the bands of humble duty, my good Father I have received your moſt kind and loving Letter; in which how much joy I have received I cannot expreſs, fearing rather your ſharp rebuke then loving admonition; but God himſelf who can and doth work more in ſome Natures with a kind chiding then in others with many ſtripes. I know you are not ignorant of the inclination of youth, and therefore thus kindly touch the part of unbeſeemneſs, for which how much I do humbly thank you I hope the care of your counſel in time ſhall pleaſingly tell you, therefore for what ill you have heard grieve not, and of the good you may hear doubt not but believe me; for I will not abuſe your truſt whatever vanity ſoever I have ſtemd to effect: My Book hath been the Miſtreſs of my Love in which how much I will labour, and from which what profit I will gather your hope ſhall ſit in the effect of God's bleſſing, without the which how dangerous are many ſtudies to the underſtandings of ungracious Spirits, I would it were known to any, and I pray God that none may know it in me. I leave my preferment I leave to God's pleaſure who beſt knows how to diſpoſe of his Servants, and for your contentment that it may be in my obedience. Your health as the worlds happineſs I pray for; mine own moderate exerciſe with abſtinence from exceſs, doth with God's bleſſing hold me in good ſtate: and for the Feminine Sex (though I would be no Hypocrite) I had rather read of them be acquainted with them; for I allow of your opinion touching them: thus hoping ere long that you will receive as much content of my courſes as you have ever doubted the contrary, in the

duty of my humble Love I take my leave for this time, but rest always

Your dutiful Son

S. D.

A Daughters Letter to a Mother.

Honoured Mother,

I Must acknowledge in all duty that your care of me hath been so great, that my prayers shall ever petition Heaven for your long life and happiness, and will always move in obedience to your commands, I have no other ways to expert my filial duty and love; but by conforming my self in all things to your commands, and I shall think all the endeavours of my life well bestowed, to gain your blessing and love which I have hitherto enjoyed, let me beseech therefore and beg of you that there may be a continuation of your kind love and good affection towards me, and I will endeavour all the days of my life more and more continually to ingratiate my self into your favour, whilst I am

Your obedient and dutiful Daughter.

J. Pe.

The

The Mothers kind Answer.

My dear Child,

I Received thy kind and dutiful Letter which was no small comfort to me, pray God continue thy duty and obedience to thy Loving Mother, and if thou dost fear him I am sure he will incline thy heart to Wisdom, which is to fear the Lord and to honour thy Parents with humble reverence, and will be the only way to prolong thy days on Earth, and after Death hath seized upon thy body and sent thee to the Grave, yet thy name shall live after Death to Immortality; and all that ever knew thee shall lament thy loss after death: saying, thou livedst and didst die a good woman and a good Christian, which will be a comfort to thy Friends that hear it, and an Eternal joy and consolation to thy self in the world to come; thus to the protection of him that made thee I recommend thee who am

Thy loving Mother

J. P.

A Letter of comfort to a Friend in Adversity.

Sir,

WEakness is presently discomfited when any calamity doth befal them, but I doubt not but you are strong enough to oppose your unfortunate sorrows, and to make such good use of them, that they shall rather confirm then discourage you in the way of vertue; I know you can look

upon Adversity with an eye of consideration, discerning therein the hand of Providence; look up then, and see from whence all troubles do arise, there is a blessing annexed to them, if they be suffered with patience; your virtue that stands inward may now be made apparent to the World in bearing your sorrow, misery, or any worldly affliction, which refine good Men to a greater perfection; I know you need not my counsel being strong in your self, yet pardon my love, my compassion, and my counsel, and accept them from

Yours bound to serve you

N. C.

The Answer.

Kind Sir,

Like as the Rain doth fall from a wandring Traveller when he comes dropping in, even so at the receipt of your kind and cordial Letter I felt my sorrows wast and vanish from me, being presently refreshed by your good counsel, and all my sorrow is in this my adversity that I have nothing to requite your love withal but the poor and slender payment of thanks. It is common with others whom we reckon in the number of Friends, to fall off when they see their Friend is fallen into any calamity, but such are no more to be accounted of then the flattering shadow that walks before us in the Sun-shine, whilst your Love being built on the constant foundation of your goodness cannot be shaken with the unfortunate chances of your Friend; in all Estates your Love doth know no change, and this in the midst of my

my troubles shall bring me store of assured comfort, that I am blest with a Friend so faithful unto him, who is

Your friend in the same fidelity

C. B.

A Letter sent to a Friend perswading him that he was a Cuckold.

Honest Charles,

THou knowest I love thee well and ever have done since our first acquaintance: In troth I am sorry that I must now write to thee about such news as I believe will be unwelcome to thee, which to be short and plain I hear thou art a Cuckold, neither do I ground my belief upon the vulgar report of others that say thy Wife is a Whore, but I have seen so much by her own self that thou must needs be a Cuckold, by those actions which I have observed by her in our Market Town, she not thinking me to be so near her: watch her a little more narrowly for the future and I believe thou wilt soon be satisfied of the truth of this matter. I do not write this to make thee jealous without cause, but because I would not have thee rock the Cradle when another Man got the Bastard; this is all from

Thy real Friend

H. E.

The Answer.

Honest Harry,

I Must confess that thou tellest me strange News, neither is it in the least welcome to me; yet as I would not be too credulous in believing any thing that may touch or stain the honour and reputation of my Wife, who has been my Bedfellow thus long, so in like manner I would not be blinded with fair speeches to believe her honest that is a notorious Strumpet: for as thou sayest Harry *by that means, I may indeed Father the spurious issue of unknown Progenitors; yet however I will not be jealous before I find a cause, and when I have found a cause I will not be jealous long after, for I will watch her as warily as ever a Cat watcht a Mouse, that she shall not stir but I will* Incognito *attend her, and then I shall quickly perceive how she behaves her self abroad, she not mistrusting of my suspicion will not proceed so cunningly as otherwise she might, but will continue in her wonted course without all doubt; which if it should be in the ways of wickedness (as God forbid it should) I should be very sorry, and would soon separate my self from her; and if I am a Cuckold I am certain* Harry *you know, and are acquainted with several others as may shake hands with me. You know 'tis said that Cuckolds are Christians; and truly I am apt to think that it is many an honest Man's lot: and also many a Knave's deserved Fortune to be Cuckolded by his own wife at home, at that very instant of time that he is Cuckolding his Neighbour abroad. As for my part* Harry *if it be so it shall not much trouble me, but I am resolved to know the truth on't; for I know thy honest love and kindness to me is such, that thou would'st not*

give

give me any disturbance without some grounds, and for thy love I give thee hearty thanks, who am

Thine to my power,

C. D.

A Fantastick Letter to a Friend to try both his Wit and patience.

Sir,

I Would be glad to see you for fear of losing my Eye-sight, but for hearing of you, except it be to preserve me from deafness, I assure you it never troubles me: for when I know no good to expect from you, I wonder what I should do with you; except to learn ignorance out of idleness, or to make work to no purpose: yet for old acquaintance knowing this bearer coming near you, I thought it good to tell you how well I love you: yet lest you should misconstrue my meaning, let me assure you that he which doth truly know you will accordingly esteem you; but if you know your self it will be the better for you, I am no Schoolmaster and therefore will read you no precepts, but would wish you to observe times progress, and to hold a friend as a Jewel and a Fool as loss of time, which if you take notice of it will be the better for you.

Your downright Friend

J. L.

The

The Answer.

INdeed Mr. Coxcomb you have made a very learned Epistle, only it relishes of a little too much Maggot which worked so strongly and strangely in your lunatick Brain, that I find the effects of her labouring and toyling thus long there to be prodigious; insomuch that she has caused you to write a monstrous piece of nonsence, which you your self cannot understand, and there is also so much of fool into the bargain, that had I not known that you were living, I should have blest my self to think from whence it should all come; I verily believe that thou art no School-master for thou never learnedst beyond the Testament, and whereas thou advisest me to have a care of keeping company with Fools, I shall take thy counsel in that and be sure to avoid thy company, for I am sure in conversing with thee, I shall certainly lose time, therefore I bid thee farewell;

R. C.

A conceited Letter from a Country School-master, who thought himself to be a great Scholar.

Sir,

BY all the Nouns and Pronouns in the eight parts of Speech, if you do not send me up the eight pounds which you owe me for your young Son Mr. *Quibus* his feeding at my Table, and tumbling in my Sheeps Feather-bed with a *horum harum harum*, I'le bring you before 'um, where *Amo amas amavi*, if you do not pay me I am sure they will not save ye, therefore I say *Cave*, for *Per deum*, they shall have

have ye; for the Constable with his *Fustis*, shall take you before Sir Justice. Sir I do not love to flatter ye nor yet to use many words, for you may remember that *Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*, which for fear you should not understand I English it thus, *That Man is wise who speaketh few things or words*; I have done what I can for your *Juvenis* or young Man which you please to call him, therefore pray be civil to me your *Ludi-Magister* or *School-master*,

Radolphus Ignosus.

The Gentleman's Answer:

Good Mr. Ignosus,

BE not so fiery for your Money, for I think your Quarter is not out till to morrow at night; However rather then you should be angry and throw your Latin about after this manner; I'le hereafter be sure to pay you a week before hand, and I'le assure you that you shall never have occasion to have me before a Justice for my Money that shall at any time be due to you from me for my Son's board: However since I understand by you that he lies upon a Sheeps Feather bed, which may be English'd a flock-bed; let me desire you for the future to let him lie upon a Gooses or a Hens Feather-bed: and instead of Vir sapit qui pauca loquitur, *I will have it* Vir loquitur qui pauca sapit, *which I English thus*, the Man speaketh that understands but little; *but I do not mean you Sir, therefore I hope you will not be angry with him who is*.

Your loving Friend
E. Quibus.

A cautional Letter from a Husband to his young Wife in the Country.

Loving Wife,

NOtwithstanding the great distance that is at present betwixt our habitations, yet the inward thoughts of my heart and mind are continually with you; I desire that you may be careful of your honour and reputation, for that once lost which we call our good name, cannot easily be repair'd again; I hope you are virtuous and so guarded with Chastity, that you are always armed against all such temptations as may be offered to a young Woman as you are, especially having such opportunities as you have at present: However if you do but call to mind, first how great an offence it is to God Almighty to adulterate and defile your self: it being a breach of the Commandment; and secondly, the great and abominable wrong you do your Husband by such transgressions: I am sure upon these considerations well weighed, you will be careful of committing any such notorious crimes; withal assuring your self that those which at any time do yield and prostrate themselves illegally to their lustful desires, though they do it never so privately, even when they may think themselves secure enough being it may be some hundreds of miles from their honest Husbands, who are careful all their life to maintain them handsomely, and see that they want for nothing; those I say that do offend in such a manner though never so obscurely, yet these Actions like those of Murther will at one time or other be discovered and made known; Fame flies with nimble wing and swiftly spreads abroad the evil

Acti-

Actions of every bold offender, the very birds will whistle forth the injuries the Wife commits against her honest Husband; this my dear love I write not that I am jealous, but only as a caution for thee to take notice of, now thou art so far from me, therefore prithee be not angry with him who is

Thy truly loving Husband till death

A. B.

Her Answer.

Sweet-heart,

I Received a Letter with your Name to it, and directed to me; but sure if it came from you it was never intended for me, but for some other Woman, but yet not satisfied that you could make such a mistake; I upon a second consideration do fear that you are still distracted: for surely had you that natural sence now, that you had when I departed from you; the Letter you sent would not have been directed to me but to some Mistress or small Harlot of yours, whose fidelity you so much doubted and feared that she had to do with more Cullies besides your self; but to come a little closer to the business, I partly smell out your design when you writ that Letter, you are jealous of me though without cause, yet fain would hide your jealousie under the pretence of giving me good counsel; Intruth Husband you know I am young, but not so much a Child but I can perceive what you aim at: Alas poor Man! what does your head ake before you have any occasion for it? I am sorry for your mistake; and truly now you have put me in the mind how brave an opportunity I have here in the Country

trey to make you a Cuckold, I am like enough to take notice of it so far as to make the best use of my time and not to let it slip, for I can judge no less but that you have got some homely Doxy or other to supply my place during my absence, which makes you cry out whore first; but 'tis no matter for that now I think on't Husband I will be honest pray think so, I would fain have you think so, and then it will be the better for my design: I mean honestly indeed I do Husband, therefore pray believe her who is

Your virtuous Wife

J. B.

A Letter to invite a Friend to a Wedding.

Honest Nid,

MY Sweet-heart and I have just now consider'd on't, and have concluded together to make a jovial Wedding, and in troth I am a little in haste too I must confess, and know not well how to stay any longer; for I have such pritty thoughts come into my mind concerning the Wedding-night, and then *Nid*; and concerning the Sack-posset and then *Nid*; and when the Candle is taken away and then *Nid*; but what then is to be done. I do but guess *Nid*: but I vow and swear and will take my Oath on't, that I long till that time is come that I may know *Nid*; and 'faith old Soul to make up our merry company I invite thee to come and see us joyn'd together next *Saturday*, and thou shalt be as welcome as any Man in *England*, I would have it on *Saturday*. *Nid*, because we may lie in Bed all day

on

on *Sunday*, and that's all at present *Ned* but the more is to come.

R. H.

The Answer.

Honest Robin,

I Perceive by your short Epistle, that you now think your self to be Man good enough to venture on a Woman, and I am glad to hear that you have got one to your mind; Faith Bob *in my mind thou art much to be commended that thou dost not make a foolish long and tedious wooing, for that signifies nothing; when they have done all they must take one another for better and for worse, as the Parson says; and if it must be so it must, then high for a Boy or a Girl the very first night: for I perceive* Bob *that thou art a litte tickled with the thoughts of it already, by my Mack old Boy thou need'st not question my coming, for I am resolved to be there, and will pick me up a Spouse of my own if I can, if not I protest and swear I'le make use of any one that belongs to some body else and so much for that*

Thine

E. P.

A Letter of Farewel sent to a Friend, from one that is going a long Journey.

Kind Sir,

SInce for several years we have been conversant together, and have held a great correspondency together in way of friendship and also business; I could not leave my Native Country and betake my self to travel without letting you know of my departure Sir, which will be the next opportunity I can have for transporting my self and Family into the East-*Indies*, and I am informed that we may have a conveniency of Shipping within this Month; within which time if I may be so happy as to see you in Town I shall take it as a great favour, if not Sir I humbly recommend this to your hands, which will let you know that I give you a thousand thanks for all kind courtesies which I have received from you, and if it please God that I return again into *England* I will be sure to come and wait on you my self; who am

Yours in all places whilst

G. R.

The

The Answer.

Dear Sir,

YOur Letter at first sight did very much surprize me, to think that I so suddenly should lose so good a Friend, but afterwards considering that your wisdom would prompt you to nothing but what shall be to your advantage and preferment, I thought I had no reason to envy at your happiness or to advise you to the contrary. I am very sorry that I cannot personally appear before you to make an humble acknowledgement how much I am your Debtor, for all those kind favours which I have received from you time after time; I doubt I cannot get so much leisure from my urgent affairs in the Country, as to come and wait upon you before your departure; however Sir I shall beg of God for your safe passage through Neptune's raging Waves, and that in safety you may again return, which if I live to see, I'le strive to be the first that shall come and kiss your hand, who am Sir,

Yours where ever I am

N. B.

How

How to begin and end Letters with new Complements.

Sir,

BEing sensible of all those former favours where-with you have obliged me, I could do no less but make an humble acknowledgement for those unmerited kindnesses which you have been pleased to confer upon me.

Sir,

Since the last time I saw you, abundance of Worldly sorrows have surrounded me; insomuch that I have been uncapable of serving my Friends of whom I reckon you the chief.

Sir,

What ever Tongue can express or Heart can wish of the welfare of any real and beloved Friend, I wish and desire may always attend you, but setting aside all ceremonious complements, these may give you to understand, *&c.*

Sir,

I know your discretion to be so great, and your Love so unfeigned that you will not misconstrue any mistake that I shall make in this Letter: therefore I shall not be so curious as at other times I ought to

to be when I write to those that are more critical, &c.

Sir,

In considering your manifold obligations wherewith you have obliged me, it puts me in mind how much I am your Debtor, and how unable I am at present to make you satisfaction, thanks is too mean a present for so much worthiness, yet at present Sir may serve to let you know that I am not ungrateful, &c.

Sir,

If I knew which way to gratifie you for all those favours which you have accumulated upon my undeserts, I would not all this while have remained your Debtor, &c.

Sir,

After a recommendation of my good wishes, and my hearty prayers for your good health and preservation, these may certifie you that, &c.

Madam,

Your Ladyship I hope need not question my faithfulness in serving you, but shall ever account it the greatest honour that can be conferred upon me to be reckoned amongst the number of your Servants, and all my comfort will be in being obedient to your commands, though at present I must confess, &c.

Madam,

Madam,

If loving you be reckon'd and accounted a crime, then I am certain that I am the greatest criminal in the whole World, yet am I also sure that the wretch that loves you not must be a Devil, *&c.*

Madam,

In the fresh remembrance of those pleasant charms I gain'd from your resplendent eyes at our last meeting, I take bold courage to salute your ears with these presumptuous words, that I am your Lover, *&c.*

Sir,

Since our last meeting I very well can remember your unworthiness at that time, pray forbear to say you are my Lover, for I utterly disown your Sute; your rudeness would have blunted the edge of my affection if I ever had any for you, but that is more then you ever knew, *&c.*

Madam,

The humble adorer of your excellent beauty hath sent these submissive Lines to kiss your fair hands, which kindness if you smiling please to grant, the Authour of them will presume e're long to wait upon you, and with bended knees prostrate himself before so much Divinity, *&c.*

Sir,

Sir,

Vain words will not advance you to your aim, for 'tis not flatteries that will avail or work your ends upon her that has past the Age of twenty; Children may be deluded with fair speeches, but riper years do look for more substantial performances: therefore pray desist, &c.

Madam,

A World of Joys and comfort flows from every word I ever heard you speak; from every smiling look you ever cast upon me; Madam, look on and speak again, making your slave more happy then all others.

Sweet-heart,

I humbly thank you for your last kindness when I was at your house, and if ever I live to see you again I hope I shall make you part of amends, &c.

Kind Sir,

You need not have given your self the trouble to have writ me those thanks for those small civilities which you received at our house; all I can say to you is that you were welcome, and if you are pleased to think your self so, pray let us have your company again, &c.

Honest Will,

'Faith you know I love you, and that is better then

then all the complements in the World; downright dealing is most acceptable amongst Friends, for flatteries are fit for nothing but to please Women and Children, *&c.*

Sir,

With humble reverence I submit my self to your discretion, not doubting but your goodness will order my concerns to the best advantage, being more capable of discerning what may stand for my future benefit then any other person living; therefore I wholly condescend to what you shall determine in this matter, *&c.*

Sir,

Your Wisdom has confounded my second thoughts, therefore I refer my self to your better judgement, and I'le assure you that on my part there shall no more disturbances arise that may in any ways be prejudicial to our mutual society hereafter, *&c.*

Sir,

You may command me upon all accounts to serve you, being always ready to communicate my assistance to a person so much deserving as your self; therefore write but your Will and Pleasure and it shall be done, *&c.*

Sir,

Wit in other Men seems to be but a florid way of speaking to set forth a bad action with the greater lustre

luſtre, but in you it ſhews it ſelf with ſo much gravity that every word which flows from you, appears to me to be an Oracle, *&c.*

Madam,

Let me beſeech you not to condole the loſs of your blaſted beauty, ſince that your better ornament does ſtill remain inviolable; I mean your virtue which is a precious Jewel lodged in your mind, which time decyphering wrinkles cannot wrong; but it will abide to perpetuity, *&c.*

Sir,

I muſt confeſs the gay and glorious bloſſom has it's firſt time which laſts not long but withers and decays, and then we expect the more ſubſtantial fruit to follow. Youth and Beauty may flouriſh for a while, but Age calls out for action to adorn the Mind and Soul of every Man and Woma[illegible] *&c.*

Sir,

When firſt I heard of thoſe great diſaſters which have lately befallen you, I equally ſhared in your misfortunes; but ſince 'tis gone and paſt, let me deſire you inſtead of grief and mourning to accept my conſolation, *&c.*

Sir,

Every thing underneath the glorious Sun at one time or other muſt undergo and feel the ſence of ſorrow; ſome have a larger portion then the reſt,

and none can truly say they live in quiet, but those that do enjoy a contented mind, *&c.*

Sir,

Suppose I angry was at your abuse: 'twas not only that you were injurious to me but that I might thereby let you see your own folly, which being known I hope you will amend, *&c.*

Madam,

Let me beg of you to be free and not conceal the Love you bear my friend any longer: for if Love have not it's natural course and vent, like to the flames of fire, which being suppress't, may breath and smother undiscovered for a time, but when it once breaks forth it burns more fiercer, *&c.*

Madam,

You know your powerful charms have no resistance, then be not cruel when none dares contend but when you find an opposition to your will; then use what severity shall best become your Sex, *&c.*

Madam,

Nature has curiously framed your outward shape beyond the parallel of your fellow creatures; then do not strive to stain what she hath made by any immodest and unseemly Action, you know how unkind you have been, *&c.*

Madam,

Madam,

You have honoured me ſo far that it is beyond all expreſſion, my obedience to your will ſhall be my preſent acknowledgement; and for the future I will be ſure to hearken to your command.

Sir,

You have tyed me ſo ſtrong in the bonds of true affection that they are infringeable to envy it ſelf; though I know I have ſeveral enemies abroad in this malicious World, that would be glad to cauſe a ſeparation of our friendſhip but it is beyond their power. I now muſt tell you Sir, *&c.*

Sir,

Let me beg of you once more to make us happy with your good company at *London*, where you ſhall find your welcome by your freedom, and we ſhall know your acceptance by your continuance, *&c.*

Sir,

Your Letter I received and am glad to hear of your welfare; as touching the buſineſs which you have commanded me to effect, it ſhall be done according to your content; therefore reſt your ſelf ſatisfied with my reality, *&c.*

Sir,

Few words amongſt friends are beſt, as for what you have heard, keep to your ſelf, for it is very dan-

gerous to be a medler in those cases; I have other business to acquaint you with, *&c.*

Sir,

My humble service I present to you and your Bedfellow, wishing you true joy, long life and health in this World, and everlasting joys in the World to come, we are all well at present I bless God, I would desire you to send, *&c.*

Switt Sir,

I admire that I have never seen you all this while, I hope my looks did not fright you when you were last at our house, if some of your quality had but half the invitation as I have given you, I should have seen them often in this time; but 'tis no matter, *&c.*

Ah Madam!

Impute not my so long absence to be any neglect of mine, for had I been at my own disposing I would scarcely have been ever from you; but sickness, *&c.*

Madam,

If Love be blind as some Men say he is, I wonder how he come to hit my heart so right, he has wounded me and 'twas in darkness too, and so that none but you alone can cure, *&c.*

Sir,

Sir,

I wonder why so many young Men talk of *Cupid* and his Feather'd Darts that wounds their breasts, and yet they know not when. In my opinion they are much mistaken, for Love proceeds at first from each others eyes; and after that want of enjoyment of a beauty once seen may cause a kind of troublesome passion to arise, and this is my belief concerning Love.

Sir,

Let me desire you as you love your self to fly from this infected place, where nothing but Murthers and Rapes are daily threatned, I heard but the other day, *&c.*

Sir,

You may imagine that I love you, else I should not have carried my self in such a familiar manner as I did last night to you who were so much a stranger to me, perhaps you may think me wanton but, *&c.*

Sir,

Let me beg of you not to remember my past faults, but forget and forgive them all, burying them in oblivion, and for the future I will be more careful of offending, *&c.*

Sir,

In anger I write to you not to trouble your self with my concerns, but mind your own business; I believe you will find enough to do at home, it may be I may find you some employment shortly if you have none of your own, in the mean time pray let me advise you to bridle your Tongue, or else, *&c.*

Sir,

Let me desire you not to regard the vulgar report of the common sort of people, for they will say any thing: Neither do they regard who it is they wrong, exclaiming against any person behind his back whom just before they applauded before his Face, and this is their common course, *&c.*

Life of my Soul,

Let not my absence provoke thee so far as to be jealous of my inconstancy for thus much assure thy self, that where ever I am my heart is with thee, and nothing but death shall alter my resolutions, which are to make thee my Wife, *&c.*

Supplements, with choice phrases and and sentences to be used in the middle of Letters upon all occasions.

WHat else may be added to our good success in proceedings of this Nature, I leave to your wiser judgement to consider on.

After Madam I have said all I can say, I must leave it to your goodness to make a good and favourable construction upon my honest intentions.

I know Sir nothing can be more suitable to my present condition then your good advice, which I will certainly be guided by; knowing that what ever you admonish me to act or do, must on necessity be for my present and future advantage.

You may remember Madam that at our last meeting, you promised me that I should have a second happiness, by meeting you next *Monday* morning where we met before.

Let not delays frustrate your design, for you know they often prove dangerous, therefore let me advise you to strike whilst the Iron is hot.

Consult with your Parents first Sir, and get their good wills, and you shall ever find me to be according to my promise.

Expect no flatteries from your publick enemy, for your deserts deserve no favour but a just revenge shall certainly be your portion.

What I have said is cordial and you may believe it and count me your Friend in telling you the truth of this matter, whose effects without your care will prove I doubt very dangerous.

Never doubt nor fear but first of all make Tryal; experience is the best Mistress; I doubt not but that she will be kind, and that all things may succeed according to your desire.

Thousands you know have miscarried for want of making a quick pursuit in such concerns as yours are; you know that a place of good preferment is soon catcht up.

Consult with reason first, and be not over-rash in your attempts, lest you precipitate your whole design.

Love me then as you have begin in spite of all their furious anger, you know my constancy and dear affections will never alter but remain for ever firm.

I doubt not but you are disposed to Melancholy, therefore let me advise you to leave that lonesome place, and betake your self to the City; where you will find diversity of subjects that will expose you to a harmless mirth, and innocent Recreation.

Exclaim not Madam against your sole admirer, one

one that adores your very name like a sacred deity; one that hath *Atlas* strength to bear and undergo the greatest burthens that affliction or torment can lay upon him for your sweet sake.

I grant your sute Sir if your love be true, but first you must give me leave to make trial of your constancy.

I must confess that many have been beguil'd by smooth tongues and flattering speeches, but mine you have no reason to mistrust.

Consent not Daughter to their false delusions, for now a days not one Gallant amongst ten is to be believed; let your love be grounded on what I shall think reason, then will you live a happy life hereafter.

My Father's good will, Sir, you first must ask before I shall make my self any surer to you, yet this I will tell you, if what you demand be according to his good liking, I can satisfie you, that I fancy you above any other Man.

That Song you sung so ravisht all my senses last night, that I shall not think my self happy till once again I hear it from your mouth.

Then blest be that hour that first I made the motion, since according to my desire you have granted my request; for I am obliged in duty Madam to make a more then verbal acknowledgement.

Your business Sir I have carefully minded, which

succeeds according to your wish, the Man you told me was your chiefest witness I met in Town, and have secured him till the Trial shall be, and according to his evidence I question not but that you in your suite will prove victorious.

I had sooner been with you, Sir, had not my Horse tired by the way; insomuch that I was forced to lie still two whole days, because he was not able to perform the Journey.

Your Letters of advice, Sir, came too late, for I had then dispatched the business before their arrival; however if I can serve you in the like nature I shall gladly be commanded by you.

No more your aged Father's counsel disrespect, least that I count it wilful disobedience, what I advise you to is for your own advantage, as yet you know the power is in my hands to make you happy or for ever miserable.

I hope you cannot justly task me, Sir, with disobedience, for rather then I would prove undutiful to so good a Father, I would make choice of my sharp pointed Sword to be my fatal Executioner.

I know your clemency and well disposed mind is apter to forgive my faults, then I can have the confidence to ask your pardon; pray Sir, be therefore satisfied in my protestations that I not only love, but also honour you.

I shall endeavour so to use my time to the best advantage of my future good, that you my aged Parents may have joy and comfort at all times when ever you see my face.

Learn-

Learning I know is a moſt precious Jewel, not to be obtained without a careful ſtudy and induſtry; my diligence ſhall therefore be to the utmoſt of my power to acquire to my ſelf ſo rich a gem which is of that great value.

You know that none ſhall ever reap the profit of your Learning but your ſelf, therefore my child ſeek it and thou ſhalt have it.

I am glad to hear that you are merry, for it is a ſign that you are in health, but let me adviſe you Child, to have a care, that Vanity take not up too much Room in your mind and heart, ſupplying that place which ſhould contain profounder knowledge, ſtealing away your thoughts from following better things.

I always, Sir, do conſult with reaſon in my affairs before I pitch upon any deſign; therefore after I have had ſome ſmall time to deliberate my thoughts I ſhall be ready and willing to give you my opinion and beſt judgement in this matter.

Love is a thing that I never yet ſtudied, therefore you tell me ſtrange news about it; but I will conſider on't, and if I find I can love any Man it ſhall be you as ſoon as any body I know of.

But ſince our Parents angry are and will not give their conſents that we ſhould marry together, I am reſolved if you will agree to appoint a time, when privately we may make our ſelves happy though againſt their wills.

'Tis true I love, and that you know full well, but willingly

willingly would have our Friend's good will, yet since you are resolved to take me at a venture, name but the time and I will surely meet you, for I had rather offend all my friends, then in the least to prove unkind or fickle to thee my dearest Love and only joy.

Admire not that I appear to be somewhat strange to your propositions, for I know that you have ever been unconstant; therefore I shall be careful how I settle my affections on a sudden.

Stoop not so low as once to condescend to act such folly, for ruine will attend all those that without consideration match themselves to such extravagancy.

I heartily could wish the time were come that both our hearts and hands might be united, I willingly would run a lawful course, yet hardly can indure to stay so long; why should I be delayed from that sweet enjoyment which every night I dream on without redress, 'tis real pleasure that I want my dear.

Conclusions and endings of Letters of all sorts, and upon all occasions.

THus do I take my leave and submit my self to your Lordships pleasure who am,

The humblest of your Servitors

A. B.

I never thought my self more happy, then when I was busie in prosecuting your Worlhip's just commands, therefore let me beg of you to harbour no ill opinion of him; who is

The only admirer of your Worlhip's virtues

B. C.

Thus, honoured Sir, do I commit my self to your just censure, knowing that you will be favourable to

Your distressed Servant

C. D.

Much might be added worthy Sir upon this same business; but time will not give me leave any longer to insist thereon; I therefore at this time shall

shall conclude, and only acknowledge that I am and ever will be to my death,

Your faithful Friend and most humble Servant

D. E.

But lest I should seem troublesome in being too tedious in this my Letter; I shall only add this to my former acknowledgements, that I am

Your most obliged and most faithful Servant

E. F.

Consider well on what I have writ you word of; and meditate on it at your leisure; which is all from

Your affectionate Father

F. G.

What ever you have writ to me shall so deeply be lodged in my breast, that nothing but death shall take it from thence, which I hope will be a satisfaction to you, from Sir

Your dutiful Son

G. H.

My dearest Soul, blame me not for my suspition and

and jealousie of thy unconstancy, but rather pardon it, for it proceeds from the abundance of love of him who is

The only adorer of thy beauty

H. L.

And if your suspition Sir be grounded out of your own imagination and all without cause, I shall not desire that you should adore me, but imploy your time in learning to be wiser, and that is all from her who is

Yours more than you deserve

I. K.

But to sum up all complements in one Line, I am Sir

Yours till death, in death, and after death

K. L.

Now since your folly I have pretty well discovered, I think it is time to leave off at this time, only telling you that I am

Your Friend more than you are your own

L. M.

Therefore

Therefore Sir let me desire you not to question my fidelity in this concern, but rely wholly upon

Your most faithful Friend

M. N.

Ah Madam what shall I say more that might move you to compassion, a thousand Sheets of Paper would be too little to contain the full description of my sorrows, which night and day I do undergo for want of the enjoyment of your Love; 'tis nothing else I ask dear Madam but one smile from your sweet self, which if you would but grant it would revive

Your languishing and disconsolate Lover

N. O.

That which you ask dear Sir I out of pitty grant, for it never shall be said that I should so disturb so likely and so hopeful a Gentleman as your self, in denying him so small a request, when next you please to see me again, I'le meet you with a smile, and if that won't do I'le smile again, and so continue till you shall be satisfied, then I hope you will be pleased with her who is

Your compassionate and most loving Friend

M. P.

And

And *Joan* I now have only this to tell thee that in good truth I love thee dearly who am called by the name of

Robin Hog.

And that I may end my Letter just as you have done *Robin*, I must tell you that I love you as well as you love me which I had almost forgot, but I think such good words do never come too late; this is all from her who is thine, and honestly known by my proper name being my Mothers name who was born before me

Joan Sow.

Superscriptions for Letters, suitable for all Degrees and Qualities of Men and Women.

TO the most High and Mighty Monarch, His sacred Majesty of *Great Brittain.*

Or thus,

To the most Gracious and Victorious Monarch, *Cæsar Augustus. Salutem.*

Nobility.

To the most Illustrious Prince.
To his Royal Highness *James* Duke of *York*.

But to other Dukes thus,

To the most Renowned Duke.
To the Right Honourable Earl of, *&c.*
To the Honourable Lord.

Gentry.

To the Right Worshipful *R. T.* Knight Baronet.
To the Worshipful *R. T.* Knight.
To the Worshipful Esquire.
To the most Impartial and upright Judges.
To the most wise and most discreet Statesman.
To the most pious, most grave, and most religious Clergy-man.

To Professors of Liberal Arts and Sciences.

To the most Eloquent and most florid Rhetorician.
To the most Skilful, most Learned, and approved Physician.
To the most crafty and most subtle Logician.

To Poets thus.

To the Muses best adorers.

Or thus.

To the Laureated Society. *To*

To Lawyers thus.

To the most skilful and most Impartial Friend, *&c.*

To the most skilful and most aiery Musician.
To his worthy and noble, and highly esteemed Patron.

To Kindred and Relations.

To his Honoured and Welbeloved Father *H. P.*
To his dear and tender Mother.
To his most affectionate Brother or Sister.
To his dearly beloved Wife.
To her dearly beloved Husband.
To his loving Unkle.
To the honourable Colonel.
To the couragious and most valiant Captain.

To Lovers.

To the Life of my Soul Mrs. *A. B.*
To the Mistress of my best thoughts *E. C.*
To the fair hands of the Honoured Lady.
To the fair hands of the Honoured Lady, Madam *R. S.*
To the fulness of my true contentment, Mistress *S. L.*
To the hope of my Fortunes Mrs. *J. P.*
To my best choice Mrs. *P. P.*
To the only joy of my heart Mrs. *D. D.*
To my Heaven upon Earth Mrs. *J. F.*
To the faireſt and most Angelical Beauty in the whole Universe Mrs. *R. T.*
To the adored and most venerable demi-goddess Madam *J. K.*

To

To ordinary Friends and Acquaintance.

Theſe to his loving and much eſteemed Friend Mr. *A. B.*

Theſe to his true and truſty Friend Mr. *B. C.*

To his honourable Friend Mr. *C. D.*

To her newly diſpleaſed Friend Mr. *D. E.*

To her beſt reſolved Friend Mr. *E. F.*

To her well adviſed Friend Mr. *F. G.*

To his loving and long expected Friend Mr. *G. H.*

To her moſt diſquieted Friend Mr. *H. I.*

To his reſpected Friend Mr. *J. K.*

To his approved Friend Mrs. *K. L.*

To her moſt worthy Friend Mrs. *L. M.*

To his well experienced and moſt eſteemed noble Friend Mr. *M. N.*

To his well diſpoſed Friend *N. O.*

To his much diſordered Friend *O. P.*

To his unkind and ill adviſed Friend *P. Q.*

To his perjur'd and laſcivious Wife *R. S.* at her Lodgings in *Moor-fields.*

To the jealous Pimp and Cuckold my Husband *S. S.* at his Lodgings in *Whetſtones*-Park.

To his ſuddenly diſpleaſed Friend Mr. *S. T.*

To her worthy Friend Mr. *T. T.* Adventurer in *Barbadoes.*

To his true and truſty Friend Mr. *V. W.* Factor in *Jamaica.*

Doctor in Divinity.

To the moſt pious and moſt Learned Doctor *W. A.*

Doctor

Doctor in Phyſick.

To the moſt eminent and moſt skilful Doctor *A. B.*

To a Biſhop.

To the moſt Holy, moſt Learned, moſt Benevolent, and moſt Reverend Father in God, *John* Lord Biſhop of, *&c.*

To Mrs. *Twattle* you may eaſily find the houſe,
For ſhe at Mr. *Woodcock*'s does caroufe.

Toſtes

Posies for Rings, or Motto's fit for Presents.

I Love you well, Your self can tell.
Let Virtue guide, My lawful Bride.
Sure you mistake, That bargain's to make.
My tender heart, Disdain makes smart.
My Love, Shall ever faithful prove.
I moan, Because I lie alone.
Absence ne're parts, Two loving hearts.
This and the giver, Are thine for ever.
I vow to kiss, Her that reads this.
The Love I owe, In this I show.
No Turtle Dove, Shall shew more Love.
As I affect thee, So respect me.
The gift is small, But Love is all.
When this you see, Remember me.
This to a Friend, I freely send.
Well directed, If well accepted.
I'le not express, What you may guess.
When this you see, Think well of me.
Virtue and Love, Are from above.
More near to me, Then Life can be.
Though Friends cross Love, We'll meet above.
'Tis Love alone, Makes two but one.
You and I, Will Lovers die.
I seek to be, Both thine and thee.
I am sure to die, If you deny.
In thee each part, Doth catch a heart.
My true Love is, Endless as this.
When *Cupid* fails, The eye prevails.
Your blest sight, Is my delight.

I wiſh to have, But bluſh to crave.
I wiſh you knew, What I owe you.
My conſtant Love, Shall ne're remove.
Take this in part, Of my true heart.
For one ſweet kiſs, I give you this.
Nothing for thee, Too dear can be.
Deſire like fire, Doth ſtill aſpire.
In troth you know, It muſt be ſo.
My Love you know, Then ſay not no.
If you this foregoe, You are my foe.
I love thee *Jone*, And thee alone.
I love thee *John*, Therefore come on.
My mind is bent, And I am content.
T'le venture, Till I find Love's center.
I was an Aſs, Should I let you paſs.
In midſt of grief, Love ſends relief.
Where Hearts agree, No ſtriſe can be.
I joy to find, A conſtant mind.
Love never dies, Where Virtue lies.
Love's delight, Is to unite.
Let Friend nor Foe, This ſecret know.
I muſt confeſs, Love goes by gueſs.
The nigher kin, The further in.
What I have done, Declare to none.
My name is *Harry*, And *Doll* I'le marry.
Come when you will, I am yours ſtill.
I'le take my Oath, To part I'm loath.
I'le ſwear and vow, That I love you.
I hope to meet, Some kiſſes ſweet.
Though this be ſmall, You ſhall have all.
When I am well, Have at thee *Nell*.
I hope your mind's, To Love inclin'd.
Forgive, Or elſe I cannot live.
You'l ever find, Me very kind.
I am full of Love, Towards you my Dove.
I this preſent, With good intent.

What

What more I owe, You'l shortly know.
True Friends, By Love are made amends.
Cupid's command, Who can withstand.
Think well of me, When this you see.
When you see this, Blow me a kiss.
My only joy, Be not so coy.
I love till death, Shall stop my breath.
Unto the end, I'le be your Friend.

The

A COLLECTION OF THE Newveſt Songs, AND MERRY CATCHES: WHICH Are now ſung either at Court or Theatres.

SONG I.

WHy ſhould ſo much beauty fear,
Round this Iſle the Heavens appear,
Like your own ſtreams undiſturb'd and clear:
Thoſe beauteous Nymphs unfrightned too,
Not minding what another ſhews, they do
Their innocent delight purſue.

Why ſhould ſo much beauty dye,
Or ſo ſweet a Soul deny,
The delights of thoſe keep company:
But whilſt 'tis freſh and bloſſoming,
Ne're make delays in any thing,
But grant thoſe joys moſt pleaſure bring.

Your ſweet ſmiles and dimple cheek,
Fatal are to all they meet,
And lay them proſtrate at your feet:
Then dear Nymph for once be kind,
Let ſighs and ſhrieks be left behind;
Whilſt innocent our ſport we find.

SONG II.

NOw that the cold Winter's expell'd by the Sun,
And the Fields that did pennance in Snow;
Have put Madam Natures gay Livery on,
Embroyder'd with flowers to make a fine ſhow:
Since the Hills and the Valleys with pleaſure abound,
Let Mortals bear a part and the Frolick go round.

Hark, hark, how the birds in ſweet conſort conſpire,
The Lark and the Nightingale joyn;
And in every Grove there's an amorous Choire,
While nothing but mirth is their harmleſs deſign:
Since the Hills and the Valleys together abound,
Let Mortals bear a part and the Frolick go round.

Methinks the god *Pan*, whoſe Subjects we are,
Sits and ſmiles on his flowery Throne;
He accepts our kind offering every one,
Our May-pole's his Scepter, our Garland his Crown:
Since the Hills and the Valleys together abound,
Let Mortals bear a part and the Frolick go round.

SONG.

SONG III.

THe delights of the Bottle, and the charms of good Wine,
To the Powers and the Pleasures of Love must resign:
Though the Nights in the Joys of good drinking be past,
The debauches but till the next morning do last:
But Love's great debauch is more lasting and strong,
For that often lasts a Man all his Life long.

Love and Wine are the bonds which fasten us all,
The World but for these to confusion would fall:
Were it not for the Pleasure of Love and good Wine,
Mankind for each trifle their lives would resign;
They'd not value dull Life but would live without thinking,
Nor would Kings rule the World but for Love and good Drinking.

SONG IV.

TEll me no more you love,
Unless you will grant my desire,
E'ry thing will prove
But Fuel unto my Fire:

'Tis not for kisses alone
So long have I made my address;
There's something else to be done,
Which you cannot chuse but guess.

'Tis not a charming ſmile,
That brings me my perfect joys,
Nor can I be beguil'd
With ſighs or craving eyes.

There is an eſſence within
Kind Nature has clear'd the doubt:
Such bliſs cannot prove a Sin
Therefore I will find it out.

SONG V.

Dorinda's *lamentation for* Amintas.

ADieu to the pleaſures and follies of Love
For a paſſion more noble my fancy doth move,
My Shepherd is dead and I live to proclaim
With ſorrowful notes my *Amintas* his Name:
The Wood-Nymphs reply when they hear me complain,
Thou never ſhalt ſee thy *Amintas* again:
For Death hath befriended him
Fate hath defended him
None, none alive is ſo happy a Swain.

You Shepherds and Nymphs that have danc'd to his lays
Come help me to ſing forth *Amintas*'s praiſe,
No Swain for the Garland durſt with him diſpute
So ſweet were his Notes whilſt he ſung to his Lute:
Then come to his Grave and your kindneſs purſue
To weave him a Garland of Cypreſs and Yew:
For life hath forſaken him
Death has retaken him
No Swain again will be ever ſo true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched Eſtate,
I loſt him too ſoon, and I lov'd him too late:

You

You Ecchoes and Fountains my witnesses prove
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my Love;
And now of our *Pan* whom we chiefly adore
This favour I never will cease to implore,
That I may go above
And there enjoy my Love
And live more happy than ever before.

The Catholick Lover.

SONG VI.

'Tis not enough great gods, 'tis not enough,
That I one single beauty love,
No, no, Eternal powers if you
Envy the peace my mind once knew,
If 't be my Fate to be a slave:
If I must love and such passions have;
Let not one Quiver, or one Bow,
One glance, one dart, one Arrow do;
Let many eyes my freedom break,
Let many chains me Captive make,
'Tis *Cæsar*-like
From many wounds a death to take.

SONG VII.

LOng since fair *Clavinda* my passion did move
Whilst under my friendship I cover'd my Love,
But now I must speak though I fear 'tis in vain
'Tis too late in my Death to dissemble my pain;
In telling my Love though I fear she'l deny
I shall ease my sad heart and more quietly dye.

Ah sure by my eyes you my passion might find,
No friendship e're languish'd or look'd half so kind;
Though I said not I lov'd, you might see it too plain,
Friends use not to sigh, nor to speak with such pain:
Each touch of your hand such a warmth did inspire,
My Face was all flam'd and my heart all a fire.

My thoughts are so tender, my Tongue cannot tell,
What bliss wou'd be yours could you love half so well;
Let the thing with a Title our property move,
Let him have the shew, and let me have the Love:
I have lov'd you so long that if now you delay,
You'l owe me so much as you never can pay.

SONG VIII.

WHat sighs and groans now fill my breast,
And suffer me to take no rest
For my *Carmelia*, Oh she's gone,
And left me here to sigh alone:
But is she dead? Then I'le go see
If in her Grave there's room for me.

Oh cruel Fate that so design'd,
To take her and leave me behind;
And thou Oh death whose quick Alarms,
Have snatcht her rudely from my Arms:
Canst thou not find a way for me,
To my *Carmelia*'s breast to flee.

Dye then *Anselmio*! why dost stay,
Since thy *Carmelia* leads the way?
Oh! die yet faster, do not live,
That dearest Nymph for to survive.

Now

Now deareſt Soul I come, I fly
Always to live with thee, I die.

SONG IX.

WHy ſhould Friends and Kindred gravely make thee
Wrong thy ſelf and cruelly forſake me;
Be ſtill my deareſt Miſtreſs: hang Relations,
Love's above their dull conſiderations:
Let 'em live and heap up treaſure,
Whilſt that thee and I enjoy our pleaſure.

He that ſeeks a Miſtreſs in a portion,
Puts himſelf to uſe with damn'd extortion;
If he muſt be brib'd to copulation,
Pox upon his Love 'tis out of faſhion:
Where we like, no matter what the eſtate is,
'Tis not Love except we ſhew it *Gratis*.

How to ſee the Miſer have I wondred,
Weighing out his paſſion by the Hundred;
Ne're conſulting Birth nor Education,
Vertue without Wealth's but prophanation:
Be ſhe old or ugly 'tis no matter,
So ſhe is but rich, he'l venture at her.

Joynture is a ſordid Lay-invention,
Quite beſide our Nature and Intention;
When we wou'd agree it makes reſiſtance
Finding tricks to keep us at a diſtance:
Then who poorly make a new Election,
Suffers wealth to trouble his affection.

SONG X.

A Rant.

MAke a noiſe
Pull it out
And drink about
Brave Boys:
T'other Cup,
Fill the Glaſs
You ſober Aſs
Turn up;
Why ſo ſad
Wee'le have more
Upon the ſcore
My Lad:
Let the Rabble
Prate and babble
Fastre Diable
We will all be mad.
Sing a Catch
Serenade
In Maſquerade
The Watch,
Prittle prattle
Tittle tattle
Give 'em battle
They ſhall find their match.

See they come
Staves and Pikes
Who ever ſtrikes
Strike home:

Come

Come Boys draw
Fairly meet
'Em in the ſtreet
Saw! Saw!
Bravely done
Cut and ſlaſh
The Weapons claſh
They run.
How they wallow
Let us follow
Hoop and hallow
For the day is won:
All's our own,
Every Crack
Muſt on her back
Lye down;
Let us muſter
In a cluſter
Huff and bluſter
For we rule the Town.

Play along,
Sing and chant
A merry Rant
Among;
Lay about,
Look you Whores
Shut all your doors
And flout.
All prepare
See the Sluts
Draw up the ſhuts
Beware
Batts and Cinders
Break the Windows
Nothing hinders

Let 'em have a care
Together clash
In they go,
At every throw,
Dash! dash!
Hark they tumble
How they rumble
Now the Whores are quasht.

Boys dispatch
'Tis enough
That we can huff
The Watch:
Back again
To the *Sun*
Come let us run
Amain;
There we'l stay
Roar and drink
And never think
Of day.
Time, with Lasses
Pots and Glasses
Sweetly passes
How it slides away:
Let the Fool,
He that thinks
And sleeps and drinks
By Rule;
By a measure
At his leasure
Take his pleasure
And grow wisely dull.

SONG

SONG XI.

A Wife I do hate
For either she's false or she's jealous,
But give me a Mate
That nothing will ask, or tell us.
She stands not on terms
Nor chaffers by way of Indenture:
Nor loves for your Farms,
But takes the kind Man at a venture.

If all prove not right,
Without Act, Process, or Warning,
From a Wife for a night,
You may be divorc'd the next morning:
Where Parents are slaves
Their Brats cannot be any other;
Great Wits and great Braves
Have always a Punk to their Mother.

SONG XII.

BE thou joyful I am jolly
In thy pleasure's my delight,
Art thou inclin'd to Melancholly
I am of that humour right;
For I can joy, or joys can slight.

Art thou lib'ral of embraces
I can also lavish be,
Or dost thou scorn to yield such graces
I can scorn as well as thee
Of these I can be nice or free.

Dost

Dost thou Joy I should attain thee
Then I will thy Servant be,
Or if my presence do disdain thee
I will never wait on thee,
For I can love or let thee be.

If to singing thou'lt apply thee,
I can warble Notes to thee,
Or if to sighing, Ile sigh by thee,
To thy passions Ile agree,
For I'm to all thy humours free.

Dost thou joy I should come near thee
With a heart both firm and true?
Or dost thou fly my sight and jear me?
Unto Lovers that's not new,
For I can stay, or bid adieu.

SONG XIII.

OH *Celia* come tell me how long it will be
Before you will grant my desire,
Is there no end of your cruelty
But must I consume in this fire?
You'l not say you love nor yet that you hate,
But delight for to see me languish;
Ah *Celia* take pitty of my desperate state,
And remove the cause of my anguish.

Ah *Celia* remember the pitiful moan
That came from your desperate Lover,
When I was sitting and sighing alone
Nor did I my *Celia* discover:

The

The Hills with the Valleys took ſhare of my grief
And Eccho'd my Lamentation;
Yet *Celia* unkind will not give me relief
But takes pleaſure in my vexation.

A Catch. XIV.

IF Wealth would keep a Man alive
I'de only ſtudy how to thrive,
That having got a mighty Maſs
Might then bribe Fate to let me paſs:
But ſince we can't prolong our years
Why ſpend we time in griefs and fears?
For ſince by deſtiny we dye
And muſt all paſs over the Ferry,
Hang ſickneſſes and cares
Since we han't many years
Let's have a ſhort life and a merry.

A Drinking Catch. XV.

COme away, t'other Glaſs
He's a temperate Aſs
That refuſes his brimmer of Rheniſh,
While our bottles go round
A new way we have found
Both our heads and our veins to repleniſh:
We'le be witty and brave when our Noddles are full,
While the ſober young Fop is but prudently dull:

With Wenches and wine
Our ſelves we refine,

From

From the droſs of the Puritan City
We care not a Louſe
For the dull Coffee-houſe
'Tis the Tavern that makes a Man witty:
In ſpight of misfortune thus happy we are,
In a jolly brave Soul that's a ſtranger to care.

SONG XVI.

WEre *Celia* but as chaſt as fair,
How could I kiſs the ſnare,
And therein lye
And ne're be tir'd with my Captivity:
But ſhe's a Whore, that cools my blood,
Oh! that ſhe were leſs handſome or more good.

Would you believe that there can reſt
Deceit within that breſt,
Or that thoſe Eyes
Which look like Friends are only ſpies:
But ſhe's a Whore, yet ſure I lie
May there not be degrees of Chaſtity.

No, no, what means that wanton ſmile
But only to beguile,
Thus did the firſt
Of Women make all Men accurſt:
I for their ſakes give Women o're,
The firſt was falſe the fairеſt is a Whore.

A

A drinking Catch. XVII.

WHat a madneſs it is to give over our drinking,
When *Apollo* is drunk you may know by his winking:
His Face is on flame, and his Noſe is ſo red,
It prediſts he is ſleepy and goes drunk to bed:
Let him ſleep to grow ſober while we tarry here,
And drink till the Morning appear.

Deſpair.

SONG XVIII.

MAke a Bed in the deep,
For me diſcontented poor Lover to ſleep,
Till the Cannons like Thunder
Rend the Heavens in ſunder,
And fright'ning the Main
Do force me at laſt to unwaken again.

When the Storms do ariſe
And with their proud Surges encounter the Skies,
My head finds a Pillow
On the top of a Billow
And I look for a Grave,
Within the cold Womb of a turbulent Wave.

The Wind ſhall convey
My Prayers unto her I adore e'ry day:
It gently ſhall move
Her to pitty her Love;

And

And each sigh that he hears
It shall whisper again into *Phillis*'s Ears.

If the Tempest do roar
Then *Phillis* alone is the Saint I implore,
If she will not appease
The rage of the Seas,
Nor calm the rough Weather
Ile breath out her name and my Life both together.

So the Ocean to me
Shall instead of a Tomb and a Sepulchre be,
And as I do glide
Too and fro with the Tide
Thereby is expresst
That a Lover may dye but he never can rest.

Over *Phillis* shall hover
The wand'ring Soul of her martyred Lover,
And if I do find her
To my memory kinder,
Oh then I shall never
Abandon her bosom but tarry for ever.

SONG XIX.

WHen a Woman that's buxom to a dotard doth wed,
'Tis a madness to think she'l be ty'd to his bed,
For who can resist a Gallant that is young
And a Man *All-a-mode* in his Garb and his Tongue:
His looks have such charms and his Language such force,
That the drowsie Mechanick's a Cuckold of course.

He

He brings her acquainted with Dons of the Court,
That are perſons of worth, and of civil report;
Thus ſhe cannot a kind opportunity want
For he'l truſt her with no Man except her Gallant:
Yet the confident Fop for her honeſty ſwears
So he grafts on himſelf the gay horns that he wears.

Thus happy are we that are yok'd to a Citt
For when ever we teach him he pays for his wit,
By his Duck that appear'd to be faithful and chaſt,
He finds himſelf Cuckold and beggar'd at laſt;
And the credulous Fool having drudg'd all his Life,
Proves a Thief to himſelf and a Pimp to his wife.

SONG XX.

LEt the Bowl paſs free
From him to thee
As it firſt came to me
'Tis pity that we ſhould confine it,
Having all either credit or coyn yet,
Let it e'en take it's courſe
There's no ſtopping it's foree
He that ſhuffles muſt inter-line it.

Lay aſide your cares
Of Shops and wares
And irrational fears
Let each breaſt be as thoughtleſs as his'n is,
That from his Bride newly riſ'n is:
We'le baniſh each foul
That comes here to condole
Or is troubled with Love or buſineſs.

The

The King we'l not name
Nor a Lady to enflame,
With desire to the Game
And into a dumpishness drive all;
Or make us run mad, or go Wive all:
We'l have this whole night
Set apart for delight
And our mirth shall have no corrival.

Then see that the Glass
Through it's circuit do pass,
Till it come where it was
And every Man's Nose been within it,
Till he end it that first did begin it:
As *Copernicus* found
That the World did turn round,
We will prove so does e'ry thing in it.

SONG XXI.

I Always resolved to be free from the charms
That Love with his subtilty e're could invent,
I kickt at his Deity laught at the harms
That he could devise to abridge my content:
But now I do find though the Lad he be blind,
The mark he hath hit and hath changed my mind;
A Boy though he be, yet his Manhood I see,
For with one poor Dart hath he conquered me.

I likewise before such beauties did see
With charms in their Tongues and darts in their eyes,
Who thought by their Wiles to intoxicate me
But never before my heart could surprise:

But

But now I do ſee that a ſlave I muſt be,
To one that before was a Servant to me;
For the angry god's Dart hath ſo pierced my heart,
No Balm that's apply'd but increaſeth the ſmart.

And thus being plung'd in that loving amaze
The place is a Labyrinth where I reſide,
Whoſe turnings and windings hath ſo many ways
That none can get out without help of a guide:
And my guide is ſo coy though my Soul I employ,
To lie at her feet, yet my hope ſhe'l deſtroy;
But rather then I'le keep parley with her eye,
To add to my bonds, I am reſolved to dye.

SONG XXII.

FAir *Clarinda* I do owe
All the Woe
That I know
To thoſe glorious looks alone,
Though you're an unrelenting ſtone:
The quick Light'ning from your eyes
Did ſacrifice
My unwiſe,
My unwary harmleſs heart,
And now you glory in my ſmart.

How unjuſtly you do blame
That pure flame
From you came
Vext with what your ſelf may burn,
Your ſcorns to Tinder did it turn:
The leaſt ſpark how Love can call
That does fall
On the ſmall

Scorch'd

Scorch'd remainder of my heart
Will make it burn in every part.

A Pastoral Song. XXIII.

AS I was sitting on the Grass
Within a silent shady Grove,
I over-heard a Countrey Lass
Was there bewailing of her Love:
My Love says she
Is ta'ne from me
And to the Wars is prest and gone;
He's marcht away
And gone to Sea,
Alack, alack, and a welladay
And left me here alone.

My Love he was the kindest Man
There's none that's like him in the Town,
He gently takes me by the hand
And gave me many a Green Gown;
With kisses sweet
He would me treat
And often sing a Roundelay:
And sometimes smile
Then chat a while,
That so we might the time beguile
A live-long Summers day.

My Love on *May-day* still would be
the earliest up of all the rest,
With Scarfs and Ribbons then would he
Of all the crew be finest drest;
With Morris Bells
And fine things else,

But

But when the Pipe began to play :
He danc'd ſo well
I heard e'm tell
That he did all the reſt excel,
And bore the bell away.

The Man that took my Love away
Was too, too harſh and too ſevere,
I gently on my knees did pray
That he my Love would then forbear ;
I offer'd too
A breeding Ewe
And Chilver-Lamb that was my own ;
Do what I cou'd
It did no good
He left me in this penſive mood
To ſigh and make my moan.

SONG XXIV.

WHen firſt I ſaw fair *Celia*'s face
So full of Majeſty and Grace,
As potent Armies do attack
The place can no reſiſtance make :
So ſhe by power has made her way
Unto my heart and there does ſtay
Receiving homage which I pay.

The force of Love who can withſtand
It is in vain to countermand,
What envious *Cupid* has decreed
Then my poor heart muſt ever bleed :
Till you fair Nymph by pitty mov'd
My paſſion having once approv'd
Can love as now you are belov'd.

It

It would be Gallantry in Love,
If *Celia* would the Act approve;
Where she so long has caus'd a smart
There to bestow at last her heart:
In doing so (fair Saint) you may,
From your blest name derive a day,
When Lovers all to you shall pray.

Against Poets.

SONG XXV.

WHat mean the dull Poets themselves to abuse,
With the pittiful Rhimes of an ignorant Muse;
No more in the praise of a Nymph let 'em prate,
Nor complain of the Stars or unkindness of Fate:
But if they must Rhime let 'em do't to some end,
And sing us a song of our Bottle and Friend.

They're in pittiful case with their heart and their flame,
And are puzled to find a new Mistresses name;
But once in a Stanza they must be in Love,
Then their *Protean* Mistress must any thing prove:
For their sence and their truth's are but Pimps to their Rhime,
And their Alphabet helps 'em to words that will chime.

The Mistress they fancy they fit to their mind,
In a minute she's pretty, coy, cruel, and kind;
Thus Women are Deities only in show
While to them they do all their constancy owe:

But

But in *Burgundy* we the fond paſſion will quench,
Or if we muſt love we will go to a Wench.

A Paſtoral Song, XXVI.

O *Delia!* for I know 'tis thee,
I know 'tis thee,
For nothing elſe could move
My tuneleſs heart, but ſomething from above;
I hate all Earthly Harmony,
Hark, hark, ye Nymphs and Satyrs all around;
Hark how the baffled Eccho faints and dies,
See how the winged Air all gaſping lies,
At the melodious ſound,
Mark while ſhe ſings
How they droop and flag their wings.
Angelick *Delia* ſing no more,
Thy Song's too great for mortal Ear;
Thy charming Notes I can no longer bear:
Oh then in pitty to the world give o're
And leave us ſtupid as we were before;
Fair *Delia* take the fatal choice
To vail thy beauty or ſuppreſs thy voice:
His paſſions thus poor *Celadon* betray'd,
When firſt he ſaw, when firſt he heard the lovely Maid.

SONG XXVII.

HAng up *Mars*
And his Wars
Give us drink,
We'le tipple my Lads together,

Thoſe

Thoſe are Slaves
Fools and Knaves
That have chink,
And muſt pay
For what they ſay
Do or think
Good fellows account for neither:
Be we round, be we ſquare,
We are happier than they are,
VVhoſe dignity works their ruine:
He that well the bowl rears
Can baffle his cares
And a fig for Death or undoing.

SONG XXVIII.

VVHen I ſee the young Men play
Young methinks I am as they,
And my aged thoughts laid by
To the dance with joy I fly:
Come a flowry Chaplet lend me
Youth and merry thoughts attend me.

Age be gone, we'le dance among
Thoſe that young are, and be young,
Bring ſome wine boy, fill about
You ſhal ſee the old Man's ſtout:
VVho can laugh and tipple too,
And be mad as well as you.

SONG

A Tavern Song, XXIX.

COme drink off your Liquor
'Twil make you the quicker
For Rhimes, Songs, Conceits, or for Ballads,
Be the Wine red or yellow
The cups deep or shallow
There's nought comes amiss to our Pallats.

Chorus.

Then come drink away
Be it night or be it day
The time shall be told as it passes:
The true Hour we shall know
By the Ebb and the Flow
Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.

It stands us upon
To change our Helicon
For Spring it was nothing but Water:
But hence springs a fire
That will quicken and inspire
And tickle our senses with laughter.

Chorus.

Then come drink away
Be it night or be it day
The time shall be told as it passes:
The true hour we do know
By the Ebb and the Flow
Of the jolly quart Pots and the Glasses.

SONG XXX.

Diogenes was merry in his Tub
And so let us be in our Club,
'Tis mirth that fills our brains with blood
More then either Sleep, Wine, or Food;
Let each Man keep his heart at ease
No Man e're dy'd of that Disease:
'Twil always keep thy body in health
Then value it above thy Wealth,
'Tis sadness and grief that doth bring
Diseases in Autumn, and in the Spring,
Then welcome harmless Mirth let's say
For the more we laugh, the more we may.

On a dead Horse, an Epitaph.

SONG XXXI.

HEre lies not in, but on Earth's Womb,
An Horse expos'd without a Tomb;
No winding-sheet, nor his own skin,
Nor laid by any of his Kin.
Yet was no Jade; Death had a race
And took him for a sprightly pace:
Now see his Funeral Exequies
Th' Ravens in Black do solemnize,
Unto the Skies they him exalt
Being Sepulchred in Airy Vault:
In living Tombs he thus out-prides
MECHA and *Ægypt* Pyramides:
Change now his Epitaph, say not here lies
A *Horse* but rather *here he flies.*

Mourn

Mourn not his Fate my Friends, ſince thus
The Horſe is now transform'd to *Pegaſus.*

SONG XXXII.

WHere the Bee ſucks there ſuck I
In a Cowſlip Bell I lye,
There I couch when Owls do cry,
On the Batt's back I do fly
After Summer merrily:
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I live now
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the Bough.

Anger, SONG XXXIII.

A Curſe upon thee for a ſlave
Art thou here, and heard'ſt me rave?
Fly not ſparkles from mine eye
To ſhew my indignation nigh?
Am I not all Foam and Fire
With voice as hoarſe as a Town Cryer?
How my back opes and ſhuts together
With fury as old Men's with Weather?
Could'ſt thou not hear my Teeth knack hither
Thou naſty ſcurvy mungril toad?
Miſchief on thee, light upon thee,
All the Plagues that can confound thee
Or did ever reign abroad:
Better a thouſand lives it coſt
Then have brave Anger ſpilt or loſt.

SONG XXXIV.

THe Pot and the Pipe
The Cup and the Can,
Have undone, quite undone
Many a Man.

The Hawk and the Hound
The Dice and the Whore,
Have undone, quite undone
Twice as many more.

A Scotch Song. XXXV.

I W'o not go to't, I mun not go to't
For Love nor eet for Fee,
For I am a Maid, and will be a Maid
And a good one till I dee:
Yet mine intent I could repent
For one Man's company.

SONG XXXVI.

HE that marries a merry Lass
He has moſt cauſe to be ſad,
For let her go free
In her merry tricks
She'l work his patience mad.

But he that marries a Scold, a Scold,
He has moſt cauſe to be merry,

For

For when she's in her fits
He may cherish his Wits
With singing hey down derry.

He that weds a roaring Girl
That will both scratch and fight,
Though he study all day
To make her away
He'l be glad to please her at night.

And he that copes with a sullen Wench
That scarce will speak at all:
Her doggedness more
Then a Scold or a Whore
Will penetrate his Gall.

He that's matcht with a Turtle Dove
That has no Spleen about her,
Shall wast so much Life
In love of his Wife
He had better be without her.

SONG XXXVII.

YOu Lovers love on
Lest the World be undone
And Mankind be lost by degrees,
For if all from their Loves
Should go wander in Groves
There soon would be nothing but Trees.

SONG XXXVIII.

WOman who is by nature wild
Dull bearded Man incloſes,
Of Nature's freedom we're beguild
By Laws which Man impoſes:
Who ſtill himſelf continues free
Yet we poor ſlaves muſt fetter'd be.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſt
Of for better for worſt
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature,
For Women ſhould change
And have Freedom to range
Like to every other wild Creature.

So gay a thing was ne're deſign'd
To be reſtrain'd from roving,
Heaven meant ſo changeable a mind
Should have its change in loving:
By cunning we cou'd make men ſmart
But they by ſtrength o'recome our Art.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſt
Of for better for worſt
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature,
For Women ſhould change
And have freedom to range
Like to every other wild Creature.

How

How happy is the Village Maid
Whom only Love can fetter,
By fooliſh Honour ne're betray'd
She ſerves a power much greater:
That lawful Prince the wiſeſt rules;
Th' Uſurper, Honour, rules but Fools.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſe
Of for better for worſe
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature,
For women ſhould change
And have Freedom to range
Like to every other wild Creature.

Let us reſume our ancient right
Make Man at diſtance wonder,
Though he victorious be in fight
In Love we'le keep him under:
War and Ambition hence be hurl'd
Let Love and Women rule the World.

Chorus.

A ſhame on the Curſe
Of for better for worſe
'Tis a vile impoſition on Nature,
For Women ſhould change
And have Freedom to range
Like to every other wild Creature.

SONG XXXIX.

STay ſhut not the Gate
T'other quart 'tis not ſo late
As your thinking,
The Stars which you ſee
In the Hemiſphere be,
Are but Studs in our cheeks by good drinking:
The Sun's gone to tipple all night in the Sea, Boys
To morrow he'l bluſh that he's paler then we Boys,
Drink Wine give him Water, 'tis Sack makes us the Boys.

Fill up the Glaſs
To the next merry Lad let it paſs
Come away with't,
Let's ſet Foot to Foot
And give our minds to't
'Tis Heretical Sects that do ſlay wit:
Then hang up good faces, let's drink till our Noſes
Gives freedom to ſpeak what our fancy diſpoſes,
Beneath whoſe protection now under the Roſe is.

Drink off your Bowl
'Twil enrich your Head and your Soul,
With Canary:
For a Carbunkled Face
Saves a tedious race
For the Indies about us we carry:
No Helicon like to the Juice of the Vine is,
For *Phœbus* had never had Wit that Divine is,
Had his Face not been bow-dy'd as thine is and mine is.

This

This must go round
Off with your Hats till the Pavement be crown'd
With your Beavers,
A Red coated Face
Frights a Serjeant at Mace
Whilst the Constable trembles to shivers:
In state march our Faces like some of the *Quorum*,
While the Whores fall down and the vulgar adore 'em,
And our Noses like Link-boys go shining before 'em.

SONG XL.

Cupid's no God, a wanton Child,
His Art's too weak, his power's too mild,
No active heat nor noble fire
Feathers his Arrows with desire:
'Tis not his Bow or Shaft 'tis *Venus* eye
Makes him ador'd and crowns his Deity.

On a Kiss.

SONG XLI.

OH that joy so soon should wast
Or so sweet a bliss
As a kiss
Might not for ever last,
A sugry melting, so soft, so delicious,
The Dew that lies on Roses
When the Morn her self discloses
Is not so precious:
Or rather when I would it smother
Were I to taste but such another,
It would be my wishing
That I might dye with kissing.

SONG XLII.

HOw happy's the Pris'ner who conquers his fate
With silence and ne're on bad fortune complains,
But carelesly plays with his key on the Grate
And makes a sweet Consort with them and his chains:
He drowns care with Sack when his heart is oppresst,
And with that makes it float like a Cork in his breast.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be
And our Land's a large Prison enclos'd with the Sea,
we'le drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free,
For Man is the World's Epitome.

Let Tyrants wear purple deep dy'd in the blood
Of those they have slain their Scepter to sway,
If our Conscience be clear, and our Title be good
To the Rags that hang on us we are richer then they.
We drink up at night what we can beg or borrow
And sleep without plotting for more the next morrow.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be
And our Land's a large Prison enclos'd with the Sea,
we'le drink off the Ocean and set our selves free,
For Man is the World's Epitome.

Come Drawer fill each Man a pint of Canary
This Brimmer shall bid all our fences good night,
When old *Aristotle* was frolick and merry
With the juice of the Grape he turn'd Staggerite:
Copernicus once in a drunken fit found
By the course of his brains that the Earth did turn round.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be
And our Land's a large Prison enclos'd with the Sea,
we'le

We'le drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free
For Man is the World's Epitome.

'Tis Sack makes our Faces like Comets to shine
And gives us a beauty beyond Complexions mask,
Diogines fell so in Love with his Wine
That when 'twas all out he dwelt in the Cask:
He liv'd by the scent in that close wainscotted room
When dying requested the Tub for his Tomb.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be
And the Land's a large Prison enclos'd with the Sea,
We'le drink off the Ocean, and set our selves free,
For Man is the World's Epitome.

Though the Usurer watch on his bags and his house
To keep that from robbers he rak'd from his debtors,
Each Midnight cries Thieves at the noise of a Mouse
Then looks if his bags are fast bound in the fetters:
When once he grows rich enough for a State-plot
In one hour Buff-plunder what threescore years got.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be
And our Lands a large Prison enclos'd with the Sea,
We'le drink off the Ocean and set our selves free,
For Man is the World's Epitome.

Let him never so privately muster his Gold
His Angels will their Intelligence be,
How close they are prest in his Canvas hold
And long that State Soldiers should set them all free:
Let him pine and be hang'd, we will merrily sing
Who hath nothing to lose may cry, God bless the King.
Then since we are all Slaves who Islanders be
And our Land's a large Prison enclos'd with the Sea,
We'le drink off the Ocean and set our selves free
For Man is the World's Epitome.

SONG

A Rural Song, XLIII.

NYmph and Shepherd come away
In theſe Groves let's ſport and play,
Let each day be a Holiday,
Sacred to eaſe and happy Love
To dancing Muſick Poetry:
Your Flocks may now ſecurely Rove
While you expreſs your jollity.

Chorus of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

We come, we come no joy like to this
Now let us ſing, rejoyce and kiſs,
The Great can never know ſuch bliſs,
1. *As this,*
2. *As this,*
3. *As this,*
All. As this.
The Great can never know ſuch bliſs.

All the Inhabitants o'th Wood
Now celebrate the Spring,
That gives vigour to the blood:
Of every living thing:
The Birds have been billing and ſinging before us,
And all the ſweet Choriſters joyn in the *Chorus*:
The Nightingales with jugging throats
Warbling out their pretty Notes
So ſweet, ſo ſweet, ſo ſweet,
And thus our Loves and pleaſures greet.

Chorus

Chorus of all.

Then let our Pipes sound, let us dance and sing,
Till the murmuring Groves with Ecchoes ring.

How happy are we
From all Jealousie free
No dangers nor cares can annoy us,
We toy and we kiss
And Love's our chief bliss
A pleasure that never can cloy us,
Our days we consume in unenvyed delights
And in love and soft rest our happy long nights.

Each Nymph does impart
Her Love without Art
To her Swain who thinks that his chief Treasure:
No envy is fear'd
No sighs we e're heard
But those which are caus'd by our pleasure;
When we feel the best raptures of innocent Love,
No joys exceed ours but the pleasures above.

Chorus.

In these delightful fragrant Groves
Let's celebrate our happy Loves
Let's Pipe and Dance, and Laugh and Sing,
Thus every happy living thing
Revels in the time of Spring.

SONG

SONG XLIV.

FArewel thou dearest of my crimes
Be never more the abuser of my times,
Lest that I curse too late
The errors of my Fate
Which made me love thee.
All ye Deities divine
Strengthen this request of mine,
Then may I say
Frail delights pass away
I am rul'd by a power that's above thee.

No more shall thy seducing smiles
Thy winning looks, or other sweet beguiles,
Have power to withdraw
My heart from Love, by Law
Sealed to another;
Cupid I thy power defie
Thou art a flattering Deity
And there are none
But say thou art the Son
Of a fair, foolish, fickle, wanton Mother.

SONG XLV.

Augusta is enclin'd to fears
Be she full or be she wahing,
Still *Augusta* is complaining;
Give her all you can to ease her
Give her all you can to ease her
You can never, never please her.

SONG

SONG XLVI.

YOur merry Poets, old Boys,
Of *Aganippus* Well,
Full many Tales have told Boys,
Whose Liquor doth excel;
And how that place was haunted
By those that lov'd good Wine,
Who tipp'ed there and chaunted
Among the Muses nine:
Where still they cry'd, Drink clear, Boys
And you shall quickly know it,
That 'tis not lousie Beer, Boys
But Wine that makes a Poet.

SONG XLVII.

COme you Ladies of the Night
That in silent sports delight,
And see the wanton Moon-shine play
To light us in our doleful way:
Come, come, come Ladies come
The Night's not blind though deaf and dumb.

Ladies have you seen a Toy
Called Love, a little Boy?
Almost, naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind;
If he be 'mongst you Ladies say,
That he is *Venus* Run-away.

Marks about him he hath plenty
You may know him amongst many,

As his body is on fire
And his breath out-flames desire.
So being sent like Lightning in
He wound our hearts but not our skin.

If any here can but discover
Where this winged wag doth hover,
For her pains shall have a kiss
When and where her heart can wish:
But she that can but bring him to his Mother,
From *Venus* and her Boy shall have another.

SONG XLVIII.

SInce we poor slavish Women know
Our Men we cannot pick and chuse.
To him we like why say we no
We have no pleasure to refuse:
By our put-offs, and fond delays
A Lovers Appetite we pall;
And if the Gallant stays too long
His Stomach's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient amorous guest
Unknown to us away may steal,
And rather then stay for a Feast
Take up with some course ready meal;
When opportunity is kind
Let prudent Women be so too,
And if the Man be to her mind
Tell her she must not let him go.

The Match soon made is happy'st still
For Love hath only there to do.

Let

Let no one marry againſt her will
But ſtand off when her Parents woe
And only to their ſuit be coy,
For ſhe whom joynture can obtain:
To let a Fop her bed enjoy
Is but a lawful Whore for gain.

SONG XLIX.

LEt Fortune and *Phillis* frown if they pleaſe
I'le no more on their Deities call,
Nor trouble the Fates but I'le give my ſelf eaſe
And be happy in ſpight of them all:
I will have my *Phillis* if I once go about her
Or if I have not I'le live better without her.

But if ſhe prove vertuous obliging and kind,
Perhaps I'e vouchſafe for to love her,
But if Pride and inconſtancy in her I find,
I'de have her to know I'me above her:
For at length I have learn'd now my Fetters are gone
To love if I pleaſe or let it alone.

SONG L.

FOnd fables tell of old
How *Jove* in *Danæ's* lap
Fell in a ſhower of Gold,
By which ſhe caught a Clap:
Oh had it been my hap!
However the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wiſh all day
And night to be ſo beaten.

SONG

SONG LI.

'Tis late and cold, ſtir up the fire,
Sit cloſe, and draw the Table nigher,
Be merry and drink Wine that's old
A hearty Medicine againſt a Cold:
Your Beds of wanton Down the beſt
Where you ſhall tumble to your reſt.

I could wiſh you Wenches too
But I am old and cannot do,
Call for the beſt the Houſe may ring
Sack, White, and Claret, let 'em bring,
And drink apace whilſt breath you have
You'l find but cold drink in the Grave.

Plover, Partridge, for your Dinner
And a Capon for the ſinner,
You ſhall find ready when you're up,
And your Horſe ſhall have his ſup:
Welcome, welcome, ſhall fly round
And I ſhall ſmile though under ground.

SONG LII.

Venus chanc'd to love a Boy,
Young *Adonis* was her Joy,
He once leapt from off her knee
To hunt and take a Humble Bee,
Then the bag to her did bring,
She ſigh'd and aſk'd him for the ſting:
When he look'd and ſaw her eye
Drop a tear, he ſtraight did cry,

Oh

Oh forgive me I will bring
A bigger and a longer ſting;
Smiling ſhe cry'd, pretty Lad,
When that time comes I ſhall be glad.

SONG LIII.

ILe ſing you a Song that was never in Print
It's truly and newly come out of the Mint,
I'le tell you before hand you'l find nothing in't.

On nothing I think, and on nothing I Write,
'Tis nothing I covet yet nothing I ſlight,
Nor care I a pin if I get nothing by't.

Fire, Air, Earth and Water, Beaſts, Birds, Fiſh, and Men,
Did ſtart out of nothing, a Chaos, a Den;
And all things ſhall turn into nothing again.

'Tis nothing ſometimes that makes many things hit,
As when Fools amongſt wiſe Men do ſilently ſit;
A Fool that ſays nothing may paſs for a Wit.

What one Man loves is another Man's loathing,
This Blade loves a quick thing, that a new thing;
And both of them in concluſion love nothing.

Your Lad that makes Love to a delicate ſmooth thing,
Who thinking to gain her with ſighs and with ſoothing
Does frequently make much ado about nothing.

At laſt when his patience and Purſe is decay'd,
He may to the Bed of a Whore be betray'd,
But ſhe that hath nothing muſt needs be a Maid.

Your

Your flashing and clashing, and flashing of Wit,
Doth start out of nothing but Fancy and fit;
'Tis little or nothing to what hath been writ.

When first by the Ears we together did fall,
Then something got nothing, and nothing got all;
From nothing it came and to nothing it shall.

That party that seal'd to a Cov'nant in hast
Who made our three Kingdoms and Churches lie wast;
Their project and all came to nothing at last.

They raised an Army of Horse and of Foot,
To tumble down Monarchy, Branches and Root;
They thunder'd and plunder'd but nothing wou'd do't.

The Organ, the Altar, and Ministers cloathing,
In *Presbyter Jack* begat such a loathing:
That he must needs raise a petty new nothing.

And when he had robb'd us in sanctifi'd cloathing
Perjur'd the people by faithing and trothing,
At last he was catcht and all came to nothing.

In several Factions we quarrel and brawl,
Dispute and contend and to fighting we fall;
I'le lay all to nothing that nothing wins all.

When War and Rebellion and Plundering grows,
The *Mendicant* Man is the freest from Foes;
Most happy is he that hath nothing to lose.

Brave *Cæsar* and *Pompey*, and brave *Alexander*,
Whom Armies did follow as Goose follows Gander;
Nothing can say to an Action of slander.

The

The wiſeſt great Prince were he never ſo ſtout,
Though he conquer'd the World and gave Mankind a Rout;
Did bring nothing in, nor ſhall bring nothing out.

Old *Noll* that aroſe from high thing to low thing,
By Brewing Rebellion, Nicking and Frothing;
In ſeven years ſpace was both all things and nothing.

Dick (Oliver's Heir) that pitiful ſlow thing,
Who once was inveſted in purple clothing;
Stands for a Cypher, and that ſtands for nothing.

If King-killers bold are excluded from bliſs,
Old *Bradſhaw* (that feels the reward on't e're this)
Had better been nothing then what now he is.

Blind Colonel *Hewſon* that lately did crawl,
To a lofty degree from a low Cobler's ſtall;
Did bring all to nothing when Awl came to Awl.

Your Gallant that Rants it in delicate clothing,
Though lately he was but a pitiful low thing;
Pays Landlord, Draper, and Taylor with nothing.

The nimble tongu'd Lawyer that pleads for his pay,
When Death doth arreſt him and bear him away;
At the general Bar will have nothing to ſay.

Whores that in Silk were by Gallants embrac'd,
By a rabble of Prentices lately were chas'd;
Their courting and ſporting comes to nothing at laſt.

If any Man tax me with weakneſs of Wit,
And ſay that on nothing I nothing have Writ,
I ſhall anſwer, *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*

Yet

Yet let his diſcretion be never ſo tall,
This very word nothing ſhall give it a fall,
For writing of nothing I comprehend all.

Let every Man give the Poet his due,
'Cauſe then 'twas with him as now it's with you;
He ſtudied it when he had nothing to do.

This very word nothing if took the right way,
May prove advantageous for what would you ſay?
If the Vint'ner ſhould cry there's nothing to pay.

SONG LIV.

Cupid once was weary grown
With Womens errands, laid him down
On a refreſhing Roſie Bed
The ſame ſweet Covert harboured
A Bee, and as ſhe always had
Aquarrel with Loves idle Lad;
Stings the ſoft Boy; Pains and Fears
Straight melts him into Cryes and Tears:
As Wings and Feet would let each other,
Home he haſtens to his Mother
Then on her knees he hangs his head
And cryes Oh Mother! I am dead,
An ugly Snake they call a Bee
(Oh ſee it ſwells) has murder'd me;
Venus with ſmiles replies, O Sir,
Does a Bees ſting make all this ſtir,
Think what pains then attend thoſe Darts,
Wherewith thou ſtill art wounding hearts,
E'n let it ſmart, may chance that then
Thou'lt learn more pitty towards Men.

SONG

Philomel and Charon.

SONG LV.

Phil. CHaron, Oh gentle *Charon* let me wooe thee
By tears and pitty now to come unto me.
Char. What voice ſo ſweet and charming do I hear?
Speak what thou art.
Phil. I prithee firſt draw near:
Char. A ſound I hear but nothing yet can ſee,
Speak what thou art?
Phil. Oh *Charon* pity me!
I am a Bird, and though no name I tell
My Warbling Note will ſay I am *Philomel.*
Char. What's that to me, I waſt no Fiſh nor Fowls,
Nor Beaſts nor Birds, but only humane Souls.
Phil. Alas for me!
Char. Shame on thy witching Note,
That made me thus hoiſe Sail and bring my Boat:
But I'le return what miſchief brought thee hither?
Phil. A deal of Love and much, much grief together.
Char. If this be all I am gone.
Phil. For Love I pray thee.
Char. Talk not of love, all pray but few Souls pay me.
Phil. I'le give thee ſighs and tears.
Char. Will tears and ſighs pay ſcores?
For patching Sails, for mending Boats and Oars.
Phil. I'le beg a penny, and I'le ſing ſo long
Till thou ſhalt ſay I have paid thee with a Song.
Char. Why then begin:
Phil. And all the while we make
Our ſlothful paſſage o're the Stygian Lake:

Thou

Thou and I'le ſing to make theſe dull ſhades merry,
Which elſe with tears would doubtleſs drown our Ferry.

SONG LVI.

WHat an Aſs is he
That waits on a Womans leiſure,
For a minutes pleaſure
And yet perhaps may be
Gull'd at laſt and loſe her,
What an Aſs is he.

Shall I ſigh and die
Cauſe a Maid denies me,
And that ſhe may try,
Suffer patiently;
Oh no Fate ſhall tye me
To ſuch cruelty.

Love is all my Life
For it keeps me doing,
Yet my Love and Wooing
Is not for a Wife;
It is good eſchewing
Warring care and ſtrife.

What need I to care
For a Womans favour,
If another have her
Why ſhould I deſpair;
When for Gold and labour
I can have my ſhare.

If

If I fancy one
And that one do love me,
Yet deny to prove me,
Farewel, I am gone:
She can never move me,
Farewel, I am gone.

If I chance to ſee
One that's brown, I love her
Till I ſee another
That's more brown than ſhe:
For I am a Lover
Of my Liberty.

Every day I change
And at once love many,
Yet not ty'd to any,
For I love to range;
And if one ſhou'd ſtay me
I ſhould think it ſtrange.

What if ſhe be old
So that ſhe have riches.
Youth and Form bewitches,
But it is ſtore of Gold
Cures laſcivious Itches,
So the Criticks hold.

SONG LVII.

I Know more then *Apollo*
For whilſt that he was ſleeping,
I ſaw the Stars
At mortal Jars,
And watry *Neptune* weeping.

I saw fierce *Mars* contending
With his bright fiery Face,
Saturn likewise
Threat'ning the Skies
Cariering with a Grace.

Venus with all her Train
Of Heavenly Nymphs was dancing,
Revelling all night
They vanish'd quite
And *Pegasus* left prancing.

Sol hid himself, and *Phœbe*
Pluckt in her Horns for fear,
And *Jove* did fly
Through the Gallery
But his Messenger did swear.

Astronomers from hence
Might *Britains* State pourtray,
Our Sun's a sleep
Let *England* weep
Impiety bears sway.

Meteors, not Stars Eclipse
Our Hemisphere I think,
If they be crown'd
The World turns round,
We're all undone let's drink.

SONG

SONG LVIII.

HOld back thy Hours dark night till we have done
The day will come too ſoon,
Young Maids will curſe thee if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their bluſhes open to the day:
Stay, ſtay, and hide
The bluſhes of the Bride.

Stay Gentle night and with thy darkneſs cover
The kiſſes of my Lover,
Stay and confound her Tears and her ſhrill cryings,
Her weak denyals, vow and often dyings:
Stay and hide all,
But help not though ſhe call.

SONG LIX.

COurtier if thou need'ſt wilt Wive
From this Leſſon learn to thrive,
If to match it be thy Fate
Let her ſurpaſs in Birth and State;
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree;
This will draw great eyes upon her
Gain her Servants, and thee Honour.

SONG LX.

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy Husband, learn of me,
To set thy Wife first in thy Shop:
A fair, kind, sweet Wife, sets a poor Man up;
What though thy shelves be ne're so bare,
A Woman still is currant Ware,
Each Man will cheapen, Foe and Friend,
But whilst thou art at th'other end;
What e're thou seest, or what dost hear,
Fool have no eye to, nor no Ear:
And after Supper for her sake,
When thou hast fed, snort, though thou wake;
What though the Gallants call thee Mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home:
I am confident but will not tell,
Where such a Citizen doth dwell.

A Serenade.

SONG LXI.

THou joy of all hearts, and delight of all eyes,
Natures chief, and Beauties chief prize;
Look down you'l discover,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover;
With a heart full as true
As e're languisht for you,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

The heart that was once a Monarch in's breast
Is now your poor Captive, and can have no rest,
'Twil never give over,
But about your sweet bosom will hover:

Dear

Dear Miſs let it in,
By Heaven 'tis no ſin,
Here's a faithful young vigorous Lover.

SONG LXII.

Chris when you diſperſe your influence,
Your dazling beams are quick and clear,
You ſo ſurprize and wound the ſence,
So bright a Miracle you appear:
Admiring Mortals you aſtoni h ſo,
No other Deity they know;
But think that all Divinity's below.

One charming look from your Illuſtrious face
Is able to ſubdue mankind,
So ſweet, ſo powerful a grace
Makes all Men Lovers but the blind:
Nor can they freedom by reſiſtance gain,
For each embraces the ſoft chain;
And never ſtruggles with the pleaſing pain.

SONG LXIII.

When firſt my free heart
Was inſpir'd by deſire,
So ſoft was the wound,
And ſo gentle the fire;
My ſighs were ſo ſweet,
And ſo pleaſant the ſmart,
I pitty'd the ſlave
That had ne're loſt his heart:
He thinks himſelf happy,
And free; but alas!

He's far from that Heaven
Which Lovers poſſeſs.

In Nature was nothing
That I could compare
With the beauty of *Chloris*
I thought her ſo fair;
A Wit ſo Divine
All her ſayings did fill,
A Goddeſs ſhe ſeem'd;
And I thought of her ſtill:
With a zeal more enflam'd,
And a paſſion more true,
Then a Martyr in Flames
For Religion can ſhew.

More vertues and graces
I found in her mind,
Then the Schools can invent,
Or the gods e're deſign'd.
She ſeem'd to be mine
By each glance of her eye,
If Mortals might aim
At a bleſſing ſo high.
Each day, with new favours,
New hopes ſhe did give;
But alas! what is wiſht
We too ſoon do believe.

With awful reſpect
While I lov'd, I admir'd,
But fear'd to attempt
What ſo much I deſir'd,
In a moment my Joys
And my hopes were deſtroy'd,

A Shepherd more daring
Fell on and enjoy'd:
Yet in ſpight of my Fate,
And the pains I endure,
In a ſecond Amour
I will ſeek for my cure.

SONG LXIV.

WHat does the fair *Clariza* mean,
To tantalize her Servant ſo?
She frowns, and ſweetly ſmiles again;
Whence theſe alternate Fancies flow,
I long to know.

Though they for trivial cauſes are,
Each glance to me's a ſeveral Fate;
My Heart's the Ship, her Eye the Star;
The Port it Sails to, love, or hate,
Which on her wait.

When ſad *Aurora*'s clouded dreſs
Seems to portend a ſtormy day,
The dying flow'rs their heads depreſs
But take new Life from *Sol*'s bright Ray,
I fare like they.

Though Love has made me Reaſon's Foe
Some weak reflexions ſtill remain,
Which her deriding ſcorn do ſhow,
By which my faults, and her diſdain
I ſee too plain.

Yet let her know that ſtill I love;
If that's preſumptuous, I adore:

But if my Fate uncertain prove,
And ſhe myſterious, as before,
I'le love no more.

To all, but that Divineſt ſhe
My flame ſhall ever be unknown:
If juſt contempt my purchaſe be;
My ill ſucceſs I'le never own
To more than one.
Neither favour, nor force, nor fear, nor delight,
Shall make me diſcover, if ſhe will but Write.

SONG LXV.

BE jolly my friend,
For the Money we ſpend
On Women and Wine, to our ſelves we do lend:
The Ladies embraces,
And our Carbuncled Faces,
Will gain us more credit, then the Muſes, or the Graces.

Then Sirrah, be quicker,
And bring us more Liquor;
We'l have nothing to do with Phyſician, or Vicar:
We'le round with our Bowls,
Till our paſſing Bell toles,
And truſt no ſuch Quacks with our Bodies or Souls.

SONG

SONG LXVI.

CEase *Chloris*, cease to wonder why
My cheeks so pale, so dim my eye;
Admire no more my shortned breath,
No more foretel m'approaching death:
For now it only lies in you,
To make your Omen false, or true.

From the Physician you in vain
Inquire the Nature of my pain;
In vain you weep; for, when you please,
You, only you can give me ease:
And none will think you truly grieve
For one you care not to relieve.

By meaner passions you endure
What by a nobler you may cure:
Change but your Pity into Love,
And so the cause in both remove.
Thus by a strange discovery,
You'l cheat the World, your self, and me.

SONG LXVII.

AH! fading Joy
How quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy ruine hast;
And what too soon would die, help to destroy,
As if the cares of humane Life were few,
We seek out new,
And follow Fate, which does too fast pursue.

In vain does Natures bounteous hand ſupply,
What pievish mortals to themſelves deny.

See how on ev'ry Bough the Birds expreſs,
In wild Notes, their happineſs:
Not anxious how to get, or ſpare,
They on their Mother Nature lay their care.
Why then ſhou'd Man the Lord of all below,
Such troubles chuſe to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo.

Chorus.

Hark, hark! the Waters fall,
And with a murmuring ſound
Daſh, daſh upon the ground,
To gentle ſlumbers call.

SONG LXVIII.

A Curſe on the Zealous and Ignorant crew,
That languiſh all day
And with paſſion obey
The ſenceleſs decrees that Platonicks purſue:
How poor and unhappy
Unhappy are thoſe pretenders,
Who fearleſs of ſcandal or vulgarly ſhame,
Diminiſh their flame.

But bleſt is the Man that with freedom enjoys,
A beauty whoſe eyes
Like the Stars in the Skies,
Produce new delights till his Appetite cloys:
How happy unhappy
How happy are theſe pretenders.

Who

Who fearleſs of ſcandal or vulgar reproach
Purſues his debauch.

Elizium's a grief and a torment compar'd
To that we can prove
In enjoyment of Love
Where Lovers in raptures ſtill meet a reward:
The tales of the Ancient
Of future delights are ungrounded,
In loves kind fruition where Souls have acceſs,
Oh there's the true bliſs.

SONG LXIX.

ADieu my *Cordelia*, my deareſt adieu,
No paſſion more ſlighted, was ever more true,
No torment ſeverer than this could you prove
To enjoyn him by abſence that's chain'd by your love,
Subdu'd by your charms y' inflam'd my deſire,
Till a ſpark from your eyes, ſet me all on fire;
O cruelty ſhown, no offence but Love known
Exil'd and out-law'd by a hard hearted Stone.

SONG LXX.

OH name not the day leaſt my ſenſes reprove,
And curſe my poor heart for the knowledge of Love;
Ah the ignorant fate of a fearful young Lover,
When a ſign is return'd not to have Wit to diſcover:
To delay a kind Nymph from her hour of deſign
Is to dig for a Treaſure and ſink in the Mine.

SONG

A Musical Instruction for a Young Lady.

SONG LXXI.

TO play upon the Vial if
A Virgin will begin,
The first of all she must know her Cliff
And all the stops therein:
Her Prick she must hold long enough
Her Back-falls gently take,
Her touch must gentle be, not rough,
At each stroke she must shake.

She must unto her Bow fly,
And stick close to her Fiddle,
Her Feet must hold the lower end
And her knees must hold the middle:
Two fingers on the Hair must lie
And two upon the Back;
She must ever keep true time,
And with her Feet it pat.

And when she hath as she would have
She must it gently thrust,
Up, Down, Swift, Slow, at any rate
As she her self doth list:
When by experience she doth find
That she grows something cunning;
She'l ne're be contented in her mind
But whilst the Bow is running.

SONG

SONG LXXII.

WHen firſt my dear *Delia* my heart did ſurprize,
By the attraction of Beauty, and power of her Eyes,
I trembl'd and ſigh'd, and ſtedfaſtly gaz'd,
Until all my thoughts into raptures were rais'd:
That Monarch's unworthy who grudges to part,
With Scepter and Crown to attain ſuch a Heart.

SONG LXXIII.

HOw bonny and brisk, how pleaſant and ſweet,
Were *Jenny* and I while my paſſion is ſtrong;
So eagerly each others flame we did meet
That a minutes delay did appear to be long:
The Vows that I made her ſhe ſeal'd with a kiſs
Till my Soul I had loſt in a rapture of bliſs.

I vow'd and I thought I cou'd ever have lov'd
Where beauty and kindneſs together I found,
So ſweetly ſhe look't, and ſo ſweetly ſhe mov'd
That I fancy'd my ſtrength with my joys to abound:
For the pleaſures I gave ſhe did doubly requite
By finding out ever new ways to delight.

At laſt when enjoyment had put out my fire
My ſtrength was decay'd and my paſſion was done,
So pall'd was my Fancy, ſo tame my deſire
That I from the Nymph very fain would have gone:
Ah *Jenny* ſaid I we adore you in vain,
For Beauty enjoy'd does but turn to diſdain.

SONG

SONG LXXIV.

THey call, they call, what voice is that?
A Lady in deſpair,
Whoſe Tears and Sorrows comes too late,
Her loſſes to repair;
By too much Pride I've loſt a heart
I languiſh to regain,
And yet I'de kill the Man I love:
E're own my pleaſing pain:
Some gentle ſpirit ſhew the Fate,
Of him I love, but fain wou'd hate.

In vain, in vain, thou ſeek'ſt our aid
Thy paſſion to remove,
For ſee alas the foul event
Of thy too Tragick Love;
See, ſee, the Crown thou didſt diſdain,
Another Brow muſt wear,
Then ſigh and weep no more in vain
But die in deep deſpair:
May this be all proud Beauties fate
Still to repent their Pride too late.

SONG LXXV.

NAy let me alone
I proteſt I'le be gon,
'Tis a Folly to think
I'le be ſubject to one;
Never hope to confine
A young Gallant to dine,

Like

Like a Scholar of *Oxford*
On none but a Loin:
For after enjoyment our bellies are full,
And the ſame Diſh again makes the Appetite dull.

By your wantoning Art
Of a ſigh and a ſtart,
You endeavour in vain
To inveigle my heart,
For the pretty diſguiſe
Of your languiſhing eyes,
Will never prevail
With my Sinews to riſe:
'Tis never the Mode in an amorous Treat,
When a Lover hath dined to perſwade him to eat.

Faith *Betty* the Jeſt
Is almoſt at the beſt,
'Tis only variety
Makes up the Feaſt;
For when we're enjoy'd
And with pleaſures are cloy'd,
The vows that we made
To love ever are void:
And now pretty Nymph it was ever unfit,
That a meal ſhould be made of a reliſhing bit.

SONG LXXVI.

TYrant thou ſeekeſt in vain
With her pure blood thy guilty Sword to ſtain,
Heaven does that ſacred blood deſign
To be the ſource of an immortal Line:
Death will not dare to touch that heart
Which Love hath choſen for his Dart.

Chorus.

Chorus.

Fair Innocence and Beauty are
Of watchful Heaven the chiefest care,
But the devouring Monster shall
A Sacrifice to Justice fall.

Richmond does fly to your redress
Love's Messengers can do no less,
His Sword shall with one blow
Cut off your Fetters, and Tyrants too:
All resistance vain will prove
When valour is inspired by Love.

Chorus.

Tyrants by Heaven and Earth are curst
They swell with blood until they burst,
But Lovers are wise Natures care
What Tyrants ruine they repair.

SONG LXXVII.

AS I was Walking
In a *May* Morning,
I heard a Bird sing
Cuckoo.

Upon a Tree of choice
She sung with pleasant voice,
Which made my heart rejoyce,
Cuckoo.

She

She noddled up and down,
And she swore by her Crown,
Her Friends liv'd in this Town,
Cuckoo.

All you that Married be
Come learn this Song of me,
And so we shall agree
to be;
Cuckoo
Upon a Tree.

SONG LXXVIII.

GOd *Cupid*'s for certain as foolish as blind,
To settle his heart upon people unkind,
His punishment's just for not having regard
To gentle complyers, but ungrateful and hard.
And you'l find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the pursuer, the flyer pursue.

As shadows do follow those who run away,
And fly those that follow, as if 'twere at play;
As Death soonest searcheth Men fearing to die,
From those who wish for him he fartherst doth fly.
So you'l find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the pursuer, the flyer pursue.

If a shade you embrace, you'l find your hands empty,
If you court a fair face she'l nothing but tempt ye:
Reciprocal kindness you'l always see missing,
Returning base scorn, as bad as a hissing.
So you'l find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the pursuer, the flyer pursue.

The

The Lovers hard fate is ſure from above,
True love meets diſdain, as diſdain doth with Love,
Or elſe fleſh and blood could ne're be ſo cruel
To give gentle flame ſo diſmal a Fuel.

Chorus.

Thus you'l find it for ever like Oracle true,
Love will fly the purſuer, the flyer purſue.

SONG LXXIX.

I'De have you quoth he,
Wou'd you have me quoth ſhe,
O where Sir?

In my Chamber quoth he,
In your Chamber quoth ſhe,
Why there Sir?

To kiſs you, quoth he,
To kiſs me, quoth ſhe,
O why Sir?

Cauſe I love it, quoth he,
Do you love it, quoth ſhe,
So do I Sir.

SONG LXXX.

WHat ſhall we do?
When our eyes are ſurrounded,
With Beauties like you,
Our hearts muſt be wounded.

If

If we fly from the War,
Your Darts do o're-take us;
And if we ſtay there,
Your Captives you make us:
Engaging, or flying, w'are ſure to be ſlain:
Then who is ſo mad, ſuch a Fight to maintain!

And yet, Oh! how ſweet
Are the wounds of your glances!
Then nobly we'l meet,
Though we fall by your Lances:
When your ſmiles do evince
That our Death will be pleaſant,
Better die like a Prince
Then live like a Peaſant:
If engaging, or flying, we are certain to die
'Tis courage to fight, and a folly to fly.

SONG LXXXI.

THou art ſo fair, and cruel too,
I am amaz'd, what ſhall I do
To compaſs my deſire?
Sometimes thy eyes do me invite,
But when I venture, kill me quite,
Yet ſtill encreaſe my fire.

Oft have I try'd my love to quell,
And thought it's fury to repel,
Since I no hopes do find:
But when I think of leaving thee,
My heart as much doth torture me,
As 'twould rejoyce, if kind.

I ſtill muſt love, though hardly us'd,
And never offer but reſus'd;
Can any ſuffer more?
Be coy, be cruel, do thy worſt,
Though for thy ſake I am accurſt;
I muſt and will adore.

SONG LXXXII.

LOe! behind a Scene of Seas,
Under a Canopy of Trees;
The fair new golden World was laid
Sleeping like a harmleſs Maid,
Till alas! ſhe was betraid:
In ſuch ſhades *urania* lay,
Till Love diſcover'd out a way;
And now ſhe cry's, ſome power above,
Save me from this Tyrant Love.

Her poor Heart had no defence,
But it's Maiden innocence;
In each ſweet retiring eye
You might eaſily deſcry:
Troops of yielding beauties fly;
Leaving rare unguarded Treaſure,
To the Conquerours Will and Pleaſure:
And now ſhe cry's, ſome power above,
Save me from this Tyrant Love.

Now, and then, a ſtragling frown,
Through the ſhades ſkipt up and down,
Shooting ſuch a piercing dart,
As would make the Tyrant ſmart,
And preſerve her Lips and heart:

But

But alas her Empire's gone,
Throne, and Temples all undone:
And now she cry's, some power above,
Save me from this Tyrant Love.

Charm aloft, the stormy Winds,
That may keep these Golden minds,
And let *Spaniard*'s love be tore,
On some cruel Rocky Shore;
Where he'l put to Sea no more.
Lest poor conquered beauty cry,
Oh I'me wounded! Oh I die!
And then, there is no power above,
Can save me from this Tyrant Love.

SONG LXXXIII.

I Never shall henceforth approve
The Deity of Love
Since he could be,
So much unjust by wounding me,
To leave my Mistress free.

As if my shame could leave a Print
Upon a heart of flint;
Can flesh and stone
Be e're converted into one,
By my poor flame alone?

Were he a God, he'd neither be,
Partial to her nor me,
But by a Dart,
Directed into either Heart;
Make both confess his Art.

Thus

Thus being melted with his ſubtile fire,
Our loves might mingle into one deſire.

SONG LXXXIV.

WHy lovely *Celia* ſhou'd I fear,
To tell you that I love;
Since I no other ſhape can wear,
But what you may approve:
What fault can you with my bright paſſion find,
That muſt be as immortal as your mind?

'Tis ſecret friendſhip that I bring,
Friendſhip the Soul of Love;
A rich, though long a baniſh'd thing,
To thoſe bleſt Souls above:
Only this juſt return from you I crave,
As you poſſeſs my heart, I yours may have.

The Treacherous, he that proffers bliſs,
By glitt'ring joyntures made;
He only the Impoſtor is,
By which you are betraid:
How vainly will it by you then be ſought,
To gain that freedom, which your Tyrant brought.

The crafty Leopards, ſo doth win,
On herds that fearleſs lye;
With that enamel of his skin,
Till the ſurpris'd muſt die:
Too late alas! then ſtrives the Captive prey,
From the inſulting foe to get away.

A Mad man's Song. LXXXV.

IN Caves full of Skulls, and rotten old bones,
There she sighs in the day time, and in the night groans;
Amongst Hosts of the guilty for ever she'l howl,
And in beds full of Serpents Eternally rowl:
But I and *vine* 'll be merry,
Amongst happy Lovers we'll play;
Ah *Charon* make hast with your Ferry,
Row hard and I'le double your pay.

A Dialogue between Sorrow, and one Afflicted.

SONG LXXXVI.

Afflict. O Sorrow, sorrow, say where dost thou dwell?
Sorrow. In the lowest Room of Hell:
Afflict. Art thou born of human race?
Sorrow. No, no, I have a furious face.
Afflict. Art thou of City, Town, or Court?
Sorrow. I to ev'ry place resort:
Afflict. Why? O why?
Into the World was Sorrow sent?
Sorrow. Men afflicted best repent.
Afflict. What dost thou feed on?
Sorrow. Broken Sleep:
Afflict. What tak'st thou pleasure in?
Sorrow. To weep,
To sob, to pine, to groan,
To wring my hands, and sit alone

Afflict.

Aſſict. When, O when ſhall Sorrow quiet have?
Never, Never, Never,
Never till ſhe find a Grave.

SONG LXXXVII.

WHilſt *Alexis* lay preſt in her Arms he lov'd beſt,
With his hands round her neck, and his head on her breaſt;
He found the fierce pleaſure too haſty to ſtay,
And his Soul in the Tempeſt juſt flying away.

When *Celia* ſaw this, with a ſigh and a kiſs
She cry'd, Oh my dear I am robb'd of my bliſs:
'Tis unkind to your Love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone.

The youth though in haſt, and breathing his laſt,
In pity dy'd ſlowly, whilſt ſhe dy'd more faſt:
Till at length ſhe cry'd, now, my Dear, now let us go;
Now die my *Alexis*, and I will die too.

Thus entranc'd they did lie, till *Alexis* did try
To recover new breath, that again he might die;
Then often they dy'd, but the more they did ſo,
The Nymph dy'd more quick, and the Shepherd more ſlow.

The

The double Health.

SONG LXXXVIII.

TUrn off the Glass 'tis a crime to see't full
Drinking dead liquor, has made us so dull;
Let slaves and Phanaticks be subject to care
Deep thoughts, and affairs our fierce enemies are.

On the Death of Mr. Pelham Humphry.

SONG LXXXIX.

DId you not hear the hideous groans
The shrieks and heavy moans,
That spread themselves o're all the pensive Plain,
And rend the breast of many a tender Swain;
'Twas for *Amintas* dead and gone:
Sing you forsaken Shepherds, sing his praise
In careless melancholy Lays,
Lend him a little doleful breath
For *Amintas*, poor *Amintas* cruel Death:
'Twas thou that mad'st dead words to live,
Thou that dead numbers didst inspire
With charming Voice and tuneful Lyre,
That Life to all but to thy self could'st give:
Why could'st thou not thy wondrous art bequeath,
Poor *Amintas*, poor *Amintas*, cruel Death.

Chorus.

Sing pious Shepherds, sing while you may
Before the approaches of the fatal day;
For you your selves that sing this mournful Song:
Alas e're it be long
Shall like Aminta's *breathless be:*
Though more forgotten in the Grave then he.

SONG XC.

SUre it is so, then let it go
Let the giddy-brain'd times run round,
Let the Cobler be crown'd,
And Monarchy thus we recover:
Let Fools go and Preach,
And the Apes go and teach,
And the Clown be the amorous Lover.

Let Fortune be blind and Love prove unkind
And a Cobler as stout as *Hiffin*,
Let *Diana* turn Whore
And Excise-men grow poor,
And a Brewer a second Protector.

Let the great Epicure no Junkets indure,
And an excellent Trade-man go hoop Sir,
Let a Whore-master lap
To want a good Clap
And a Taylor at last turn Trooper.

Let Merchants want gains
And Lovers high strains,

And

And a Farmer his ſkill in Cowing,
Let the Lawyer come down
To put off his Gown
And put on his Jacket for Plowing.

Let an Hoſtler want dung
And an Orator Tongue
And the Poets a ſence of framing,
Let a Lyar want ſkill
To have Wit at will,
And a common ſhark know no gaming.

He that ne're read nor writ
Shall be the only Wit
And in theſe and the like diſaſters,
There will none think me rude
If I boldly conclude
This is a mad World my Maſters.

SONG XCI.

'TWas in the pleaſant Month of *May*
On a Morn by break of day,
Forth I walkt the Woods ſo wide
When as *May* was in her pride;
There I eſpyed all alone
Phyllida and *Coridon*.

Much adoe there was I wot,
He could love but ſhe could not,
His Love he ſaid was ever true,
Nor was mine e're falſe to you:
He ſaid that he had lov'd her long,
She ſaid that Love ſhould have no wrong.

Corydon would kiſs her then
She ſaid Maids muſt kiſs no Men,
Till they kiſs for good and all
Then ſhe made the Shepherds call,
Their fellow Swains to witneſs ſooth
Ne're was lov'd ſo fair a youth.

Then with many a pretty Oath
As yea and nay, and Faith and Troth,
Such as ſilly Shepherds uſe
When they will not love abuſe;
Love that had been long deluded
Was with kiſſes ſweet concluded:
And *Phillida* with Garlands gay
Was crown'd the Lady of the *May*.

SONG XCII.

WHat makes you all ſo dull
You lively Lads that love,
The pleaſures of the Plain
And ſport enchanting *Jove*:
My jolly Muſe
Brings other News
And time invites to go,
Fill Nectar's Cup
The Hare is up,
We come to ſing, to, ho.

My Pipe is of the pure
Cane of the Winter Corn,
By force of *Cynthia*'s lure
Transform'd into a Horn:
Aurora's look
Hath chang'd my crook,

Into

Into a bended Bow,
And *Pan* ſhall keep
My patient Sheep
While here we ſing, ſo, ho.

Let us like Swains
That only undergoes,
The pleaſures of the Plains
In place where *Boreas* blows:
And every Night
Take our delight
With our ſhe-friend and ſo:
Both night and day
We'll ſport and play
And merrily ſing, ſo, ho.

SONG XCIII.

THe Glories of our Birth and State
Are ſhadows not ſubſtantial things,
There is no Armour 'gainſt our Fate
Death lays his Icy hands on Kings,
Scepter and Crown
Muſt tumble down
And in the Duſt be equal laid,
With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field
And plant freſh Lawrels where they kill,
But their ſtrong Nerves at length muſt yield,
They tame but one another ſtill:
Early or late
They ſtoop to Fate
And muſt give up their murmuring breath,
Whilſt the pale Captive creeps to death.

The Lawrel withers on your Brow
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
For on Death's Purple Altar now
See where the Victor Victim bleeds;
All Heads must come
To the cold Tomb,
Only the Actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the Dust.

SONG XCIV.

WHen *Aurelia* first I courted
She had Youth and Beauty too,
Killing Pleasures when she sported
And her charms were ever new:
Conquering time hath now deceiv'd her,
Which her Glory did uphold,
All her Arts can ne're retrieve her
Poor *Aurelia*'s growing old.

Those airy Spirits which invited
Are retir'd and move no more,
And those Eyes are now benighted
Which were Comets heretofore:
Want of these abate her Merits
Yet I have passion for her Name;
Only warm and vigorous Spirits
Kindle and maintain her flame.

SONG

SONG XCV.

STill to be neat, still to be dreſt
As you were going to a Feaſt,
Still to be Powder'd, ſtill Perfum'd,
Lady it is to be preſum'd;
Though Arts hid cauſes are not found,
All is not ſweet, all is not ſound.

Give me a look give me a face
That makes ſimplicity a grace,
Robes ſweetly flowing, Hair as free,
Such ſweet neglect more taketh me:
Then all the Adulteries of Art
They wound mine eyes but not my heart.

Strephon and Daphne.

SONG XCVI.

Strephon. COme my *Daphne* come away
We do waſt the Cryſtal day,
'Tis *Strephon* calls.
Daphne. What would my Love?
Strephon. Come follow to the Myrtle Grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare
New Chaplets to adorn thy Hair.

Daphne. *Strephon* were I ſhut in this Tree
I'de rend the Bark to follow thee.
Strephon. My Shepherde is make haſt
The minutes fly too faſt:

Let's to thoſe cooler ſhades where I,
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy Breaſts will ever ſtray,
In ſuch warm Snows
Who would not loſe his way?

Chorus.

We'll laugh and leave the World behind,
Thoſe Gods themſelves that ſee
Shall envy thee and me
And never taſt ſuch joy,
When they embrace a Deity.

SONG XCVII.

WHy ſhould we not laugh and be jolly
Since all the World is mad
And lull'd in a dull Melancholy,
He that wallows in ſtore
Is ſtill gaping for more,
And that makes him as poor
As the wretch that ne're any thing had.

How mad is that damn'd Money-monger
That to purchaſe to him and his Heirs,
Grows ſhrivel'd with thirſt and hunger,
While we that are bonny
Buy Sack with ready Money
And ne're trouble the Scriveners Lawyers.

Thoſe Gulls that by ſcraping and toiling
Do ſwell their Revenues ſo faſt,
Get nothing by all their turmoiling,

But

But are marks for each Tax,
While they load their own backs,
With the heavier packs
And lie down gall'd and weary at last.

While we that do traffick in tipple,
Can baffle the Gown and the Sword,
Whose Jaws are so hungry and gripple,
We ne're trouble our heads
With Indentures or Deeds
And our Wills are compos'd in a word.

Our Money shall never indite us
Nor drag our free minds to thrall,
Nor Pyrates nor Wracks can affright us,
We that have no Estates,
Fear no Plunder nor Rates
We can sleep with open Gates
He that lies on the ground cannot fall.

We laugh at those Fools whose endeavours
Do but fit them for Prisons and Fines,
When we that spend all are the savers,
For if Thieves do break in
They go out empty agen
And the Plunderers lose their designs.

Then let us not think on to morrow
But tipple and laugh while we may,
To wash from our hearts all sorrow,
Those Cormorants which
Are troubled with an Itch
To be mighty and rich
Do but toil for the Wealth which they borrow.

The Mayor of the Town with his Ruff on
What a P---- is he better than we,
He must vail to the Man with his Buff on;
Though he Custard may eat
And such lubbarly Meat,
Yet our Sack makes us merryer then he.

SONG XCVIII.

NO I will sooner trust the Wind
When sallly kind
It courts the pregnant Sails into a Storm;
And when the smiling Waves perswade
Be willingly betray'd,
Then thy deceitful Eyes or Form.

Go and beguile some easie heart
With thy vain Art,
Thy smiles and kisses on those Fools bestow;
Who only see the calms that sleep
On this smooth flattering deep,
But not the hidden dangers know.

They that like me this falshood prove
Will scorn thy Love,
Some may deceiv'd at first adore thy Shrine,
But he that as thy Sacrifice
Doth willingly fall twice
Dies his own Martyr and not thine.

SONG

SONG XCIX.

BEauty and Love once fell at odds
And thus revil'd each other,
Said Love I am one of the gods
And you wait on my Mother:
Thou hast no power o're Men at all
But what I gave to thee;
Nor are thou longer fair or sweet,
Then Men acknowledge thee.

Away fond Boy, then Beauty said,
We know that thou art blind,
But Men have knowing eyes and can
My Graces better find:
'Twas I begot thee, Mortals know,
And call'd thee Blind Desire;
I made thy Quiver and thy Bow
And Wings to kindle fire.

Love then in anger flew away
And straight to *Vulcan* pray'd,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn
To punish this proud Maid:
Thus Beauty ever since hath been
But courted for an hour,
To love a day is now a sin
'Gainst *Cupid* and his power.

SONG

A Dialogue betwixt Neptune *and* Apollo *occasioned by the death of the Earl of* Sandwich.

SONG. &c.

Apol. I Charge thee *Neptune* as thou art just resign,
The most admired *Sandwich*, which is mine,
Whose loss creates a discord in the Spheres
And turns our melody to groans and tears.

Nept. Forbear to ask what is unjust to grant,
Thy charge and my designs are dissonant;
He's mine by conquest what is thy pretence?

Apol. In Musick his unequal'd Excellence.

Nept. Heroick parts, I gave him, taught him how,
With thundering Canon, and a furrow'd Brow;
To rule the surface of my Realm.

Apol. And I.

By a Magnetick power in Harmony,
Made him a Conquerour to overcome,
All Souls that lov'd or lik'd *Elizium*.

Nept. Thy Seat is pleasant there all sweets do dwell,
But mine with rage and horrour only swell:
Which lately is encreas'd since *Sandwich* sent,
So many Religions to my Element,
Whose Emulation to a Princes Throne
Makes me keep *Sandwich* to preserve my own.

Chorus.

We'll sing his Requiem *by some murmuring Brook,*
On which as th' Emblem of our grief we look:

And

And with our tears increaſe it to a Main;
Then ſigh and weep till Sandwich *come again,*
Or elſe we never, never will refrain.

The Quakers Song, C I.

YE ſhe-friends and he-friends whoever inherit,
Infallible Light in dark Lanthorn of Spirit,
Come prick up your Ears and behold I will fit ye,
With an Hymn that is call'd by the Wicked a Ditty.

In the ſcuffle we lately have had with the Baptiſt,
Wherein both our honour and intereſt wrapt is,
Though our Logick perhaps be too weak to diſpute 'em
We hope by a Ballad at leaſt to confute 'em.

For though Fiddle and Organs are both Babyloniſh,
Wherewith the Prophane delighted alone is;
Yet in ſuch a caſe Inſpiration may haunt
Even us which are perfect to warble a chaunt.

Then let us a while our trembling lay by,
And quit our ſtill meetings to ſet up a cry,
Let's challenge and Rant, talk loud and be bold
For the Spirit at preſent doth move us to ſcold.

'Tis time to exclaim as receiving the wrong,
And take up that carnal Weapon the Tongue;
For if we delay, our whole party muſt ſink,
And our long boaſted light go out in a ſtink.

Our juggling's ſo plain, will appear that each eye
Through the Mask of our holy pretences will ſpy,
And ſee that a Quaker when ſtript of his paint
Is nearer of Kin to an Atheiſt than Saint.

Then

Then let us equivocate neatly and lay
A plausible meaning on all that we say,
And the very same Art that serves to excuses
At once shall condemn all those that accuse us.

This being done we point time and place
And come full prepared to bandy the case,
In the *Barbican* first we gave them a meeting,
And never was seen such a *Bear-Garden* greeting.

A Rabble thrust in from each end of the Town
And before half an Argument could be laid down,
In less time then a Man can a pot of Ale swallow
'Twas confirm'd with a hoop, and deny'd with a hollow.

The place like a Hot-house appear'd, and by hap
Some Friends might be cured here of a Clap;
And if it were so I cannot but say
'Twas the best effect of our meeting that day.

For once more have at 'em, for without doubt
If we cannot confute we must tire them out;
And therefore sent word they were cowardly Lubbars,
If they would not in *Spittle-fields* venture a Rubbers.

Four hours and more we dispute in and out
To know what it was we should dispute about;
Which yet at the last was never agreed
But no matter for that we resolv'd to proceed.

'Twould have made Puss laugh, or Child in the Chrisomes,
To hear us chop Logick and talk Syllogisms;
That Spiritual Cantings of *Naylor* and's brood
Should Apostatize thus into Figure and Mood.

To

To see holy seed so grand a designer
As to turn Yea and Nay into *Major* and *Minor*,
Use Language o'th Beast *Concedo* or *Purgo*,
And tickle their Tobies at length with an *Ergo*.

At first they came on like huffing Philistines
And needs would attempt to prove us no Christians:
When most by our wranglings already thought much
To believe that in truth either of us were such.

All Dialogues we cry'd down as prophane
Though divers of us had writ in that strain;
But that by a Figure must be understood
Making things bad in others, in us to be good.

But let Friends take notice how basely they wrong us
By suggesting a Papist God bless us among us;
For there was no need of that I must tell ye,
Since each of us carries his Pope in his Belly.

Our selves to be Christians we loudly declare
But avoid the contest to prove that we are:
For we find that our interest doth better agree,
To be counted Christians then truly to be.

Yet inveigl'd at last by a kind of a Wile
We were drawn into what we had shun'd all the while;
But still we are safe (though shrewdly put to't)
For when all things fail, Inspiration can do't.

To this then we fly though certain it be,
Old *Mahomet* had as much claim to't as we;
However it serves to ward off a blow
For who shall refute what no Man can know.

For

For if Folks would have Wonders or Miracles done,
We confeſs we can inſtance at preſent but one,
That ſo many ſhould Scripture and reaſon forſake
And in our ridiculous whimſies partake.

But though in good Form we would argue no more,
We went on with bawling as high as before,
For we knew that the Croud would the glory afford;
To him that ſpoke loudeſt and had the laſt word.

To prove that we did our Antagoniſt beat
'Tis enough for to ſay that we made them retreat,
And charged them bravely when we had done
In the Rear with an Echo they run Friends they run.

And to ſhew that our Ammunition of Lungs,
Was yet not all ſpent nor weary our Tongues,
After this we began another new quoil
And fell all a Preaching in Rank and in file.

Thus in brief a ſtrange clutter we kept and a ſtir
But what good came on't if I know I'me a Cur,
Only people went home ſome ſick and ſome lame,
But all of them juſt as wiſe as they came.

SONG CII.

THou fair Uſurper of my Fate
Tell me what my Lot ſhall be,
Muſt I languiſh at this rate
Without hope or help from thee;
And am I damn'd a ſlave to be,
Unto a truckling deſtiny.

Or

Or is your Love that poyson grown
Which inflicts those fatal Darts,
Which the god of Love alone
Did form for false rebellious hearts:
And must none then approach thy Love
But those who Martyrdom will prove.

Hadst thou thy liberty preserv'd
And still a nobler Soveraign been,
At what a rate hadst thou been serv'd
When all thy Slaves had Rivals been;
Nay gods themselves had quit their sway
Proud of the glory to obey.

But stay, my passion grows too bold
Seeking your honour thus to stain,
It shews that Loyalty grows cold
When Subjects for reward complain:
Henceforth my passions shall declare
No perfect Love without despair.

SONG CIII.

Man.

WHy *Phillis* to me so untrue and unkind,
Remember the Vow which you made,
Though Love cannot see, let not honour be blind
Whereon is the other betray'd.

Woman.

Though Sir to your Bed true Allegiance I vow'd,
I am not oblig'd by that Oath:

No

No longer then you keep both constant and true,
The same Vow obligeth us both.

Max.

Fair Nymph did you feel but those passions I bear,
My Love you would never suspect;
A heart made of steel must needs love the fair,
And what we love cannot neglect.

Chorus.

Then since we love both
Let us both be agreed
And seal both our Loves with a kiss;
From breaking our Oath
we shall both then be freed,
A Princess shall envy our bliss.

SONG CIV.

SInce *Cælia*'s my Foe
To a Desart I'le go,
Where some River
For ever
Shall Eccho my Woe;
The Trees will appear
More relenting than her,
The Morning
Adorning
Each Leaf with a Tear.

When I make my sad moan
To the Rocks all alone,

From

From each hollow
Will follow
A pityful groan:
But with ſilent diſdain
She requites all my pain,
To my mourning
Returning
No anſwer again.

Then *Celia* adieu
When I ceaſe to purſue,
You'l diſcover
No Lover
Was ever ſo true:
Your ſad Shepherd flies
From thoſe dear cruel eyes
Who not ſeeing
His being
Decays and he dies.

But it's better to run
From the Fate we can't ſhun,
Then for ever
To endeavour
What cannot be won:
What ye Gods have I done,
That *Amintas* alone,
Is ſo treated
And hated
For loving but one?

SONG

SONG CV.

DIſputes daily ariſe and errours grow bolder,
Philoſophers prattle how greedy's the Miſer;
The more we ſhould know then by being the older,
But plainly 't appears there's no body wiſer:
He that ſpends what he has and wiſely drinks all,
'Tis he is the Man Mathematical.

SONG CVI.

NO, no, 'tis in vain
Though I ſigh and complain,
Yet the ſecret I'le never reveal;
The wrack ſhall not tear it
From my Breaſt but I'le bear it
To the Grave where it ever ſhall dwell:
Oh would that the gods had created her ſow
And plac'd thee poor *Hylas* above,
Then, then, I a preſent might freely beſtow
Of a heart that is all over Love.

Like the damn'd from the Fire
We may gaze and admire,
Yet never can hope to be bleſt;
Oh the pangs of a Lover
That dares not diſcover
The poiſon that's lodg'd in his Breaſt:
Like a Deer that is wounded I bleeding run on
And fain I the torture would hide,
But Oh 'tis in vain, for where ever I run
The bloody Dart ſticks in my ſide.

SONG

SONG CVII.

HAd *Daphne* Honour, Wealth or Fame,
Thou hadst some colour for thy flame;
Or were she young she might excite
Thy lustful thoughts to appetite:
Were she or beautiful, or good,
She unawares might fire thy blood;
But being neither rich, young, chast, nor fair,
To love is Dotage, Phrensie to Despair.

SONG CVIII.

NO Joys like to those of a new married Bride,
Who freely does make her own choice,
Where nothing but innocent Love doth abide
Whilst with her kind Bedfellow she doth rejoyce:
Long may they continue in such pleasant charms
With faithful embraces in each others Arms.

The spritely young Bridegroom tasts of this bliss,
The day with their Friends they do spend;
At night with great freedom they hug and they kiss,
Both thinking that night will soon have an end.
Long may they continue in such pleasant charms
With faithful embraces in each others Arms.

The fruits of their pleasure they both do desire,
Which after nine Months they may find;
Both hope for an Off-spring just like the own Sire,
And pray to *Lucina* that she will be kind.
Long may they continue in such pleasant charms
With faithful embraces in each others Arms.

He

He never is pleas'd when his Bride's out of sight,
She likewise his presence doth crave,
So great is their Love and so sweet their delight,
One absent, the other no pleasure can have:
Long may they continue in such pleasant charms
With faithful embraces in each others Arms.

A happy success to so faithful a pair,
Can never be wanting be sure;
Much wealth and great honour to such as they are,
Will flow in a pace and for ever endure:
Long may they continue in such pleasant charms
With faithful embraces in each others Arms.

Long life will attend them till hoary old Age
Does call them to lye down to rest,
Cold Death with cold blood, then will gently engage.
And send them to'th Grave and their Souls to be blest.
Thus still they continue secure from harms,
Both lye in one Coffin in each others Arms.

That couple is blest, who thus happily meet
Prosperity hedges them round,
Their embraces are pleasant, their kisses are sweet,
Delights of all sorts all their Life will abound.
Long may they continue in such pleasant charms
With faithful embraces in each others Arms.

But those that do marry for Money, not Love
Will never have peace in their mind,
They unto each other a sorrow will prove
And troublesome days they for ever will find:
May those never meet, who do marry for Gold
Where Love at a price in a Market is sold.

In

In discord and envy they ever will live,
Each day will beget a new strife;
Whilst angry words they to each other give
The Wife blames the Man, and the Man blames his Wife.
May those never meet, who do marry for Gold
Where Love at a price in a Market is sold.

She cryes he don't love her, he swears she's a scold,
She finds his affections are dull,
Which causes her love in like manner grow cold
She vows to be pievish as he to the full:
May those never meet, who marry for Gold
Where Love at a price in a Market is sold.

And since from her Husband she finds no delight,
It makes her abroad for to range,
She resolves in her heart to keep out of his sight,
For Women by Nature are subject to change:
May those never meet, who do marry for Gold
Where Love at a price in a Market is sold.

Then jealous he grows which perplexes his Soul,
And out of revenge she does horn him,
Whatever he says she resolves to controul,
And replies with a frown, he's a fool and she scorns him.
May those never meet, who do marry for Gold
Where Love at a Price in a Market is sold.

SONG

SONG CIX.

COme all you Gallants that live near the Court,
Unto the brisk Dames of the City resort;
There's none of your Misses can show you such sport,
As we, who for you do complain.

Some of our Husbands do live such dull lives,
So plunged in care, and for Wealth so contrives;
That scarce one Night in ten lye close to their Wives,
Which makes us so much to complain.

Betimes in the Morning abroad they do run,
Leaving their Wives in their beds alone,
Not minding that business which should be first done,
Which makes us so much to complain.

Though many have Dullards, yet I have got one,
That keeps a young Miss who hath his heart won,
For she sucks the Marrow, and I pick the Bone,
Which makes me full sore to complain.

Since so he disdains me, a Miss for to keep,
Soon into the favour of Gallants I'le creep;
Who shall the fore-room of Love's Treasury sweep,
And then let the Cuckold complain.

I'le buy me new Towers, lac'd Gowns of the best,
To the view of kind Lovers lay open my breast;
So by that they may know my mind to the rest:
And my languishing eyes shall complain.

I care not to tell you the place where I dwell,
But I go by the name of, Bright Madam *Bell*;

Because

Because I love Clappers that makes me sound well,
Of which I will never complain.

When I by my Art had learnt the right way,
With Gallants and Tradesmen to sport and to play,
I'le tell you how many there came in one day;
And I had no cause to complain.

The first that attempted my Love for to win,
An old Gamester at Court long time he had been,
For he knew the right way to play at Inn and Inn,
Who made me leave off to complain.

When from me he went, a Sword-man soon got,
A fight of my Face, and if I'd deny not,
He would venture a pass if he dy'd on the spot,
And I had no cause to complain.

As pritty an Archer as ever had been,
Made me stand for his Butt, and thought it no sin;
Quite up to the Feathers to shoot his Dart in,
Then I had no cause to complain.

Another brave Archer, a swaggering Spark,
Though the Curtains were draw'd, and I lay i'th dark,
Yet he took such aim that he hit the right mark;
And of him I will never complain.

The next that approached was a Surgeon of *Spain*,
Who drew out his Lancet to open my vein,
Which neatly he did, and ne're put me to pain;
And I had no cause to complain.

A very rich Merchant gave me Jewels fine,
With many choice dainties and good store of Wine;
To let him once dig in my hidden Mine,
And of which I cannot complain.

My passionate Landlord would not be content,
Until he had gained his Tenants consent,
He had one minutes pleasure for fifty weeks Rent,
No Cuckold of that can complain.

A Gentleman came that did once live at *Bow*,
He out of my Shop vow'd never to go,
Until he had been in my Ware-house below,
And of which I could not complain.

A lusty stout Captain laid siege to my Fort,
For he knew by my looks I loved the sport,
And he had a Gun gave such a report:
That I could not at all complain.

The last was a Doctor well skill'd in the Law,
I enflam'd his blood, which made him to draw;
But my young Man peep'd through the Key-hole and saw,
Which made me to fear he'd complain.

When his Master next Morning was gone to the *Strand*
For to make him amends I quickly began,
For I let him do, as did the last Man:
Then vow'd he would never complain.

And now to conclude I bid you all adieu,
For I never will yield to love above two,
The Master, and Man, which my business can do,
For more I will never complain.

SONG

SONG CX.

GOd *Cupid* for ever,
I defie thy poor Quiver
And will never regard thy weak Bow;
Thy Arrows can't hit me
Nor a Woman out-wit me
I am free from that pitiful woe:
Since my *Jenny* proves false, all her Sex I defie;
And I'le riot with *Bacchus* all night,
And laugh at the power of thy blind Deity
Full Glasses shall be my delight.

'Tis a great piece of folly
For to live melancholy
And with whining young Lovers complain,
If a Miss prove unkind
I can alter my mind
And another more loving obtain.
To a pievish young slut I will ne're be confin'd
Whilst liberty I may enjoy;
No generous Mortal was ever design'd
His freedom that way to destroy.

Then blest be the hour
I was freed from the power
Of *Cupid* that silly young Boy,
Yet I will not deny
But sometimes by the by
The short pleasures of Love I'le enjoy:
That minutes delight being past, I am gone
And free from the Nymph and her charms,
Then happily meeting some other alone
I pleasantly die in her Arms.

Had *Jenny* been Loyal
I had ne're had the Tryal
Of any but ſhe all my Life,
Full oft have I told her
Which made her the bolder
That I purpos'd to make her my Wife:
But ſhe like a Wanton muſt needs be a Whore
So eager and hot was her flame,
Which made me to ſwear I would love her no more
But laugh at her folly and ſhame.

SONG CXI.

OH *Celia* come tell me now
Why you your own pleaſures delay,
How oft have you heard me vow
That I lov'd you both night and day:
You ſeemingly grant my deſire
Yet juſt at the puſh you're unkind;
Which kindles an amorous fire
And tortures a generous mind.

If that your love be ſuch
That will with my humour agree,
I know you will not grutch
To venture your ſelf with me:
You with me ſhall equally ſhare
The delights we together create;
Why ſhould we then longer forbear
Enjoyment oft happens too late.

Then may you wiſh in vain
For what you do now refuſe,
Then muſt you bear the pain
Becauſe you did reaſon abuſe:

Take

Take it then whilſt you may
The preſent time's always the beſt;
What hinders but that this day
With joys be ever bleſt.

Nature does now command
To take our ſweet delight,
How can you her withſtand
Who ſays it muſt be this night:
Love does affirm the ſame
And reaſon doth make it appear;
To delay our ſport is a ſhame
What cauſeth you then to fear.

Come by this kiſs you ſhall
Nay prithee now be not coy,
By my life now or not at all
We'le try for to get a boy:
I by your Eyes can deſcry
Though faintly you bid me forbear;
That you love it as well as I,
Therefore pritty Rogue forbear.

Celia's Anſwer.

SONG CXII.

I Have heard your amorous Tone
And now I do underſtand,
If that you had me alone
You'd make me obey your command:
Thoſe kindneſſes which I do grant
May make you expect I'me a Whore;
Thoſe favours hereafter you'll want
For I'le never be kind any more.

My Love to your person is such
That it won't with your humour agree,
And I fear I have lov'd you too much
Except you had more honesty:
Now that which you call a delight
Pray keep to your self and be hang'd;
If by force you do put me to fright
I'le swear you shall soundly be bang'd.

I never shall wish for that
Which afterwards I shall repent,
I know what you fain would be at
But without it you must be content:
I am not i'th mind for to take
That thing you'd so willingly give;
There's another bargain to make
For honestly I will live.

Nature says no such thing
Nor will she so basely command,
That I such dishonour should bring
On my self, since I can you withstand;
But Love may do much I confess
Where folly doth reason blind;
But I never to you did express
That I was so foolishly kind.

Go, go you are wantonly bent
And I hate for to hear you swear,
Except I do find you repent
Your company I shall forbear;
Your mark you have taken amiss
Believe me when truth I do tell;
Be thankful for this one kiss
And so pretty fool farewel.

SONG

Latin.

SONG CXIII.

Nunc bibito totum
Nam eſt bene notum
Quod pocula plena de vino;
Cor faciunt jucundum
Si ſuerit immundum
Sic Romulus *dixit* Quirino:
Rex Vivat letanter, vos omnes clamate,
Qui non vult habebit in ſinum,
Jam bibe, tunc ſingulis vitrum dati,
Cantabitur ad Mutatinum.

Engliſh.

SONG CXIV.

NOw drink it all off
For 'tis known well enough
That brimmers of excellent Wine,
Will make the heart glad
Be it never ſo ſad
So *Romulus* ſaid to *Quirine:*
Now merrily all cry, God bleſs the King,
He that drinks not ſhall have it in's breaſt,
To every one ſee a full Glaſs you bring
And we'll ſing till the Morn without reſt.

A Catch.

SONG CXV.

COme come bonny boys
Come away, make haste, come away,
We'le prove that our joys
Can admit of no tedious delay :
To the Tavern let's go and be merry,
With White-wine, brisk Claret and Sherry ;
Our Dads are in Heaven we need not to fear.
Because they have left us some hundreds a year.

Latin.

SONG CXVI.

PLus *scio quam* Apollo,
Nam illo dormitante
Vidi astra
Pugnantia,
Vulcano *lachrymante.*

Mars Venere *concubuit*
Mulieri libidinosa :
Vulcanus *vidit,*
Illam devidet,
Tunc fuit odiosa.

SONG

English.

SONG CXVII.

I Know more then *Apollo*,
For whilst that he lay sleeping,
I saw the Stars
At mortal jars;
And *Voltan* he lay peeping.

And *Mars* he lay with *Venus*
A pritty wanton Woman,
But *Vulcan* saw
And did her claw
That now she's fit for no Man.

SONG CXVIII.

GReat Love to thy Deity, praises I'le sing,
A *Requiem* to sorrow because thou didst bring;
Thy power I'le own, for why thou hast freed me
From those desperate passions the Fates had decreed me:
A Heart hard as stone and conquering beauty
Must bend to Love's bow with Allegiance and duty.

Love's secret embraces who ever hath known
When the bloods young and warm, and youth's blossom new blown,
To the god of that Love will certainly pay
His humble Devotions by night and by day:
A heart hard as stone, and a conquering beauty
Must bend to his bow with Allegiance and duty.

Loves humble and meek, Love's gentle and ſweet,
Not mov'd with freſh paſſion when frowns he doth meet;
He conquers by favours and wins by degrees
He's partial to none for no Mortal he ſees:
A heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty
Muſt bend to his bow with Allegiance and duty.

The attraction of beauty may charm for a while,
And Man of his freedom does often beguile;
Admiring thoſe features which do but enſnare
Till at length to our Foes ſure Captives we are:
But a heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty,
Muſt bend to Love's bow with Allegiance and duty.

When beauty preſumes and reſolves for to ſlight
All offers of Love and in Pride takes delight,
The ſighs and the groans of a deſperate Lover
With cruel diſdain ſhe endeavours to ſmother:
But a heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty
Muſt bend to Love's bow with Allegiance and duty.

Fair *Venus* Love's Queen doth his Arrows prefer,
Before the keen Sword of the great god of War;
Mars conquers but bodies, but Love's darts they are ſuch,
Thoſe Souls they ſubdue which they happen to touch:
A heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty
Muſt bend to Love's bow with Allegiance and duty.

The ſcornful young Nymph that will ſcarce take a kiſs,
But counts her diſdain a peculiar bliſs;
Poor *Strephon* alas doth ſo wound by her hate
That *Cupid* takes pity and ſhe now is his mate:

Thus

Thus a heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty
Muſt bend to his bow with Allegiance and duty.

Thoſe great Men of War who do count Love a toy
And to amorous Courtſhip do ever ſeem coy;
Yet at one time or other they are forced to yield
And think kiſſes more pleaſant then the Enſigns i'th Field:
Thus hearts hard as ſtone and conquering beauty
Muſt bend to Love's bow with Allegiance and duty.

The Country Swain that is always in labour
And ne're knew no Joys but a Pipe and a Tabor,
Now at length caſts an Eye on ſome *Joan* of his crew
Then Love ſlips betwixt them and both doth ſubdue:
A heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty
Muſt bend to his bow with Allegiance and duty.

The Man of old Age who death doth expect,
And all the Worlds vanities ſtrives to neglect;
Yet often we find him with Love to be catcht,
Then to a young Damſel he needs muſt be matcht:
For a heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty,
Muſt bend to his bow with Allegiance and duty.

Let the old and the young ones, the rich and the poor,
The name and the power of *Cupid* adore;
Since none can eſcape or be free from his darts
Which cunningly he doth convey to our hearts:
A heart hard as ſtone and conquering beauty
Muſt bend to his bow with Allegiance and duty.

SONG CXIX.

WHen youth do agree
To be merry and free,
Let no one repine their enjoyment to see;
For equal's the pleasure which is to be had
Betwixt a young Lass and a lively young Lad.

Time swiftly doth run
And old Age it will come,
Our days are half spent e're our pleasure's begun;
The present time's best, therefore take't whilst you may,
Who knows but our sorrows begin the next day.

He that always is sad
Must expect to be mad,
Good Wine and good company make the heart glad;
The daily fruition of which will create
Delights, and prevent our complaining of Fate.

'Tis folly not Fate
Does troubles create
Then let us avoid it before 'tis too late;
Be jolly dear hearts for our Life's but a span,
And a hundred years hence we may love if we can.

Then give me a Lass
And good Wine a full glass,
The drousie Mechanick's a temperate Ass:
He studies to get but he knows not for who
Thus daily his trouble he seeks to pursue.

Per-

Perhaps when he's old
And his blood is grown cold,
He weds a young Whore, a Thief, and a Scold;
Who spends all he has and is ever at strife,
And calls him old Cuckold though she be his Wife.

Which makes him complain
But alas all in vain
For no better content he is like to obtain;
Then sighing he cries, oh the fault was my own
For to pass by the pleasures I once might have known.

I may sit and repent
But must be content
Since now 'tis too late what is past to prevent;
This happens to greedy Curmudgeons who spend
Their youth to hoard up for their ruines i'th end.

SONG CXX.

THe World is grown mad and turn'd upside down,
And to all that have sence it is easily known;
Their Words and their Actions do daily declare,
How far from civility moved they are;
The custom of Wedlock some would turn out of door,
And argue 'tis better to trade with a Whore.

What off-spring then may we expect for to meet,
When Men pick up Wenches they meet in the street;
For a groats worth of Brandy or Ale being wild,
The silly young wanton is gotten with child:
Then with a great confidence swear to your face,
That they have best luck who are Bastards by race.

Thus

Thus do they proceed to the fourth generation,
The spurious issue of base reprobation;
Just Cat after kind, like Father and Mother,
They take their debaucheries one from another:
Till Tyburn at last puts an end to their game
For thither they are Carted together with shame.

Now those that are guilty I fain would advise
To take my good counsel and learn to be wise,
You young Men wed Lasses of equal degree,
Then may you expect ever happy to be:
For those who live honest are blessings in store,
But curses for such as do Trade with a Whore.

A Wife that is honest, virtuous, and fair,
Is a Jewel whose worth is beyond all compare;
All day she's a comfort, and in bed a delight,
Her company's pleasant by day and by night:
Your Children with joy you may ever behold
They'l honour you both if you live to be old.

But he that doth Company keep with a Whore,
Shall never be happy but ever be poor;
And for one Minutes pleasure if it be to be found,
The whole days delight in that minute is drown'd:
For she still will crave till no more thou canst give,
Thus with her in sorrow thou ever wilt live.

SONG CXXI.

HAppy is the Man that takes delight
In banquetting the senses,
That drinks all day and then at night
The heighth of joy commences:

With

With bottles Arm'd weestand our ground.
Full bumpers crown our blisses;
We sing and roar the streets around
In Serenading Misses.

Pleasures thus free and unconfin'd
No drowsie crime reproaches,
No Heaven to a Frolick mind
No pleasures like debauches.
Whilst rambling thus, new joys we reap
In charms of Love and drinking;
Insipid Fops lie drown'd in sleep
And the Cuckold he lies thinking.

SONG CXXII.

HOw severe is Fate to break a Heart
That never went a roving,
To torture it with endless smart
For too much constant loving!
I bleed, I bleed, I melt away,
And I wash my watry pillow;
I range the Woods alone all day
And I wrap me round in Willow.

SONG CXXIII.

HOw cruel is Fortune grown
To turn all my hopes to despair,
From bliss I am headlong thrown
And banisht the sight of my Dear:
Grant me some pity kind Heaven
To my sorrows afford some relief;

Or

Or let my poor Soul be given
A Martyr unto my grief.

SONG CXXIV.

A Curſe on impertinent Age
The pleaſures of youth to invade,
The cheats that have long been broke
Have impudence ſtill to Trade:
Awake my fair *Celia* betimes
Before the ſweet youth's undone;
Come ſhew thy delights in a breaſt
Will yield thee a thouſand for one.

I'le bring thee hot youth and love
Come mingle thy fire with mine,
We'll ſerve for the Stars above
And make them aſham'd for to ſhine;
Come down to my plentiful Feaſt
Lie picking of Bones no more;
The ſcraps of a diſh ill dreſt
Or the leavings of many a Whore.

SONG CXXV.

POor *Corydon* thy flames remove
I pity thee but cannot love,
Yet I find there is ſomething in every Vein,
Which moves me to love could I meet with a Swain
Were honeſt and kind
Were loving and kind
I could love him again.

SONG

SONG CXXVI.

NEver more will I protest,
To love a Woman but in jest,
For as they cannot be true,
So to give each Man his due;
When the wooing fit is past
Their affections cannot last.

Therefore if I chance to meet
With a Mistress fair and sweet,
She my favour shall obtain
Loving her for Love again;
Thus much liberty I crave
Not to be a constant slave.

For when we have try'd each other
If she better like another,
Let her quickly change for me
Then to change am I as free;
He or she that loves too long
Sell their freedom for a Song.

SONG CXXVII.

AS *Amoret* with *Phillis* sate
One Evening on the Plain,
And saw the charming *Strephon* wait
[illegible] tell the Nymph his pain;
[illegible]ming danger to remove
She whisper'd in her Ear,
Ah *Phillis* if you cannot love

The

The Shepherd do not hear,
The Shepherd do not hear.

None ever had ſo ſtrange an Art,
His paſſion to convey,
Into a liſt'ning Virgins heart
And ſteal her Soul away;
Fly, fly, betimes for fear you give
Occaſion to your Fate;
In vain quoth ſhe in vain you ſtrive,
Alas! 'tis now too late,
Alas! 'tis now too late.

SONG CXXVIII.

BEſs black as Charcoal
Was found in a dark hole
With *Kit* at the Cat and Fiddle,
But what they did there
None ſafely can ſwear
Yet Gentlemen Riddle my Riddle.

Troth I would be loth
Were I put to my Oath
To ſwear *Kit* with *Beſs* did ingender,
Yet it would tempt a Man
Bridle all that he can
His preſent well wiſhes to tender.

But 'twas found at laſt
E're a twelvemonth was paſt
That *Chriſtopher Beſs* had o'remaſter'd;
For her Belly betray'd her
And ſo ſhe down lay'd her
And brought him a jolly brown Baſtard.

SONG

SONG CXXIX.

As *Chloris* full of harmless thought
Beneath the Willows lay,
Kind Love a comely Shepherd brought
To pass the time away:
She blusht to be encounter'd so
And chid the amorous Swain;
But as she strove to rise and go
He pull'd her down again.

A sudden passion seiz'd her heart
In spight of her disdain,
She found a pulse in e'ry part
And love in e'ry Vein:
Ah youth quoth she, what charms are these
That conquer and surprise;
Ah let me! for unless you please
I have no power to rise.

She faintly spoke and trembling lay
For fear he should complyn,
But Virgins Eyes their hearts betray,
And give their Tongues the lie:
Thus she who Princes had deny'd
With all their pompous Train.
Was in the lucky minute try'd
And yielded to a Swain.

SONG CXXX.

A Young Man lately in our Town
He went to Bed one night,
He had no sooner laid him down
But was troubled with a Sprite:
So vigorously the Spirit stood
Let him do what he can;
Oh then he said
It must be laid
By a Woman, not a Man.

A handsome Maid did undertake,
And into th' Bed she leapt;
And to allay the Spirit's power
Full close to him she crept:
She having such a Guardian care
Her Office to discharge,
She open'd wide, her conjuring Book,
And laid her leaves at large.

Her Office she did well perform
Within a little space,
When up she rose, and down he lay,
And durst not shew his Face;
She took her leave and away she went
When she had done the deed,
Saying if it chance to rise again
Pray send for me with speed.

SONG

SONG CXXXI.

A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Strephon *and* Phillis.

Phil. *Strephon* what envious Cloud hath made
All o're thy Face this sullen shade?
Strep. It is the Index of my grief;
Phil. But say, admits it no relief?
Thy now neglected flock doth stray:
The Wolf securely takes his prey.
And thy discarded Pipes lie by,
While thou under some Beech does lie,
Or Myrtle in the shady Grove,
And sigh and pin'st like one in Love.
Strep. Ah *Phillis*! thou hast touch'd me now,
I can't my passion disavow;
At that word Love, my heart does rise,
And with it strangely sympathize.
Phil. But who did thus your heart surprize?
Strep. It was the Shepherdess, whose eyes
Are brighter far, than any Ray
The Sun disclosed on *May*-day.
Phil. Who was it *Strephon*, tell me true?
Strep. Ah deares't *Phillis* it was you!
Phil. Strive not false Shepherd to deceive
A Nymph, too easie to believe
A passion which she likes so well,
Such falshood would deserve a Hell.
Strep. May the gods for whom fat Lambs I feed,
That on their smoaking Altars bleed,
All my devoutest prayers despise;
And all my humble Sacrifice:

Or

Or what's a greater cure, may I
Find nought from thee but cruelty;
If I do love my *Phillis* leſs
Then my own greateſt happineſs:
If truth doth not in Swains reſide
Where is ſhe in the World beſide.

Phil. I can't diſtruſt ſo lov'd a trouth
Deliver'd by ſo ſweet a youth.

Chorus of two.

Let's joyn our hearts and hands, and we'll outvye
The Gods themſelves with our Felicity;
Let thoſe that in deceitful Courts do dwell,
Delay their joys and tedious ſuits purſue:

Voices.

Our honeſt words, their Courtſhip far excell,
'Mongſt unambitious Shepherds love is true.

SONG CXXXII.

A Maid I dare not tell her Name
For fear I ſhould diſgrace her,
Tempted a young Man for to come,
One Night for to embrace her:
But at the door he made a ſtop,
He made a ſtop, he made a ſtop;
But ſhe lay ſtill, and ſnoring ſaid,
The latch pull up, the latch pull up.

This young Man hearing of her words
Pull'd up the latch and enter'd,

And

And in the place unfortunately,
To her Mothers Bed he ventur'd:
But ſhe poor Maid was ſore afraid,
And almoſt dead, and almoſt dead,
But ſhe lay ſtill and ſnoring ſaid,
To the truckle-bed, to the truckle-bed.

Unto the truckle-bed he went
But as the youth was going,
The unlucky Cradle ſtood in's way
And almoſt ſpoil'd his wooing:
When after that the Maid he ſpy'd
The Maid he ſpy'd, the Maid he ſpy'd;
But ſhe lay ſtill and ſnoring ſaid,
The other ſide, the other ſide.

Unto the other ſide he went
To ſhew the Love he meant her,
Pull'd off his cloaths couragiouſly
And falls to th' work he was ſent for:
But the poor Maid made no reply,
Made no reply, made no reply;
But ſhe lay ſtill and ſnoring ſaid,
A little too high, a little too high.

This luſty Lover was half aſham'd
Of her gentle admonition,
He thought to charge her home as well
As any Girl could wiſh him:
Oh now my Love I am right I know,
I am right I know, I am right I know;
But ſhe lay ſtill and ſnoring ſaid
A little too low, a little too low.

Though by miſtakes at length this youth
His buſineſs ſo well tended,

He

He hit the mark ſo cunningly
He defy'd the World to mend it:
Oh now my Love I am right I ſwear,
I am right I ſwear, I am right I ſwear;
Then ſhe lay ſtill and ſnoring ſaid,
Oh there, oh there, oh there, oh there.

SONG CXXXIII.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear I wear *Alton*'s head;
A Maiden black is ever proud,
The little one is ever loud:
The Maiden that is tall of growth,
Is always ſubject unto ſloth;
The fair, the foul, the little, the tall,
Some faults remain amongſt them all.

SONG CXXXIV.

IN faith 'tis true I am in love,
'Tis your black eyes have made me ſo:
My reſolutions they remove,
And former niceneſs overthrow.

The glowing Charcoal's ſet on fire
A Heart that former flames did ſhun,
Was an Heretick unto deſire,
Now's judg'd to ſuffer Martyrdom.

But Beauty ſince it is thy fate
At diſtance thus to wound ſo ſure,
Thy virtues I will imitate
And ſee if diſtance prove a cure.

Then

Then farewel Miſtreſs, farewel Love,
  Thoſe lately entertain'd deſires;
Wiſe Men can from that Plague remove,
  Farewel black Eyes and farewel fires.

If ever I my heart acquit
  Of thoſe dull flames, I'le bid a Pox
On all black Eyes, and ſwear they're fit
  For nothing but a Tinder-box.

SONG CXXXV.

HOw happy art thou and I,
  That never knew how to love;
There's no ſuch bleſſings here beneath
  Whatever there is above:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty,
  That every Wiſe man loves.

Out, out upon thoſe Eyes
  That think to murther me,
And he's an Aſs that thinks her fair
  That is not kind and free;
There's nothing ſweet, there's nothing ſweet
  To Man but liberty.

I'le tye my heart to none,
  Nor yet confine my eyes,
But I will play my game ſo well,
  I'le never want a prize:
'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty,
  Has made me now ſo wiſe.

SONG CXXXVI.

WHere ever I am and what ever I do,
My *Phillis* is ſtill in my mind,
When angry I mean not to *Phillis* to go,
My feet of themſelves the way find:
Unknown to my ſelf I am juſt at the door,
And when I would rail I can bring out no more:
Then *Phillis* too fair and unkind,
Then *Phillis* too fair and unkind.

When *Phillis* I ſee, my heart burns in my breaſt,
And the Love I would ſtifle is ſhewn,
Aſleep or awake, I am never at reſt,
When from my Eyes *Phillis* is gone:
Sometimes a ſweet Dream does delude my ſad mind,
But when I awake and no *Phillis* I find,
How I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!
How I ſigh to my ſelf all alone!

Should a King be my Rival in her I adore,
He ſhould offer his treaſure in vain;
Oh let me alone to be happy and poor,
And give me my *Phillis* again:
Let *Phillis* be mine and but ever be kind
I would to a Deſart with her be confin'd;
And envy no Monarch his Reign,
And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas I diſcover too much of my love
And ſhe too well knows her own power:
She makes me each day a new Martyrdom prove,
And makes me grow jealous each hour;

But

But let her each minute torment my poor mind,
I had rather love *Phillis* though falſe and unkind:
Then ever be freed from her power,
Then ever be freed from her power.

SONG CXXXVII.

ARm, arm, arm, arm, the Scouts are all come in,
Keep your Ranks cloſe and now your honours win;
Behold from yonder Hill the Foe appears,
Bows, Bills, Glaves, Arrows, Shields, Swords, Pikes, and Spears.
Like a dark Wood he comes, or Tempeſt pouring,
Oh view the Wings of Horſe, the Meadows ſcouring,
The Vant-guard marches bravely, hark the Drums,
Dub, dub;
They meet, they meet, and now the Battle comes:
See how the Arrows fly
That darken all the Sky,
Hark how the Trumpets ſound;
Hark how the Hills rebound, Tara, tara, tara,
Hark how the Horſes charge, in boys, in boys in,
Tara, tara:
The Battle totters, now the Wounds begin,
Oh how they cry, oh how they die:
Room for the valiant *Memnon* arm'd with Thunder,
See how he breaks the Ranks aſunder;
They fly, they fly, *Eumus* has the chaſe,
And brave *Polybius* makes good his place;
To the Plains, to the Woods,
To the Rocks, to the Floods,
They fly for ſuccour, follow, follow, follow,
Hey, hey,
Hark how the Souldiers hollow:

Brave *Diocles* is dead,
And all his Soldiers fled;
The Battles won and loſt
That many a Life hath coſt.

SONG CXXXVIII.

I Found my *Celia* one night undreſt,
A precious banquet for languiſhing Love;
The charming object a flame encreas'd,
Which never, ah never, till then I prov'd:
Her delicate Skin and Starry Eye,
Made me a ſecret bliſs purſue;
But with her ſoft hand ſhe put it by,
And cry'd fie *Aminter*, ah what would you do.

Her words and bluſhes ſo fir'd my heart,
I pull'd her to me and claſp'd her round,
And though with cunning ſhe play'd her part,
Yet fainter and fainter, her threats I found;
But I leaſt thought or leaſt deſir'd,
My Love a forbearance ſhould allow;
A touch of her hand my heart inſpir'd,
My paſſion was melted I know not how.

Which when fair *Celia*'s quick eye perceiv'd
And found by my dulneſs my paſſion decay,
Her fate ſhe inwardly ſeem'd to grieve,
That fool'd her and cool'd her ſo baſely away:
She ſigh'd and look'd pale to ſee me dull
And in her heart this Oath ſhe ſwore,
She never again would ſlight an addreſs
Nor the critical minute refuſe no more.

SONG

SONG CXXXIX.

The Country-man's Prophecy.

MY jolly good Friends who to mirth are enclin'd,
Give ear and I'le tell you a piece of my mind,
For what I declare you'l find clear as the Sun,
When Covetousness out of England *shall run.*

When Men beget Women, and Women get Men,
And Men they do bring forth Children agen;
When *Coventry* steeple cracks Nuts with its thumb,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Hares sit i'th high way to pick a Man's purse,
And the Man in the Moon put his child out to nurse;
And when Shooing-horns learn to beat on a Drum,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Bears they wear Breeches of Silver and gold,
And go to the Barbers for to be Poll'd;
And Monkeys do wait on them till they have done,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When a Conjurer's frighted to see a black Cock
And wenching Gallants are afraid of the Smock;
When Coats Linsey Wolsey by Ladies are spun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When the Church of St. *Paul* hath got Wings and Legs,
And upon *London*-stone doth sit and lay Eggs;

And when Capons and Cocks of that breed do come
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When old Men graft Pear-trees on Cedar-stocks,
And Owls at Noon-day do fly up in flocks;
When Cuckooes at *Christmas* amongst us do come,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Taylors forget to throw Cabbage in Hell,
And shorten their Bills that all may be well;
When Horses can speak that have ever been dumb,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Beggars marry Ladies, and Women leave scolding,
And Neighbour to Neighbour shall not be beholding;
When Misers their Money lend out by the Tun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Lawyers are willing to plead without Fees,
And Pens, Ink, and Paper does grow upon Trees;
And all is well ended that e're was begun
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Millers refuse any Tole for to take
And those that have Agues don't shiver and shake,
When old Mother Damnable once doth turn Nun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When *Whetstone*-Park Ladies live honest and chast,
And scorn by their Cullies for to be imbrac'd;
When Cooks do want Victuals, as sure as a Gun
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Poets build Alms-houses up for the Poor,
And the rich old Curmudgeons desire no more;

When

When Cripples at running great Wagers have won,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Vint'ners and Tapsters ne're value their scores,
But freely give all Men that enter their doors;
When the Cart to the Horses with great haste shall come,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Men without Money shall buy House and Land
And a Soldier forget the word of command,
When a Welsh-man to breakfast shall drink a whole Tun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Hogs do wear Armour and vapour along,
And Pick-pockets never appear in a throng;
When Tradesmen by trusting shall ne're be undone,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Men grow as high as the May-pole i'th *Strand*,
And Fishes take pleasure to be on dry Land;
When Oysters at *Billingsgate* cry eat me come,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When great *Essex* Serpents shall fly in the Air,
And Rabbets cry catch me in Net or in snare;
When Hectors pay debts without ever a Dun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When Ships over *Dunstable* Downs you see sail,
And Oyster-women cease to scold and to rail;
When Men shall roast Apples at midnight i'th Sun,
Then Covetousness out of England *will run.*

When all these things happen then you will confess,
The honest plain Country-man rightly did guess;
He vows you shall shoot him to th' heart with a Gun,
when Courtousness out of England *will run.*

SONG CXL.

WHen I shall leave this clod of Clay,
When I shall see that happy day,
That a cold bed, a winding sheet
Shall end my cares
My grief and tears
And lay me silent at my Conquerour's feet.

When a dear Friend shall say he's gone,
Alas! he has left us all alone;
I saw him gasping, and I saw
Him strive in vain
Amidst his pain
His Eye-strings breaking, and his falling Jaw.

Then shall no tears bedew my Herse,
No sad uncomfortable Verse;
My unlamented Death shall have,
He who alive
Did never grieve
How can he be less merry in the Grave.

Then Friends for a while be merry without me
And fast as you die come flocking about me,
In Gardens and Groves our day Revels we'le keep,
And at night my Theorbo shall rock you asleep:
So happy we'le prove, that Mortals above,
Shall envy our Musick, shall envy our Love.

SONG

SONG CXLI.

Long Vacation.

HOw quiet the Town is
Now the tumult is gone,
Now the Bullies and Punks
To retirement are flown:
The Nights are all peace
And the Mornings serene,
Our Windows are safe
And our bodies are clean.

Chorus.

The Nights are all peace, &c.

The Woman of Honour
The Bulker and Ranger,
Disturb not our selves
Nor inveigle the Stranger;
Our joys are our own
Spight of empty Gallants,
Who Cuckold the Town
To supply their own wants.

Chorus.

Our joys are our own, &c.

Since the Town's then our own
And the sweets it affords,
Though indeed we are Rogues
We'le be as drunk as the Lords:

Opportunity ſhort is
For Term-time will come,
When our Wives will be rambling
And we muſt keep home.

SONG CXLII.

Laurinda who did Love diſdain,
For whom had languiſh'd many a Swain;
Leading her bleating Flocks to drink
She ſpy'd upon the Rivers brink,
A youth whoſe eyes did well declare
How much he lov'd, but lov'd not her.

At firſt ſhe laugh'd and gaz'd a while
But ſoon it leſſen'd to a ſmile,
Then to ſurprize, and wonder came,
Her breaſt to heave her heart to flame;
Then cry'd ſhe out, ah now I prove!
Thou art a god almighty Love.

She would have ſpoke but ſhame deny'd,
And bid her firſt conſult her Pride;
But ſoon ſhe found that aid was gone,
For *Jove* alas had left her none:
Ah how ſhe burns but 'tis too late,
For in his eyes ſhe reads her Fate.

SONG CXLIII.

Love's ſoft deluding charms
Muſt now give place to Arms,
Hark, hark, I hear the Trumpet's freſh Alarms;

Mars

Mars chides me for my ſtay
And frowning ſeems to ſay,
Thy honour youth will ſuffer by delay:
Adieu ye Sex Divine
Whoſe all commanding ſhrine,
So oft has bow'd theſe ſtubborn knees of mine;
Kind Females now no more
Muſt I thoſe charms adore,
Nor court the pleaſures of the Brittiſh Shore.

My Friend and I in Wars
'Midſt Armies, Wounds and Scars,
Will bid defiance to unlucky Stars;
No charming Female Darts
With all their amorous Arts,
Shall e're disjoyn our undivided hearts:
Friendſhip that noble Name
That kindles generous flame,
Prompts us to court no Miſtreſs now but Fame;
Her we may joyntly love
And happy Rivals prove
In Emulation like to thoſe above.

Thus hand in hand we'le go
And equal danger know,
Love begs in vain when Honour anſwers no;
The Battle done at laſt,
We'le lie ſo cloſe imbrac'd
And think with pleaſure on the danger paſt:
Should one of us be ſlain,
Fate's envy's ſpent in vain;
In ſpight of Death our friendſhip we'le maintain;
For he that's left behind
Shall teach the World to find
Though two in perſon, we're but one in mind.

SONG

SONG CXLIV.

HOw mighty are the charms of Woman kind,
And yet how ſoon decay'd;
Scarce has a beauty in full glory ſhin'd
E're 'tis in utter ruine laid:
While the bleſt minutes laſt before it's fall,
'Tis made a Deity and ador'd by all;
But when the glorious luſtre's gone,
Th' unhappy ſlighted Nymph is left alone
The ſad privation to bemoan.

See, ſee, poor *Phillis* yonder once the fair,
Bright as the Morning Sun;
Blaſted and faded all her beauties are,
Alas her killing days be done:
How unregarded now ſhe treads the plain
Purſu'd by no admiring Swain;
Not one charm left, not one alluring grace,
Horrour and wrinkles have aſſum'd their place,
Age, Age *Is* wrote upon her Face.

Who then would be in love and fondly prize
At ſo unjuſt a rate,
A pair of flattering falſe deluding eyes
That are to morrow out of date:
If their firſt vigour laſted to the Grave
'Twere richly worth the while to be a ſlave:
But ſince the faireſt in their courſe muſt end
I will no more on the gay toy depend
But make my pleaſure in my friend.

SONG

SONG CXLVI.

DO not ask me charming *Phillis*
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of Pinks and Lillies,
And of Roſes newly blown:
'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of thoſe flowers that crown the Spring,
'Tis to---- but I know my duty
And dare never name the thing.

'Tis at worſt but her denying
Why ſhould I thus fearful be,
Every Minute gently flying
Smiles and ſays make uſe of me:
What the Sun does to thoſe Roſes
While the Beams play ſweetly in,
I would---- but my fear oppoſes
And I dare not name the thing.

Yet I die if I conceal it
Ask my Eyes, or ask your own,
And if neither can reveal it
Think what Lovers think alone:
On this bank of Pinks and Lillies
Might I ſpeak what I wou'd do,
I wou'd with my lovely *Phillis*
I wou'd, I wou'd, I wou'd, ah wou'd you.

SONG

SONG CXLVI.

PEace *Cupid* take thy Bow in hand
I'th gloomy shade in ambush stand,
To watch a cruel Nymph frequents this Bow'r,
Gold as the streams but sweeter then each flow'r;
There, there she is, direct thy Dart
Into that stony Marble heart,
Draw quickly, draw and shew thy Art.
Woe's me, thou'rt blind indeed, thou hast shot me,
Whilst she scapes in the Grove and laughs at thee.

SONG CXLVII.

HE's a Phlegmatick Lover
In whom we discover
A temper that never doth change;
A Breast that's like mine with jealousie burns,
Now Love and now Anger possess it by turns;
With fears I grow mild and with hopes I grow tame,
That passion is weak that is always the same.
But the Sanguine brisk Lover
Can never discover
How the Soul of a Woman's inclin'd,
He knows that her charms have conquer'd yet more;
That many there are who do sigh and adore:
He trusts not to merit, to give him success
For Women love only by fancy and guess;
Or if to desert by great chance they prove kind,
The fair still are fickle and oft change their mind.

Oh the starts of a Lover
Do plainly discover

The

The passion he feels is extream;
For he that loves well and does not possess,
Must either be jealous or else love you less;
Then say not my fears or my doubts do you wrong,
He cannot be quiet whose passion is strong:
Small Fires do but glow, and are always the same,
But the greater will rage and scatter the flame.

SONG CXLVIII.

MY Muse denies
To Apologize
For my Song's acceptation,
I know 'twill fit
Your Appetite
Because 'tis of the fashion.

New Fashions began
With the World and Man
In *Adam's* time and *Eves*,
They did begin
To cover sin
With a fashion of their leaves.

After was try'd
The rough Bucks hide
A wear of commendation,
Had not with the Skin
The Horns crept in
And turn'd it into fashion.

Each Taylor is read
In this Fashion, his head
Is capable on't 'tis four'd;

When

When he's not at leisure
His Wife will take measure,
Though't be by his Neighbours yard.

The Clown's array
Is an innocent gray
Nor stain'd by the Dyer's Art,
Which doth invest
As pure a breast
And no less spotless heart.

The Farmer's Hose
His wearing Shooes
For both are wond'rous plain,
His Honesty
Not Knavery, he
Most purely dies in grain.

The School-master in
His Trouzes hath been
And bumbast Doublet long space,
He's a Monoptote
For he varies not
At any time his case.

His Wife is pure
In her task demure,
Her Gown is of Reformation,
And she verily
Turns up her eye
In a very zealous fashion.

The Shopkeepers walk
And often do talk
In Gowns of Purple or Blew,

Since

Since *Vinner* and *Far*
Wore such at the Bar
Some wisely have chang'd their hue.

The Lawyer (be't known
To all Men) is prone
To the fashion of long Hose,
And fain he would
Still have and hold
Long Suits for he lives by those.

Now with the best
Your Pimp's in request
This your Gallant is supply'd:
By his Bones as well
As his clothes you may smell
He's rarely Frenchify'd.

His Mistress plum'd
Painted, perfum'd
Is stillify'd all over,
Her loose array
Doth every day
A looser body cover.

The Scholar, well trust
In his black Suit brushe
Is like to jet in his degree,
Nor is it enough
Men point at stuff
He'l be pointed at the knee.

Thus are we become
As Apes of *Rome*,
Of *France*, *Spain*, and all Nations:

And

And not Horſes alone
But Men are grown
Diſeaſed of the Faſhions.

SONG CXLIX.

HOw happy and free is the reſolute Swain
That denies to ſubmit to the yoke of the fair,
Free from exceſſes of pleaſure and pain
Neither dazled with hope nor depreſt with deſpair,
He's free from diſturbance and calmly enjoys
All the pleaſures of Love without clamour or noiſe.

Poor Shepherds in vain their affections reveal
To the Nymph that is pievifh, proud, ſullen and coy,
Vainly do Virgins their paſſions conceal
For they boil in their grief till themſelves they deſtroy.
And thus the poor darling lies under the curſe
To be checkt in the Womb or o'relaid by the nurſe.

SONG CL.

AH how unkind is the Nymph I adore
For my obedience ſhe ſlights me the more,
Still as ſhe ſhuns me I cloſer purſue,
So by her flight ſhe has learnt to ſubdue;
How endleſs are the pains I muſt endure,
Since ſhe by flying wounds and ſhuns the cure.

Yet how unhappy ſoever I am
Still I muſt follow and cherish my flame,
For ſhould I ſtruggle and break off my chain
My freedom would be worſe then her diſdain;
Therefore

Therefore the no'ler Fate I will prefer
It must be happy if it come from her.

Then cruel Fair if my death you've decreed
Spight of compassion I beg you proceed,
And look not down on my wretched Estate
As neither worthy of your Love nor hate:
For with your frowns I would rather dispence
Then languish in luke-warm indifference.

SONG CLI.

MY Gaffer and Gammer were fast in their Nest,
And all the young fry of their cribs were possest;
Spot whitefoot and Puss in the Ashes were spread,
And a blinking rush Candle stuck over their head.

Sweet *Ursly* was washing the Trenchers and Platter,
Preparing to make her good friend, the Hog fatter:
Greas'd up to the Elbows and smutcht to the Eyes;
And her rich broider'd cloaths were as far as her Thighs.
Like Bagpipes her cheeks, and her Udders chin high
Her Nose hawking out bending both ways awry;
Her Lips were as thick as her squint eyes were blinking
And her orient locks were most rankishly stinking.

While *Roger* the Plow-man lay close by a snoring
God *Cupid* was vext at his Clownish adoring;
And therefore conveys to his great Loggerhead,
In a whisper the News, that all were a Bed.

Up *Roger* starts then and rubbing his Eyes
To his dearest sweet *Ursly* with passion he flies;

And

And jolling his Elbows on *Ursly's* broad back;
Complains that his heart was e'n ready to crack.

But *Ursly* displeas'd with the weight of her Love
(Oh *Cupid* why dost thou thus treacherous prove:)
As fast as she cou'd she turn'd her about
And with dish-clout slopt o're the wretch'd face of
our Lout.

Now *Cupid* thou'rt fit to be kickt out of doors
Since a Pimp thou dost prove to such fulsom amours,
But *Cupid* is only a hope to obtain
What is out of our reach seldom causes our pain.

For *Roger* at Market had frequently seen
Such beauties good lawi, each lookt like a Queen:
Yet his heart all the while did continue his own
But *Ursly*, ah *Ursly* but seen and 'tis gone.

SONG CLII.

POor *Celia* once was very fair
A quick bewitching eye she had,
Most neatly look'd her braided hair,
Her dainty cheeks would make you mad:
Upon her Lips do all the Graces play
And on her breast ten thousand *Cupid's* lay.

Then many a doting Lover came
From seventeen to twenty one,
Each told her of his mighty flame
But she forsooth affected none.
One was not handsome the other was not fine,
This of Tobacco smelt and that of Wine.

But

But t'other day it was my fate
To pass along that way alone,
I saw no Coach before her door
But at her door I heard her moan:
And dropt a tear and sighing seem'd to say
Young Ladies marry, marry whilst you may.

SONG CLIII.

AS sad *Philothea* lay melting in grief,
And kindly complain'd of the amorous Thief;
She aloud to the Woods did her passion impart
But faintly lamented the loss of her heart:
Ah cruel unkind *Dorilaus* she cry'd
Bring back the fond stray that has wander'd aside.

The Youth as from courting *Astrea* he came
Had the pleasure of hearing her sigh out his name;
And softly he stole till so nigh her he drew,
That his Arms on a sudden about her he threw:
Then take back thy heart *Philothea* he cry'd
'Tis pitty the stragler should ever be ty'd.

Surpriz'd at the welcome approach of her Swain
Yet unwilling to take the fond Truant again,
No Shepherd says she give me thine in exchange
And I'le keep it so safe that it never shall range:
No trust me not I, *Dorilaus* reply'd
Since your own you have suffer'd to wander aside.

SONG

SONG CLIV.

PEace and silence be the guide
To the Man and to the Bride,
If there be a joy yet new
In Marriage, let it fall on you,
That all the World may wonder;
If we should stay we should do worse
And turn our blessings to a curse
By keeping you asunder.

SONG CXXV.

I Courted a Lass, my folly
Was the cause of my disdaining,
I courted her thus; what shall I
Sweet *Dolly* do for thy dear Loves obtaining.

But another had dally'd with *Dolly*
That *Doll* for all her feigning,
Had got such a Mountain above her Valley
That *Dolly* went home complaining.

SONG CLVI.

C*Loris* forbear a while
Do not o'rejoy me,
Urge not another smile
Lest it destroy me.
That beauty pleaseth most
As is best taking;

Which

Which is soon won soon lost,
Kind yet forsaking:
I love a coming Lady faith I do
But now and then I'de have her scornful too.

O'recloud these Eyes of thine
Bo-peep thy features,
Warm with an *April* shine
Scorch not thy Creatures:
Still to display thy Ware
Still to be fooling;
Argues how rude you are
In *Cupid*'s Schooling:
Disdain begets a smile, scorn draws us nigh,
'Tis cause I would and cannot makes me try.

Chloris I'de have thee wise
When Gallants view thee,
Courting do thou despise
Fly those pursue thee:
Fast moves an Appetite
Makes hunger greater.
Who's stinted of delight
Falls to't the better:
Be coy and kind betimes be smooth and rough,
And buckle now and then and that's enough.

SONG CLVII.

Philander and *Sylvia* a gentle young pair,
Whose business was loving, and kissing his care;
In a sweet smelling Grove went smiling along
Till the youth gave a vent to his heart with his Tongue:

Ah

Ah *Sylvia* said he and sigh'd when he spoke,
Your cruel resolve will you never revoke;
No never she said, how never he cry'd,
'Tis the damn'd that shall only that sentence abide.

She turn'd her about to look all around,
Then blusht and her pritty eyes cast on the ground;
She kist his warm cheeks and then play'd with his neck
And urg'd that his reason his passion should check:
Ah *Philander* she said 'tis a dangerous bliss!
Ah never ask more and I'le give thee a kiss!
How never he cry'd and then shiver'd all o're,
No never she said and then trip'd to a Bow'r.

She stopt at the Wicket, he cry'd let me in,
She answer'd I wou'd if it were not a sin;
Heaven sees, and the gods will chastise the poor head
Of *Philander* for this: straight trembling he said
Heaven sees I confess, but no Tell-tales are there,
She kist him and cry'd, you're an Atheist my dear,
And shou'd you prove false I shou'd never endure,
How never he cry'd, and straight backward he threw her.

Her delicate body he clasp'd in his Arms.
He kist her, he prest her, heap'd charms upon charms;
He cry'd shall I now, no never she said
Your will you shall never enjoy till I am dead:
Then as if she were dead, she slept and lay still
Yet even at death she bequeath'd him a smile;
Which emboldned the youth his charms to supply
Which he bore still about him to cure those that die.

SONG

SONG CLVIII.

TAke oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those Eyes the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the Morn:
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of Love, but seal'd in vain.

SONG CLIX.

WIth an old Song made by an old ancient pate
Of an old worshipful Gentleman who had a great estate,
Who kept an old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his gate:
Like an old Courtier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

With an old Lady whose anger good words asswages,
Who every quarter pays her old Servants their wages;
Who never knew what belong'd to Coach-men, Foot-men and Pages,
But kept twenty old Fellows with blew Coats and badges:
Like an old Courtier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

With an old study fill'd full of Learned Books,
With an old reverend Parson you may know him by his looks;

With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the hooks
And an old Kitchen which maintains half a dozen Cooks:
Like an old Courtier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

With an old Hall hung round about with Guns, Pikes and Bows;
With old Swords and Bucklers, which have born many shrewd blows;
And an old Frisado Coat to cover his Worship's Trunk Hose,
And a cup of old Sherry to comfort his copper Nose:
Like an old Soldier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

With a good old fashion when Christmas is come,
To call in his Neighbours with Bagpipe and Drum;
And good chear enough to furnish every old room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak, and a wise Man dumb:
Like an old Courtier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

With an old Huntsman, a Faulconer, and a kennel of Hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawkt but in his own grounds;
Who like an old wise Man kept himself still within his own bounds,
And when he dy'd gave every child a thousand old pounds:
Like an old Courtier of the Queens,
And the Queens old Courtier.

But to his eldeſt Son his Houſe and Lands he aſſign'd,
Charging him in his Will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To love his good old Servants and to Neighbours be kind;
But in th' enſuing you ſhall hear how he was enclin'd:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings
And the King's new Courtier.

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land
And keeps a brace of whores at his own command;
And takes up a thouſand pounds upon's own Land,
And lieth drunk in a new Tavern till he can neither go nor ſtand:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the King's young Courtier.

With a neat Lady that's briſk and fair,
Who never knew what belong'd to good houſe-keeping or care;
But buys ſeven Fans to play with the wanton Air
And ſeventeen or eighteen dreſſings of other Mens Hair:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the King's young Courtier.

With a new Hall built where the old one ſtood,
Wherein is burnt neither Coal nor Wood;
And a Shuffle-board Table ſmooth and red as blood,
Hung round with pictures which do the Poor little good:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the King's young Courtier.

With a new study stuff'd full of Pamphlets and Plays,
With a new Chaplain that swears faster then he prays;
With a new Buttery Hatch that opens once in four or five days,
With a new French Cook to make Kickshaws and Toys:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the King's young Courtier.

With a new fashion when *Christmas* is come,
With a new Journey up to *London* we must be gone,
And leave no body at home but our new Porter *Jobs*,
Who relieves the Poor with a thump on the back with a stone:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the King's young Courtier.

With a Gentleman Usher whose carriage is complete,
With a Foot-man, Coach-man, Page to carry Meat;
With a waiting Gentle-woman whose dressing is very neat;
Who when the Master has din'd let's the Servants not eat:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the King's young Courtier.

With a new honour bought with his Fathers old gold,
That many of his Father's old Mannors had sold;
And this is the occasion that most Men do hold,
That good House-keeping is now grown so cold:
Like a young Courtier of the Kings,
And the King's young Courtier.

SONG

SONG CLX.

Phillis I pray
Why did you ſay
That I did not adore you,
I durſt not ſue
As others do
Nor talk of love before you.

Should I make known
My flame, you'd frown
No tears could e're appeaſe you;
'Tis better I
Should ſilent die
Then talking to diſpleaſe you.

SONG CLXI.

AWay with the cauſes of riches and cares
That eat up our Spirits and ſhorten our years;
No pleaſure can be
In ſtate nor degree
But it's mingled with ſorrows and fears:
Then periſh all Fops by ſobriety dull'd
While he that is merry reigns Prince of the world.

The quirks of the zealous of beauty and wit
Though ſupported by power at laſt muſt ſubmit;
For he that is ſad
Grows wretched or mad
Whilſt mirth like a Monarch doth ſit:
It cheriſhes life in the old and the young
And makes e'ry day to be happy and long.

SONG CLXII.

NO, no thou all of red and white
Thou hast not yet undone me quite,
For I have lost but half my heart
Yet I confess the wound doth smart;
Then pretty Thief oh steal no more
But let me keep one part in store;
Sure half's too much for thee of mine
Unless I had some share in thine.

Though thou art fair and thou art young
And though thou hast a pretty Tongue,
And every word that thou dost say
Might lead a Prince's heart astray:
Yet all those Traps will ne're catch me
I must have kinder snares from thee:
'Las thou shalt see I can retreat
And not lie conquer'd at thy feet.

'Tis true if I did keep the Field
At length I must be forc'd to yield,
Not like a Coward will I fly
Nor like a fool will stay and die:
With half my heart I'le march away
Then t'other part not long will stay;
A heart divided knows no power
Nor will submit above an hour.

Reproach me not though heretofore
I only freedom did adore,
And brag that none though kind as fair
The loss of it could half repair:
Since I now willingly do yield
To *Chloris* beauty all the field.

With

With greater joys I do resign
My freedom, though thou e're keep'st thine;
And am resolv'd constant to prove
Should her neglect transcend my Love:
Strange charms they are which make me burn
Without the hopes of a return.

To see and not to be in Love
A wonder like her self would prove,
Whose charms by Nature and by Art
Do each of them deserve a heart:
For which my sorrows are not small
I have but one to pay them all.

I must confess a while I strove
With reason to resist my Love,
All Saints sometimes against death do pray
Though it be to Heaven their only way;
'Tis only *Chloris* hath the skill
To make me blest against my will.

Nor will I so much as endure
To think unconstancy secure,
For were I to that sin so bent
It sure would prove my punishment;
Her to adore I must confess
Is better then elsewhere success.

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